July 1, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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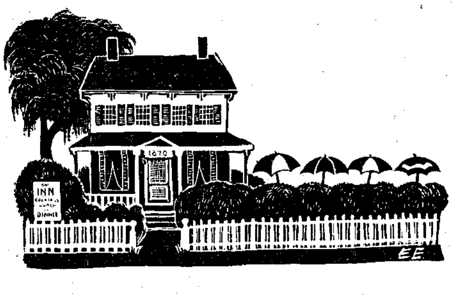

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their matinée schedules, because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, and Hugh Williams, as well as Cathleen Nesbitt and Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer give wonderfully effective performances in this occasionally exciting play, which has to do with a man whose wife's behavior drives him to drink. (Wallace Ford will replace Mr. Blackmer starting Monday, July 3.) Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian appear in subordinate roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except July 6, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.)

The Happy Time—If you admired "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally moving play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Helen Hayes is lovely and compelling in Joshua Logan's Louisiana version of "The Cherry Orchard," but the play hasn't anything like the tragic distinction of the original. Among the other Russians who have been transplanted to the Deep South are Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Now with Albert Dekker. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. No evening performance Tuesday, July 4, and no matinée Wednesday, July 5. Special matinée and evening performances Sunday, July 2.) . . . **detective story:** Ralph Bellamy as a tough cop beset by a couple of heavyweight philosophical problems. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Moves on Monday, July 3, to the Broadhurst, 44th St. W. CI 6-6699. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehanded by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and an exciting work of art. The plot tells of the frantic efforts the wife of a fugitive from a police state makes to rejoin her husband across the border. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and midweek-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—An animated business, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic, that should please you very much if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.)

Lost in the Stars—This musical version of Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" has an arresting score by the late Kurt Weill but may otherwise prove somewhat unsettling to those who thought highly of the novel. Maxwell Anderson adapted the text for the stage and wrote the lyrics, and Todd Duncan heads the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 1.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this handsome and spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its admirers. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—The victims of this satire are *Life*, politics, and the State of Texas, none of which seems likely to be unduly embarrassed. Johnny Mercer's lyrics are often worth while, but the book, the music, the costumes, and the dancing are all pretty regrettable. With Kenny Delmar, Betty Jane Watson, and a lot of others. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.)

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.)

Long Runs—**kiss me, kate:** Keith Andes and Anne Jeffreys have replaced Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison in this Cole Porter musical. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.) . . . **south pacific:** Well, it's about this French planter who falls in love with— Sure, you know. Ray Middleton has taken over Ezio Pinza's chores, but Mary Martin is with us still. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Peep Show—Michael Todd's new revue, with Lina Romay and Bozo Snyder, and staged by Hassard Short. The sketches are by H. I. Phillips and William Roos, and the music is by, among others, Bhumibol (the King of Thailand), Harold Rome, Raymond Scott, and Jule Styne. Bobby Clark is the director. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Julius Caesar—Basil Rathbone in a theatre-in-the-round production of Shakespeare's tragedy. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, and directed by Dan Levin. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 15.)

Cole Brothers Circus—A hundred acts, Hopalong Cassidy, five hundred horses, and lots of jungle beasts. (Ebbets Field. Nightly at 8:30, from Friday, June 30, through Monday, July 3. Matinées daily at 2:30, from Saturday, July 1, through Tuesday, July 4. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St. MU 2-0600.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are subject to frequent revision.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, July 1: "You and I." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Nancy Carroll in "Personal Appearance." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, July 1: "The

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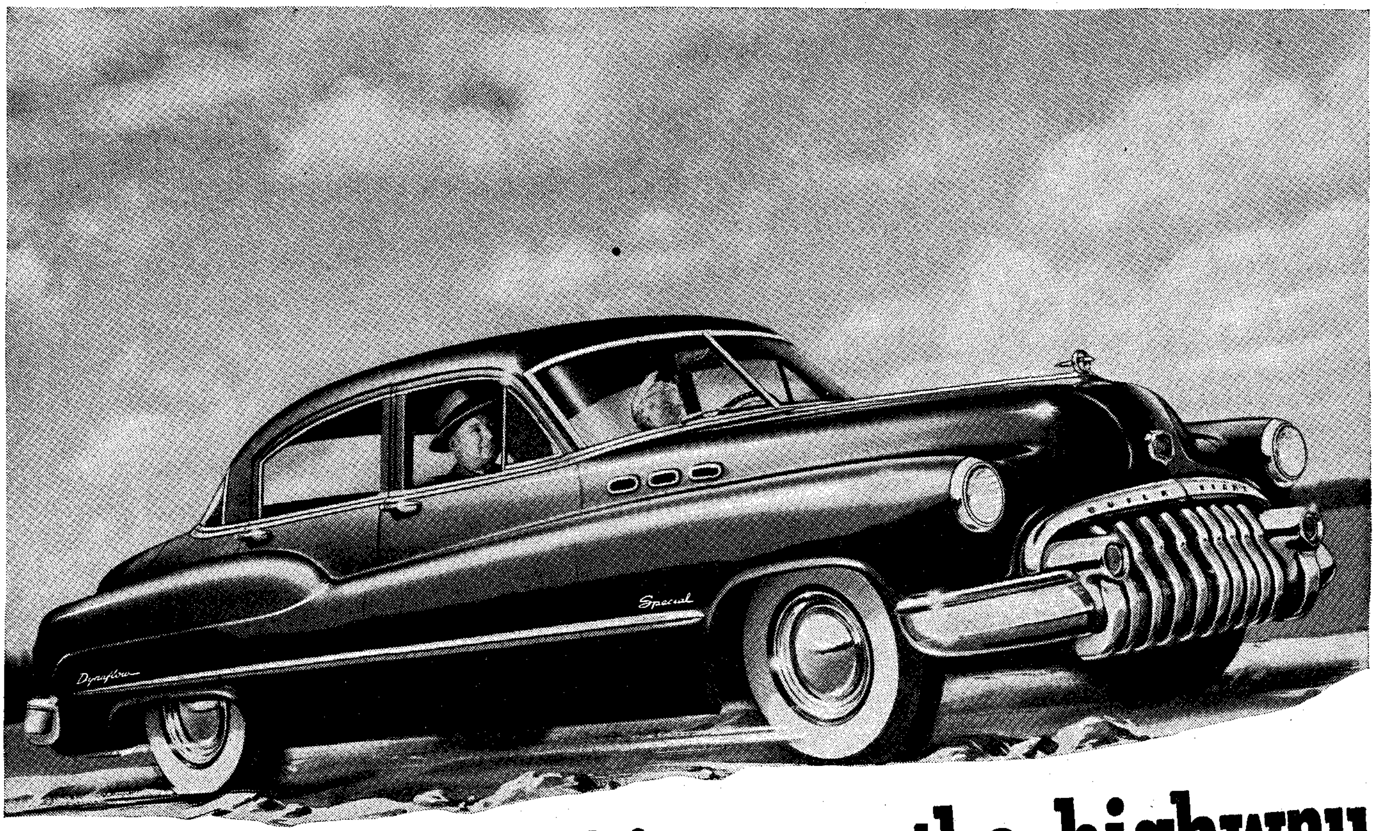

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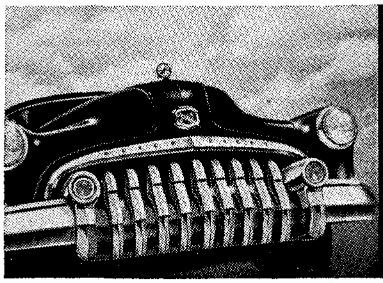

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Play's the Thing." Wednesday through Saturday, July 5-8: "Murder Without Crime." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 1: "The Velvet Glove." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: "The Winslow Boy." (Music Hall Summer Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Cohasset—Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Helmut Dantine and Beatrice Pearson in "Arms and the Man." (Cohasset Playhouse, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Paulette Goddard in "Caesar and Cleopatra." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, July 2: "Light Up the Sky." Tuesday through Sunday, July 4-9: "Years Ago." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 1: Paulette Goddard in "Caesar and Cleopatra." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Shelley Winters in "Born Yesterday." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 1: "The Torchbearers." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Frank Lyon in "Harvey." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Guilford—Saturday, July 1, through Saturday, July 8: "Clutterbuck." (Guilford Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Hyannis—Tuesday through Sunday, July 4-9: "The New Moon." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Nigel Bruce in "Yes, M'Lord." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 2: Annamary Dickey in "Rio Rita." Tuesday through Sunday, July 4-9: "The Great Waltz." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Litchfield—Through Saturday, July 1: "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: "Anna Lucasta." (Litchfield Summer Theatre, Litchfield, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Mahopac—Saturday, July 1, through Sunday, July 9: "Born Yesterday." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 1: Gloria Jean in "Strictly Dishonorable." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Lon McAllister in "The Poor Nut." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—"Roberta." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 1: Lila Lee in "The Velvet Glove." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Claire Luce in "Idiot's Delight." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, July 1: Tom Drake in "Brother Rat." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Mildred Natwick in "Fatal Weakness." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, June 29: "Nathan the Wise." Friday and Saturday, June 30-July 1: "Uncle Vanya." Tuesday, July 4: "Nathan the Wise." Wednesday, July 5: "Skipper Next to God." Thursday, July 6: "The Cherry Orchard." Friday, July 7: "Uncle Vanya." Saturday, July 8, at 7:45 and 10:15: "Androcles and the Lion." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 8, at 8:30.)

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New Hope—Through Saturday, July 1: "The Velvet Glove." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: "The Silver Whistle." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 1: Shelley Winters in "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: "The Play's the Thing." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, July 1: Kay Francis in "Goodbye, My Fancy." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Eve Arden in "Over 21." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 1: Stuart Erwin in "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: "Miranda." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Olney—Through Sunday, July 2: Eve Arden in "Over 21." Tuesday through Sunday, July 4-9: Jean Parker in "Light Up the Sky." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 2: "Harvey." Tuesday through Sunday, July 4-9: "What a Life." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 8: "Parlor Story." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, July 1: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Laraine Day in "Angel Street." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—*Friday, June 30, through Saturday*, July 8: "Anna Christie." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

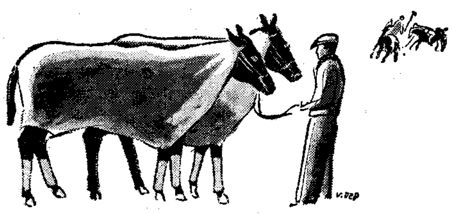
Saratoga—Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Diana Barrymore in "Light Up the Sky." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, July 1: Lon McAllister in "The Poor Nut." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Susan Peters in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 1: "Her Master's Voice." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: "Clutterbuck." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, July 1: "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: "Born Yesterday." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 1: "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: "The Sacred Flame." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



Westport—Through Saturday, July 1: Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken in a new comedy, "Angel in the Pawnshop." Monday through Saturday, July 3-8: Maurice Evans in "The Devil's Disciple." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Saturday, July 1, through Saturday, July 8: Eva Le Gallienne in "Fortunato," and Margaret Webster in "The Apollo of Bellac," by Jean Giraudoux. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2:45.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—June 30-July 1: Nana Gollner, Paul Petroff, and others. . . . ¶ July 7-8: Mara and her group of dancers, and others. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9; through Saturday, Sept. 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, Jules Lande's band plays for dancing in the basement Garden, a summery spot where you can be sure of not getting sunburned.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Carmen Cavallaro's lush orchestra and Alan Holmes' band. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra operates during dinner on the Cascades Roof, which closes at ten, and for cocktails "under the clock." No dancing anywhere. The Roof is closed Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, July 4. The clock ticks all by its lonesome on Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Through Wednesday, July 5, Art Tatum, communing with his piano, plus the fresh and easy young voice of Lea Mathews, Jack Prince's very mild jestings, and Charlie Parker's strident little dance band. The following night, Billy Daniels (a dashing sort of songbird) and others take the floor. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Ninety minutes of old-fashioned minstrel-show tumult, in which Walter Dere Wahl's mock acrobatics, the Rigoletto Brothers' mock prizefight, W. C. Handy's true-blue trumpeting, and Harry Armstrong's honest singing stand out as the principal good deeds. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Selected specimens of local and West Coast fauna, staring in rapture at people they haven't seen since lunch. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—On Thursday, July 6th, the Terrace Room gets back into the Big Time with an ice show (the only one in town these days) and Bernie Cummins' orchestra. Closed Sundays.

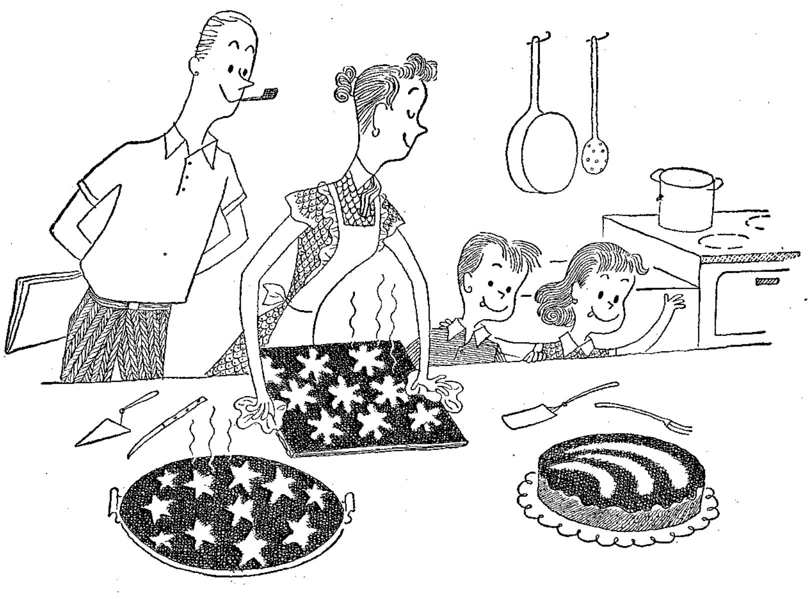
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth performs every day for cocktail dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre. Franz Dietschmann strums his zither and Bernice Byres sings.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Rendez-Vous Room, a replica of the Vienna of your fondest dreams, you'll find Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays and Monday, July 3. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Leo LeFleur's cocktail-hour music, except Saturdays and Sundays. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the Three Suns and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra offer a plentiful supply of dance music. Closed Saturday, July 1, through Tuesday, July 4. Next evening, Teddy Powell's band moves in.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—

Some people can't think of anything but home!



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The AMERICAN HOME Magazine

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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On the Roof, still its good-looking old self, dancing to the easygoing bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Blue Barron's large dance band is in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Summer school for the young fry is in session every night. Suzy Mulligan, by now a campus pet, is in charge of choral work, and Payson's Ré's orchestra and a rumba band are in charge of physical training.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Every smogless evening, you may dance as well as dine in the open air, not too near to and yet not too far from the haunts of the taxicab.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A completely modernized pleasure dome with plenty of leg room, Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band, and the almost too large soprano of Martha King.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, Paula Kelly and the Modernaires sing at dinner and supper. Sammy Kaye's orchestra plays at dinner and again, assisted by Mischa Borr's band, at supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until midnight.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In this leafy bower, through Saturday, July 1, Cy Walter's brilliant offbeat piano at cocktails and dinner, and again later in the evening. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, dean of night-life band leaders, holds forth here after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio helps out with the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse and the bloods from Park Avenue elbow to elbow. Except Sundays, Nicholas Matthey makes tableside mood string music from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio is onstage after ten. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): The denizens of Radio Row uneasily taking their ease. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays, and Monday and Tuesday, July 3-4. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, piano duettists and keepers of this old Village green, offer their best show of the season—Nancy Andrews, a fine big broth of a girl, uttering her timber-wolf whistles; and Alan Ross, a braw and humorous tenor. Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Sunday (Miss Andrews' evening off) is old-movie night; Monday (Mr. Ross's evening off) is amateur night. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A friendly Latin-American playground providing a plethora of song and dance, some of it by the house guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, an amusing example of the pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey school of interior decorating, has Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays, and Monday and Tuesday, July 3-4. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): At cocktail time, there's Joan Bishop's piano Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, singer of our best grade of modern love songs, is in her small parlor, upstairs over the tumultuous Show Spot bar. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, a chipper little Londoner, and Billy Kyle play piano at dinner, and later make a neat background for Thelma Carpenter's glittery and febrile ditties. Closed Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, July 1-3. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): From seven to ten, Ellis Larkin treats the dinner guests to his unique piano. Later, Jimmy Daniels presides over a bouncy retinue—Norene Tate and Garland Wilson, his confreres of long standing, at the pianos, singing and clowning, plus Kay Penton, a silky siren. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): Don Abney at the piano from seven to one, except Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ GRINZING,** 323 E. 79th St. (RE 4-9117): Fritzi Scheff, one of the great charmers of the old school, is singing at dinner and supper here. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Mindy Carson, a small and pretty child, sings; Romo Vincent, a large and sometimes comic comic, rumbles; the DiGatanos prance; and those girls—well . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Every night, from the floor of this rural airdrome, Jackie Miles, a brisk, brusque humorist, takes off as resoundingly as a DC-6. Walter Nye's orchestra and Pupi Compo's rumba band.

SUPPER CLUBS

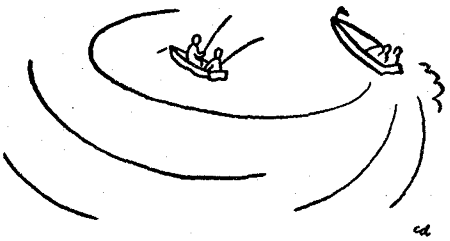
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Eadie and Rack, who operate a pair of pianos and the town's blithest greenroom, will be on holiday after Thursday, June 29, until Thursday, July 6. In the back room, which closes for the summer on Thursday, June 29, Phil Leeds and a new group called the Mad Moiselles are the local jokesmiths. There also the Billy Williams Quartet sings gaily, and Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio spin out good music. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Michael Brown, that mild-mannered inventor of satiric, sardonic, and/or Surrealist ballads; Gigi Durston, that cheerful little earful; George Hall, a protean humorist; and an engaging young group of choristers named the Four Lads. In the background, the miraculous music of the Norman Paris Trio. Closes for the season on Saturday, July 1.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): This small Hall of Fame offers Wild Bill Davison and his blast-furnace trumpet, together with Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and other hot shots. Ralph Sutton plays rich piano while they cool their instruments. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer madness. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is at work here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, July 4. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A new band, Dixieland in mood, made up of Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, among others. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Through Tuesday, July 4, Louis Armstrong's all-star jazz, produced by himself, Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, Cozy Cole, and Arvell Shaw, plus George Shearing's all-abstract music, compounded by himself, Margie Hyams, Denzil Best, Chuck Wayne, and John Levy. Next night, Bill Farrell, who sings, and Charlie Barnet's orchestra take over. Closed Mondays. . . . **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): The Mermaid Room has suddenly come to life with Joe Bushkin's fiery trio, which is in action every evening but Sunday. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): It's possible that you'll find Flip Phillips, Dick Hyman, Lester Young, and other useful instrumentalists here. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday jazz sessions. On June 30, Wild Bill Davison will pit his band (Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, and Omer Simeon) against Red Allen's (J. C. Higginbotham, Buster Bailey, and James P. Johnson). . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night welkin-ringing rituals, involving (on June 30) Fletcher Henderson, Big Chief Russell Moore, Willie the Lion Smith, and Jonah Jones. Dancing.



IN THE COUNTRY

Dancing—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Williams' orchestra; closed Mondays (except July 3) and Tuesday, July 4. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Bill Cooper's orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Irving Fields' trio, except Mondays.

Dinner—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays, except July 4. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998). . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays, except July 3. . . . **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays, except July 4. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays. . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays, except July 4. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening, except Monday. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays, except July 4. . . . ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays, except July 4. . . . **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Miramar (Port Washington 7-1829); Ralph Strain at the piano, except Tuesdays. . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Poundridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). . . . ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 870). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays, except July 4. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.:** Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays and Wednesday, July 5.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Fridays, and will be closed Tuesday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

Group Shows—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept. 9. Closed Monday, July 3. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: A nicely varied collection of canvases and sculptures by Philip Pieck, Beatrice Cuming, Joseph Konzal, Ellis Wilson, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31. Open Tuesday, July 4. . . . DURLACHER, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Walter Stuempfig, Pavel Tchelitchew, Peter Blume, Barbara Hepworth, and other living American and English artists; through July 7. . . . FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, including Vaclav Vytlacil, Chaim Soutine, and James Ensor; through July 22. Open Saturdays. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasant group of oils and other works by such gallery members as Joseph Foshko, Maxwell Mays, and Lucius Crowell; through July 31. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Oils by Milton Avery, Pedro Figari, Pierre Grimm, and Eric Isenburger; through Aug. 31. Closed Monday, July 3. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Waldo Peirce, William Thon, Doris Rosenthal, and others, in this gallery's seasonal retrospective; through July 31. Closed Monday, July 3. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, Leon Kroll, and other Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Sept. 1. Closed Monday, July 3. . . . SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: New paintings in several mediums by Maurice Sievan, Shirley Hendrick, and Charles Heidenreich, among others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 9. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: A well-balanced showing of water colors by Bruno Krauskopf, Mary Thomas, Dorothy Sturm, and others; through July 28.

Landscapes—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, with examples by Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through July 31. Closed Monday, July 3.)

Marine Paintings—The sea as interpreted by Courbet, Vlaminck, Dufy, Feininger, and other artists, of various periods. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.; through July 31.)

Sculpture—An outdoor exhibition of works by members of the National Sculpture Society and of the National Academy. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 11 A.M. to 10 P.M; through Aug. 31. Open Tuesday, July 4.)

Harold Sterner—Drawings, done with documentary exactness, of a number of historically important and achitecturally interesting American buildings. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Sept. 1.)

The Woman in French Painting—As seen through the eyes of the painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 1. Closed Monday, July 3.)

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian, pre-Columbian Mexican, and Egyptian material. (Weekdays, from 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition drawn from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years. (Weekdays, from 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5; through Aug. 31.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the work of Edvard Munch will open on Friday, June 30, and will run through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house, designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, from noon to 7; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A new showing of works by the

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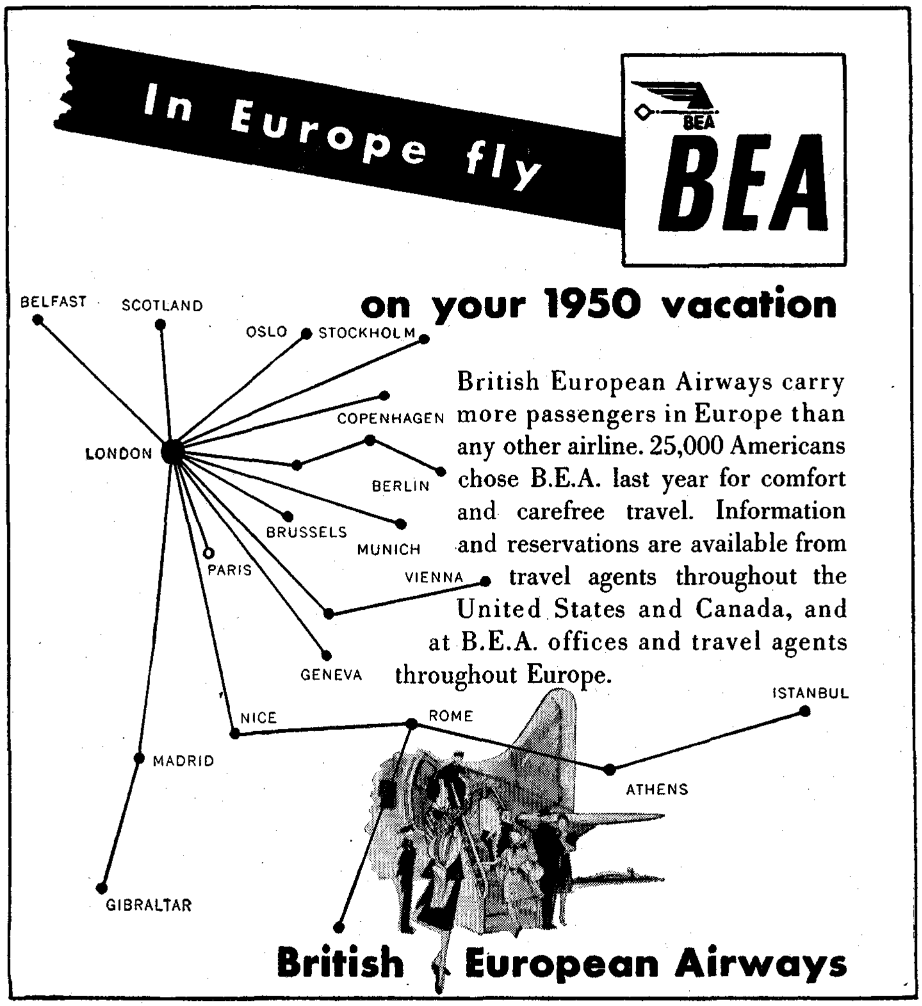
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

regulars here, among them Hilla Rebay, Joseph Albers, and Alice Mason. (Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, from 10 to 6; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, noon to 6; through Aug. 31.)

Out of Town—At CANAAN, N.Y. Berkshire Art Center: A show by contemporary artists, including John Marin, Jean Liberte, and Julian Levi. Daily, 3 to 6; starting July 2. . . . EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: Works of local abstractionists, among them James Brooks, Jackson Pollock, and Robert Motherwell; and water colors by Constantin Alajálov and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5; starting July 1. . . . ESSEX, CONN. Essex Art Association: A group show by such local artists as James Guy and Boris Artzybasheff. Daily, 1 to 5. . . . MYSTIC, CONN. Mystic Art Association: Twenty-sixth annual exhibition. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; starting July 1. . . . NORWALK, CONN. Silvermine Guild of Artists: An exhibition of works in various mediums. Daily, except Tuesdays, 1 to 6. . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Ogunquit Art Association: Thirtieth annual national show of paintings. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5:30; starting July 2. . . . OLD LYME, CONN. Lyme Art Association: Twenty-sixth annual spring exhibition of water colors, pastels, prints, drawings, and sculpture. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6. . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: Group show of works by, among others, Chaim Gross, Sol Wilson, and Perle Fine. Daily, 10 to 10; starting July 2.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are being held on most clear nights at 8:30, through Saturday, Aug. 12. In case of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC. Thursday, June 29: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Anna Maria Alberghetti, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1: Sigmund Romberg conducting, with Jarmila Novotna and Gail Manners, sopranos, and Warren Galjour, baritone. . . . ¶ Monday, July 3: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Alexander Borovsky, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 4: Frederic Balazs conducting, with Harry Shub, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 5: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Balbina Brainina, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 6: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8: Max Goberman conducting, with the Ballet Theatre. (Tickets are available at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800, and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534.)

Opera—The AFTER DINNER OPERA COMPANY: "The Jumping Frog of Caleveras County," by Lukas Foss; "Triple Sec," by Marc Blitzstein; and "In a Garden," by Meyer Kupferman (with a libretto by Gertrude Stein); nightly, through Sunday, July 2. (Master Theatre, Riverside Dr., at 103rd St. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-5587.) . . . SALMAGGI OPERA: Friday, June 30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1: "La Traviata." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Evenings at 8:45. For tickets, call CO 5-8861.)

Juilliard Concerts—Opening performances of the season, which continues through Thursday, Aug. 10—Monday, July 3: Bernard Greenhouse, cello, and Anthony Makas, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 5: Winifred Cecil, soprano, and Gibner King, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 6: Edward Steuermann, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. All at 4. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 33.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 13.) . . . ¶ City Amateur Symphony, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturdays during the month of July, at 8.) . . . ¶ Naumburg Memorial Concert, Victor Norman conducting, with David Wells, cello. (Tuesday, July 4, at 8:30.)

In the Country—The Berkshire Festival, opening performance of the season: Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Bach program. (Theatre-Concert Hall, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Saturday, July 8, at 8:15.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Thursday, June 29, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, July 5-6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Friday, July 7, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 8, at 1:30. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, June 29, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday and Thursday, July 5-6, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, July 7, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 8, at 2. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Boston, Friday, June 30, at 8:30; Saturday, July 1, at 2:30; and Sunday, July 2, at 2:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Monday, July 3, at 2:30, and Tuesday, July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader).

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Clifton, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 6-8.)

Polo—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30 and Wednesdays at 8:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, July 4. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, July 1, and the Brooklyn Handicap, Tuesday, July 4. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturday between 10:47 and 1:25.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 9. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays, except Tuesday, July 4, at 12:25, and Saturdays and Tuesday, July 4, at 11:55. Weekdays, boats leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11:15, and Pier 1, Battery Pl., at noon; they are met by buses for the track.) . . . EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Wednesday, July 5, through Saturday, July 15. The Fleetwing Handicap, Wednesday, July 5.

Tennis—Eastern Clay Court Championships, men. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Through Sunday, July 2.) . . . ¶ New York State Championships, men. (Seminole Club, Forest Hills. Saturday, July 1, through Sunday, July 9.) . . . ¶ Eastern Clay Court Championships, women. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Monday, July 3, through Sunday, July 9.) . . . ¶ Veterans' International Team Match. (Philadelphia Cricket Club, Philadelphia. Saturday, July 8.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 26. . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Daily at 2, from Monday, July 3, through Friday, July 7.

Yachting—Eastern Yacht Club Regatta. (Marblehead, Mass. Tuesday, July 4.)

OTHER EVENTS

Hayden Planetarium—The show for the month of June is "Color in the Sky," which deals with rainbows, the northern lights, and such. The summer show, starting Saturday, July 1, will be "Trip to the Moon." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, except Tuesday, July 4, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, July 4, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Transatlantic Liners—Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Thursday, June 29; sails Saturday, July 1, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ De Grasse: Arrives Friday, June 30; sails Saturday, July 1, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Caronia: Sails Friday, June 30, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Sails Friday, June 30, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Media: Arrives Saturday, July 1; sails Friday, July 7, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Arrives Thursday, July 6; sails Saturday, July 8, at 1 P.M. . . . ¶ Washington: Arrives Friday, July 7.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: July 9, July 13-19, July 21-23, and Aug. 8-13. . . . EBBETS FIELD:

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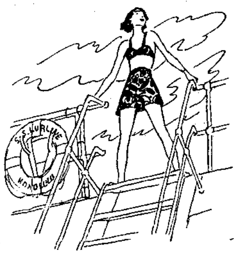
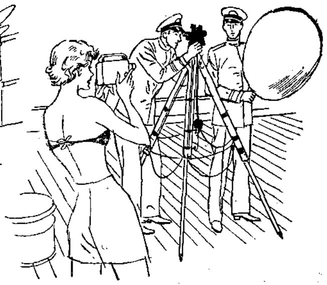
You'll discover it the moment you're aboard the *Lurline.* You'll see it reflected in countless gracious ways . . . in splendid service at buffets, dances, at dinner where the cuisine is superb. You'll find it in faultless room service. For Hawaiian hospitality all the way . . . for those extra courtesies that mean so much . . .

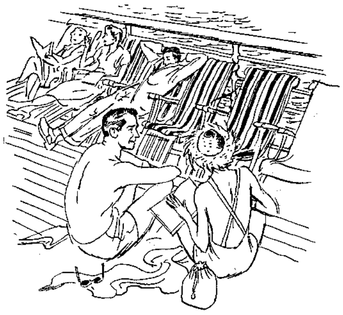
Cruise to Hawaii on the Lurline



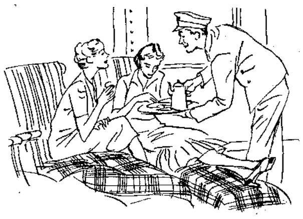


You photograph your fun

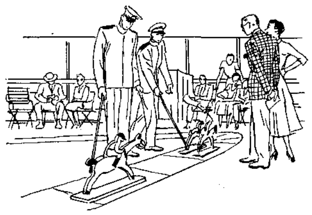
Fashions by J. Magnin & Co., California



You relax on spacious decks



You sip afternoon tea



You play games, meet new friends

You thrill to Hawaiian dances, surfing . . . learn the matchless beauty of the Islands . . . and promise some day you'll return!

Matson to Hawaii

The Lurline sails from San Francisco and Los Angeles

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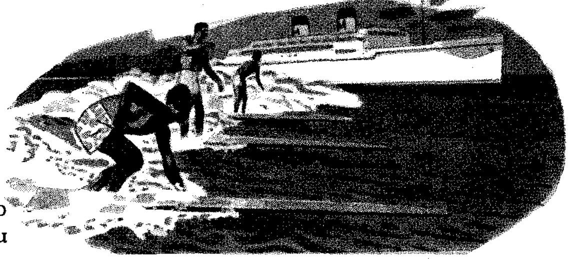

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER HERBERT TAREYTON

HERBERT TAREYTON
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MODERN SIZE
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MRS. OAKLEY RHINELANDER, beautiful young society hostess. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Rhinelander says: "When I entertain, I always need extra cartons of Herbert Tareytons."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton *because they pay no more for this better cigarette.* They appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give . . . the cork tip doesn't stick to the lips, it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

July 9, July 24-30, Aug. 1-6, and Aug. 8-9. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** July 25-26, July 28-30, Aug. 1-2, Aug. 4-7, and Aug. 15-20.

BOXING—Jake LaMotta vs. Tiberio Mitri, for the World's Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. July 12.)

GOLF—Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (Fenway Golf Club, White Plains. July 11.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. July 12-14.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Garden City Golf Club, Garden City. July 12-15.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Open Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. July 20-21.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. July 26-29.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Aug. 3-6.) . . . ¶ Tam O'Shanter Championship. First division, Aug. 5-8; second division, Aug. 10-13. (Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N.J. Aug. 8.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Scotch Foursomes Championship. (Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley. Aug. 9.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Aug. 10-12.)

HORSE SHOW—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 8-12.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—National Sweepstakes. (Red Bank, N.J. Aug. 5-6.)

RACING—Saratoga at Jamaica, July 17-29. . . . ¶ Saratoga Springs, July 31-Aug. 26.

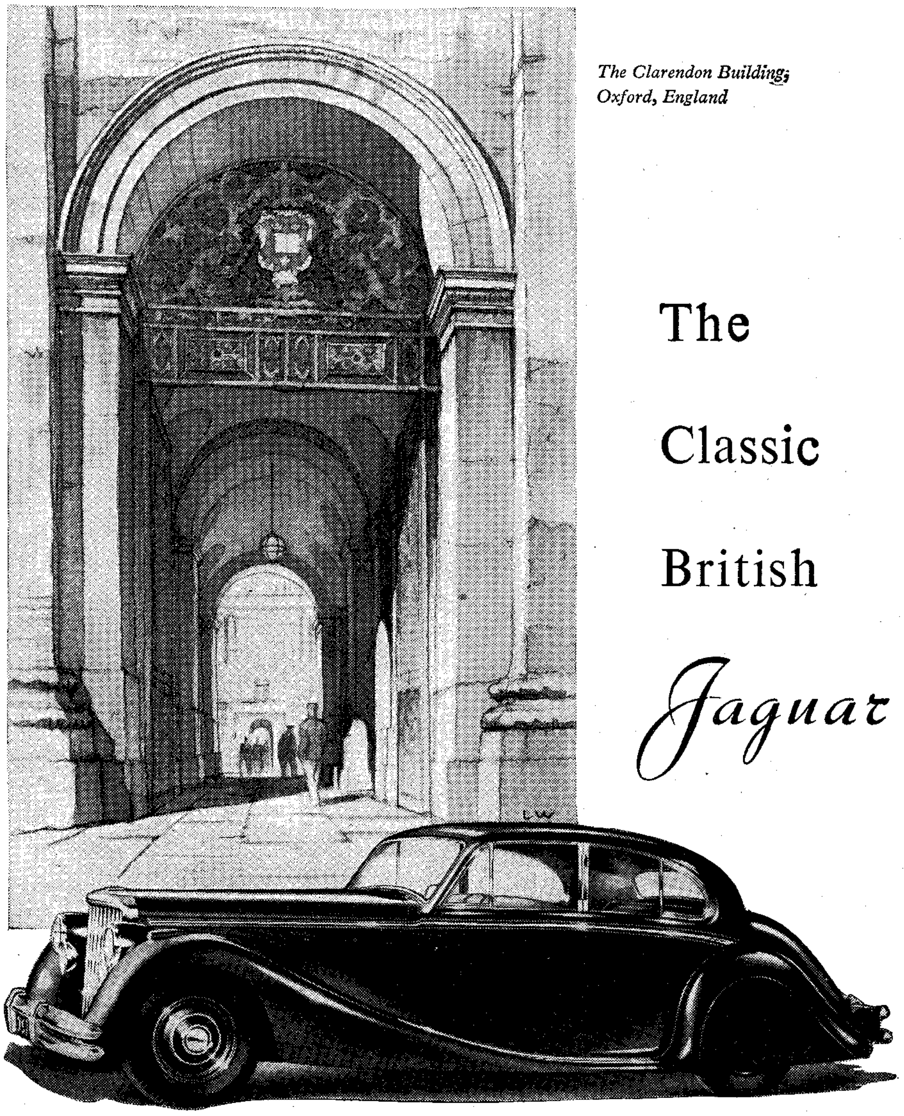
TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Spring Lake Bathing and Tennis Club, Spring Lake, N.J. July 11-16.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. July 25-30.) . . . ¶ Women's Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton. July 25-30.) . . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 31-Aug. 6.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Aug. 7-13.) . . . ¶ Davis Cup Inter-Zone Finals. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Aug. 11-13.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway, Yonkers, Aug. 15-28. . . . ¶ Good Time Track, Goshen, Aug. 7-11; the Hambletonian, Aug. 9.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Junior Regatta. (Larchmont. July 11.) . . . ¶ Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. July 14-15.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 15-22.) . . . ¶ Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. July 21-22.) . . . ¶ Newport Yacht Club Regatta. (Newport, R.I. July 22.) . . . ¶ Nantucket Yacht Club Regatta. (Nantucket, Mass. July 28-29.) . . . ¶ Quincy Yacht Club Regatta. (Quincy, Mass. July 30.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Aug. 5-12.)

THEATRE—A series of four classic plays, each to run for two weeks, is scheduled to open at the Fulton Theatre on July 24 with "Parisienne," a comedy adapted by Ashley Dukes from a play by Henri Becque. Faye Emerson, Francis Lederer, Romney Brent, and Helmut Dantine head the cast. . . . **NOTE:** The Passion Play is being presented twice weekly throughout the summer at Oberammergau, Germany.

MUSIC—The Berkshire Festival, at Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass., with the Boston Symphony, July 9, 15, 16, 22, 23, 27, 29, and 30, and Aug. 3, 5, 6, 10, 12, and 13. . . . ¶ The Lewisohn Stadium Concerts will present, among other soloists: Eleanor Steber, soprano, July 13; Claudio Arrau, piano, July 17; Simon Barere, piano, July 20; Kurt Baum, tenor, and Irra Petina, mezzo-soprano, July 29; Zino Francescatti, violin, Aug. 3; Eugene List, piano, and Beverly Somach, violin, Aug. 5; and Isaac Stern, violin, Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Salzburg Festival, Salzburg, Austria, July 27-Aug. 31.



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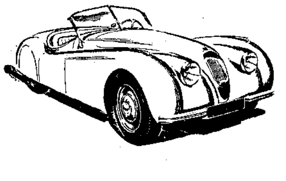
Even in the most distinguished company the Jaguar is outstanding. Its six cylinder high compression motor develops great power with effortless ease. Capable of very high speeds, this unique product of British precision engineering is yet responsive to your slightest whim and holds the road as only a Jaguar can. It is thoughtfully appointed with both front seats and the steering column adjustable . . . with soft leather upholstery and the most complete and beautiful instrument board. Truly the Jaguar is a Car of Cars.

Features of Sedan and Convertible include 125 h.p. 6 cyl. motor. Body of heavy gauge steel. Slim window pillars provide wide visibility. Most complete and beautiful instrument panel. Soft leather upholstery in wide choice of colors. Convertible can be driven half open, fully open or closed. Lavishly equipped—no extras.

3½ Litre Sedan $3750. 3½ Litre Convertible $3850. X.K. 120 3½ Litre Two Seater Super Sports $3945. (Prices slightly higher in some inland States. Local Taxes extra). A beautiful full color 26 pp. Brochure in 4 languages, with data and graphs is obtainable free from Jaguar Cars Ltd., Coventry, England.



The Jaguar XK Super Sports with its 160 h.p. twin o.h.c. motor holds the world's record for a production car with a speed of 132.6 m.p.h.

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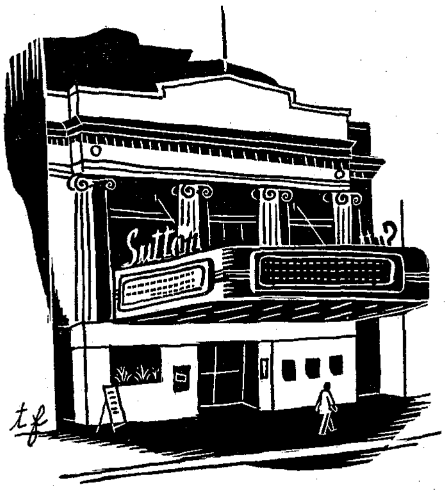
THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—A faithful translation to the screen of the spirited musical comedy about Annie Oakley, the sharpshooter, for which Irving Berlin created all kinds of fine tunes. Betty Hutton may be a little too jittery as Annie, but Keenan Wynn, Louis Calhern, Howard Keel, and J. Carrol Naish are right on the target. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

ASPHALT JUNGLE—A skillfully acted drama about jewel thieves in the Middle West, directed by John Huston with his customary flair. The cast includes Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, CO 5-1250; through July 2.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF—A chronicle of the quest for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son, transformed by Vittorio De Sica into just about the best picture that has ever been turned out in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

IN A LONELY PLACE—Humphrey Bogart doing a nice piece of acting as an overwrought Hollywood writer suspected of murdering not only the English language but a hat-check girl as well. Hardly believable but exciting at times. Gloria Grahame is Mr. Bogart's beloved and, as might be imagined, a bit nervous about it. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through July 2.... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through July 3.... ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through July 4.)

THE LAWLESS—Interracial relations again, this time in California, with Mexican immigrants serving as a minority. A brisk, exciting melodrama with Macdonald Carey, Gail Russell, and Lalo Rios. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

THE RED SHOES—Tucked away in this interminable British study of life among devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet. Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina are in the cast. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

RIDING HIGH—Under Frank Capra's direction, this remake of "Broadway Bill," a picture about a man devoted to an underprivileged thoroughbred, is lively even when the corn gets to be shoulder high. Bing Crosby heads the cast. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting July 5.)

THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER—An English film, derived from a story by D. H. Lawrence, about a boy who somehow manages, for the sake of his improvident parents, to pick winners at the track while riding a rocking horse in his playroom. Grim and engrossing. With John Mills, Valerie Hobson, John Howard Davies, Hugh Sinclair, and Ronald Squire. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

THE THIRD MAN—Orson Welles, as a racketeer in postwar Vienna, being pursued all over the city by Joseph Cotten and several squads of cops. Directed by Carol Reed from a Graham Greene script, the film works up some tense scenes now and then. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

THREE CAME HOME—The performances of Claudette Colbert and Sessue Hayakawa make this war picture about a lady incarcerated by the Japs better than average. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through July 3.)

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND—An extremely funny English film about Scots with and without whiskey in wartime. Wet or dry, the cast, led by Basil Radford, is wonderful. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting June 30.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting July 1.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 4.)

THE WINSLOW BOY—The story of how a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy, told in absorbing fashion. A British picture, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

CHAPLIN COMEDIES—"In the Park," "Laffing Gas," and "The Face on the Barroom Floor," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; June 30.)

CITY LIGHTS (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin again, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

DESERT VICTORY (1943)—A British documentary film of Montgomery's Libyan campaign. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; July 4.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; June 29.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; June 29.... ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; July 2-5.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—The film version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, with Wendy Hiller. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting July 4.)

THE MORE THE MERRIER (1943)—Housing problems in wartime Washington. With Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; July 4-5.)

MOVIE CRAZY (1932)—The venerable Harold Lloyd commotion. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; June 30.)

NANOOK OF THE NORTH (1922)—Robert Flaherty's famous documentary of the daily life of an Eskimo family on Hudson Bay, now embellished with a very good spoken commentary. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through July 4, tentative.)

PYGMALION (1938)—More G.B.S. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting July 4.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and a flock of dogs. With Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; June 30-July 1.)

TABU (1931)—The Flaherty film about life in the South Seas. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; June 29.... ¶ 5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through July 4, tentative.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English picture, with Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 3.)

TUNISIAN VICTORY (1944)—Another documentary, this one made by British and American Army photographic units. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; July 4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through July 2: "Night Must Fall" (1937), with Robert Montgomery.... ¶ Starting July 3: "High and Dizzy" (1920), and "The Freshman" (1925), both with Harold Lloyd. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE LAWLESS.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
June 29: **TABU**, revival; and "Legong," revival, a documentary film.
June 30-July 5 (tentative): "The Ape Man" and "Return of the Ape Man," both revivals with Bela Lugosi.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through July 2: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE.**
From July 3: "Crisis," Cary Grant, José Ferrer.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through June 30: "Tarzan and the Slave Girl," Lex Barker.
From July 1: "The White Tower," Glenn Ford, Valli, Claude Rains.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through June 30: "Wagonmaster," Ben Johnson.
From July 1: "Without Honor," Laraine Day, Franchot Tone.

GOTHAM, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"With These Hands," Sam Levene, Arlene Francis.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
June 29: "Heart and Soul," Vittorio De Sica.
From June 30: "Love of a Clown: Pagliacci" (in Italian), Tito Gobbi.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Destination Moon," John Archer.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Next Voice You Hear...," James Whitmore, Nancy Davis.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through July 4: "The Secret Fury," Claudette Colbert, Robert Ryan.
From July 5: "The Eagle and the Hawk," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
June 29: "The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.
From June 30: "If This Be Sin," Myrna Loy, Peggy Cummins.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through July 5: "The Gunfighter," Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Bright Leaf," Gary Cooper, Lauren Bacall.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 3: **THUNDER ROCK**, revival.
From July 4: **MAJOR BARBARA**, revival; and **PYGMALION**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
June 29: **HIS GIRL FRIDAY**, revival.
From June 30: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.**

Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
(Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)
"Fifty Years Before Your Eyes," a newsreel anthology.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
June 29: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "Birth of a Ballet," the Sadler's Wells Ballet.
From June 30: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.**

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through July 4: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.
From July 5: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through July 1: "Specter of the Rose," revival, Judith Anderson, Michael Chekhov.
July 2-3: "A Woman of Distinction," Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell.
July 4-5: "The Dark Mirror," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Lew Ayres.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE WINSLOW BOY.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Through July 3: **THREE CAME HOME**; and "The Kid from Texas," Audie Murphy, Gale Storm.
From July 4: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
Through July 2: "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian.
From July 3: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through June 30: "A Woman of Distinction," Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell; and "The Nevadan," Randolph Scott.
July 1: "Tap Roots," revival, Susan Hayward, Van Heflin; and "Omoo-Omoo: the Shark God," revival, Ron Randell.
July 2-3: "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," June Haver, Gordon MacRae; and "Borderline," Fred MacMurray, Claire Trevor.
July 4-5: "Master Minds," the Bowery Boys; and "It Ain't Hay," revival, Abbott and Costello.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 30: "Cheaper by the Dozen," Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy.
From July 1: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.**

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through July 4: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.
From July 5: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 1: "I've Always Loved You," revival, Catherine McLeod.
July 2-3: "A Woman of Distinction," Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell.
July 4-5: **THE MORE THE MERRIER**, revival.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through July 1: "A Woman of Distinction," Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell; and "The Nevadan," Randolph Scott.
July 2-3: "Desire Me," revival, Greer Garson, Robert Mitchum; and "Green for Danger," revival, Leo Genn.
July 4-5: "Conspirator," Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Comanche Territory," Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 1: "A Woman of Distinction," Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell.
July 2-3: "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," June Haver, Gordon MacRae.
July 4-5: "Stairway to Heaven," revival, David Niven, Kim Hunter.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 3: **THREE CAME HOME**; and "The Kid from Texas," Audie Murphy, Gale Storm.
From July 4: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 2: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.
July 3-4: "House by the River," Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt; and "Customs Agent," William Eythe, Marjorie Reynolds.
From July 5: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.

Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
June 29: "A Woman of Distinction," Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell; and "The Nevadan," Randolph Scott.
June 30: **MOVIE CRAZY**, revival; and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES**, revivals.
July 1: "Cry of the Werewolf," revival, Stephen Crane; and "The Soul of a Monster," revival, Erik Rolf.
July 2-3: "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," June Haver, Gordon MacRae; and "Borderline," Fred MacMurray, Claire Trevor.
July 4: **DESERT VICTORY**, revival; and **TUNISIAN VICTORY**, revival.
From July 5: "Conspirator," Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Comanche Territory," Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey.

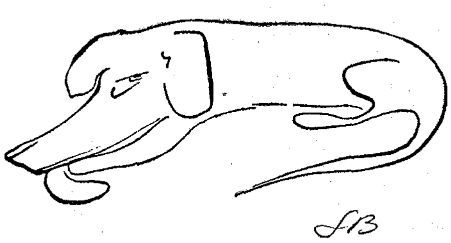
WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through June 30: "Mrs. Mike," Dick Powell, Evelyn Keyes; and "Little Women," revival, June Allyson, Elizabeth Taylor.
July 1-3: "Cheaper by the Dozen," Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy; and "Roughshod," revival, Robert Sterling, Gloria Grahame.
July 4-5: "Conspirator," Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Comanche Territory," Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
June 29: "My Man Godfrey," revival, Carole Lombard, William Powell.
June 30-July 3: "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian.
From July 4: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.**

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through July 4 (tentative): **TABU**, revival; and **NANOOK OF THE NORTH**, revival.
From July 5: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 3: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.
July 4: "House by the River," Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt; and "Customs Agent," William Eythe, Marjorie Reynolds.
From July 5: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.



Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 1: "Bond Street," Jean Kent, Roland Young; and "No Room at the Inn," Freda Jackson.
July 2-4: "Peter Ibbetson," revival, Ann Harding, Gary Cooper; and "A Bedtime Story," revival, Maurice Chevalier.
From July 5: "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," June Haver, Gordon MacRae; and "Borderline," Fred MacMurray, Claire Trevor.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through July 3: **THREE CAME HOME**; and "The Kid from Texas," Audie Murphy, Gale Storm.
From July 4: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through July 1: "Conspirator," Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Comanche Territory," Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey.
July 2-3: "Down Dakota Way," Roy Rogers; and "It Ain't Hay," revival, Abbott and Costello.
From July 4: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern; and "Buccaneer's Girl," Yvonne De Carlo.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"The Great Mr. Handel," revival, Wilfrid Lawson.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"Faust and the Devil" (in Italian), Italo Tajo.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 4: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.
From July 5: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.

Yorktown, B'way at 89th. (SC 4-4700)
Through July 1: "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian; and "The Great Rupert," Jimmy Durante.
July 2-5: **HIS GIRL FRIDAY**, revival; and "The Lady is Willing," revival, Marlene Dietrich, Fred MacMurray.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through July 3: "Monelle" (in French), Louis Jouvet; and "Woman" (in Italian).
From July 4: "The Storm Within" (in French), a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais; and "Naked Woman" (in French).

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through July 3: **THREE CAME HOME**; and "The Kid from Texas," Audie Murphy, Gale Storm.
From July 4: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.

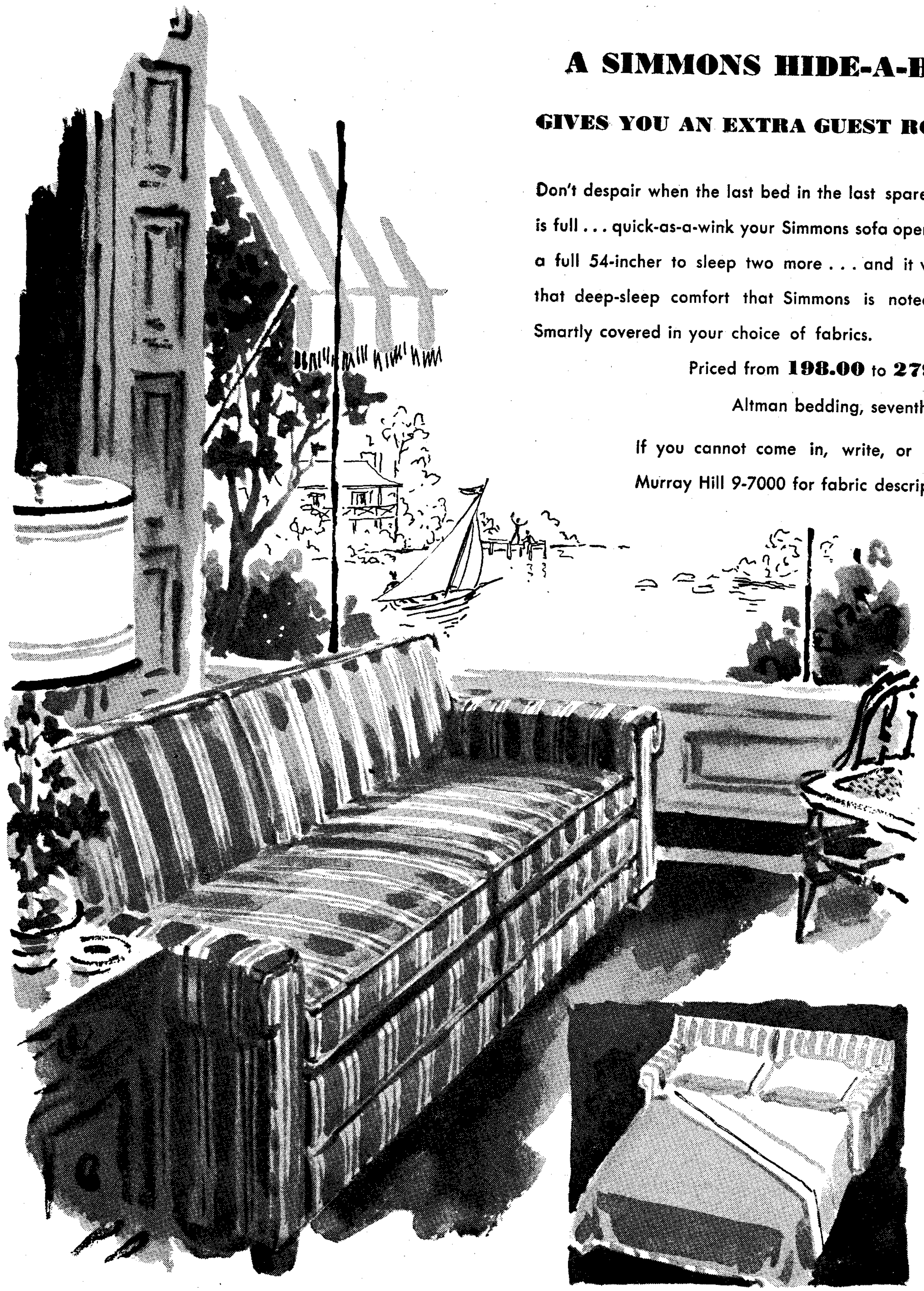
Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
June 29: "Stairway to Heaven," revival, David Niven, Kim Hunter; and "The Web," revival, Ella Raines, Edmond O'Brien.
June 30-July 1: **STORM IN A TEACUP**, revival; and "Under the Red Robe," revival, Annabella, Conrad Veidt.
July 2-4: "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," June Haver, Gordon MacRae; and "Borderline," Fred MacMurray, Claire Trevor.
From July 5: **RIDING HIGH**; and "Captain China," John Payne, Gail Russell.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through July 4: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.
From July 5: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through July 3: **THREE CAME HOME**; and "The Kid from Texas," Audie Murphy, Gale Storm.
From July 4: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through July 3: **THREE CAME HOME**; and "The Kid from Texas," Audie Murphy, Gale Storm.
From July 4: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



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Don't despair when the last bed in the last spare room is full . . . quick-as-a-wink your Simmons sofa opens into a full 54-incher to sleep two more . . . and it will be that deep-sleep comfort that Simmons is noted for. Smartly covered in your choice of fabrics.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OFFHAND, we can't think of anyone who is going to have a more unpleasant summer this year than the members of the Communist discussion teams who are slated to visit beaches in East Germany and talk to bathers on "peace questions." The idea behind these teams is to keep sun bathers from just lying there all summer without a thought in their heads—a habit a German Communist newspaper called "unhealthy, stupid, and dangerous." Sun-bathing probably *is* stupid, but not nearly as stupid as trying to arouse a torpid sun bather and appeal to his conscience. It is obvious to us that this plan was the work of a Games Organizer, one of those common high-octane beach figures who become twitchy at the sight of mass inactivity and disorder, and hurry about trying to recruit victims for a clam-digging party, a human pyramid, or a discussion group. We refer the East German sun-bathing commissar to the fate of one Games Organizer we encountered a couple of years ago—a member of the fraternity who happened to be a Saint Bernard. This dog became absolutely frantic over the stupidity of inert sun bathers who refused to throw sticks for him. He would bark at them, leap over them, scratch at their heads, and kick sand in their eyes. If one of them tried to escape by going swimming, the Saint Bernard would follow him into the water and practice lifesaving. The owners of the dog stood this for about two weeks, and then they put the animal in a crate and shipped him back to the place he had come from, a cattle farm deep in the heartland.

A WEST COAST reader has passed along a tear sheet from the Los Angeles *Examiner* on which are printed two of the paper's regular features: "Daily Quiz for Juniors" and "*Examiner's* Daily Brain Game," the latter evidently aimed at seniors. The adult brain game is made up of eight questions, all about a farmyard, and the newspaper states that "answering six of the eight questions correctly is excellent." They are: "What is a heifer?," "Do you know what the offspring of a goat is called?," "What is a chicken house usually called?," "Do you know what a female sheep is called?," "What is the name of the shelter in which pigs live?," "What is a group of sheep called?," "Which barnyard animal 'moos'?," and "Do barnyard geese 'honk'?" The juniors are posed ten questions (and, in the absence of any stated criterion, they must answer every one of them correctly, for all we know), including "What is a picaresque novel?," "What is an emolument?," "What are the names of several American mammals that serve as uncomplimentary epithets?," "What is an apothem?," "What color is puce?," and "What is the meaning of the Latin '*compos mentis*'?" This is all the evidence we need to convince us of the validity of a suspicion we have long been harboring about California: that in the land of the avocado and the cross-filing primary, children are, on the whole, vastly superior in mental prowess to their sun-baked elders—a group of intellectual sheep who, unlike their offspring, can't be expected to know what "*compos mentis*" means. We congratulate the *Examiner* on having dared to bring the whole touchy matter out into the open.

Centenarian

THE *Rural New-Yorker*, the distinguished farm semimonthly with which we have a kind of Johnny-come-lately nomenclatural kinship, has attained its hundredth year, and our interest in spry oldsters, and in nomenclatural kin, prompted us to dispatch our man Stanley to its offices and printing plant, which since 1913 have occupied a remodelled church—formerly the Chelsea Methodist—at 333 West Thirtieth Street. On his return, Stanley, whom we had briefed to compare the *Rural New-Yorker's* setup with ours, reported that our contemporary's place, and pace, seemed more relaxed. "No incoming, outgoing baskets," he told us. "People just carry stuff in to each other. No office boys. Only four resident editors. No reconstruction going on. I had three long talks with three people and wasn't interrupted by the telephone once." A carpenter came into our room and began to hammer, muttering something about air-conditioning; the phone rang; and Stanley beat it, leaving on our desk a sheaf of notes, to wit:

"Climbed two double flights of wooden stairs, welcome relief after jagged elevator trips in *our* building, and passed through glass-panelled door marked 'Office. Editorial. Advertising. Circulation.' Met at reception desk by editor and publisher, William F. Berghold. Alert. Urbane. Shirtsleeved. Forty-three. His office sizable, fifteen-foot-high ceiling. Once the choir loft. Walls bear diplomas from Regis High School, Holy Cross, Columbia Law. B. practiced law five years, then joined *Rural Nyer* to handle subscribers' legal questions on the running of farms. Gravitated into writing and editing. Editor since 1938, publisher since this spring, when predecessor, John J. Dillon, died. Excellent photo of Hudson River Gothic house above his desk. This on dairy farm he owns in Columbia County. B. escorted us to office of Professor Russell W. Duck, managing and livestock editor. Roll-top desk, surmounted by books titled 'Feeds and Feeding,' 'Breeds of Live Stock in America,' 'Animal Breeding.' No *Who's Whos.* No *Social Registers.* No Fowler. Duck once professor of animal husbandry at Syracuse University. Lives near Rye. Raises own potatoes. Two pictures in room—1949 grand-champion barrow of Nebraska, and shorthorned cow licking calf's nose. 'Can't close desk,' D. said. 'Don't want to. Invites disorder.' 'Threw my roll-top desk away last year,' said B. 'Everything in the open. Neater that way.'

"Next visited office of Persis Smith, woman-and-home editor. Pretty grandmother. Photographs of three grandchildren. Said she took roll top off her roll-top desk last week. Didn't work. Two prints of van Gogh landscapes. Two pots of artificial geraniums. Says real ones won't grow in office. Not enough light. Bookcase with Bible, Bartlett's 'Quotations,' 'Diseases and Parasites of Poultry,' 'Ducks and Geese.' Fourth editor out to lunch. Part-time editors, listed on masthead, send in articles on poultry, horticulture, etc., from Rutgers, Michigan State, N.Y. Agricultural Experiment Station in Geneva, etc. Rarely visit office. More editors *in absentia* than *in situ.* Maybe good idea.

"With B. to big circulation room. Battered wooden filing cabinets. Girls eating sandwiches and drinking tea or coffee. Old red fire buckets filled with water. Composing and printing and mailing rooms on two lower floors. Print magazine right there. Handier than Greenwich. Building near Main Post Office. Cuts down on costs. Good for stockholders. Back to B.'s office for umbrella. Books there, among others: 'Cheese,' 'What Should Be the Price of Milk?,' 'The Hive and the Honey Bee,' eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. B. says this is the best edition, last one before Sears, Roebuck took over. He won't accept ads with word 'free' in them, because sure to be a catch. Has to be careful about ads offering nursery chicks. Often arrive half dead. Redress difficult. Special problem we don't have to face."

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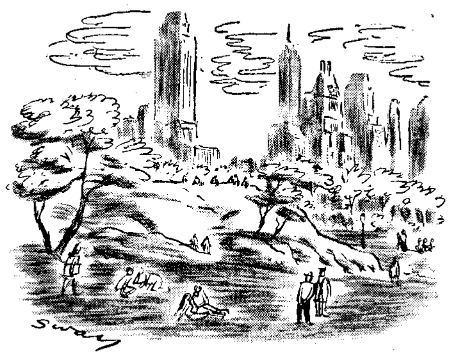
EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE: Parisian shoe stores are offering a new summer-footwear whitener called Everblanc.

Commissioner

A FEW months ago, Mr. Lloyd B. Reid, then a hundred-and-twenty-days-a-year consultant to the Department of Traffic Engineering and the New York City Traffic Commission, favored us with a few words on a projected progressive-signal system that would permit traffic on the city's main avenues to move continuously at a prescribed speed—say, around twenty-five miles an hour. On June 7th, Mr. Reid emerged from the ruins of the defunct D. of T.E. and N.Y.C.T.C. as commissioner of the city's new Department of Traffic, so we rebuttonholed him, to bring ourself up to date on him and to get a longer and more personal look at him. He is a clean-shaven, ruddy-faced, silvery-haired man of forty-nine, calm, experienced, and optimistic; the possessor of a pair of flesh-color-rimmed glasses, which he keeps putting on and taking off; and the father of four girls, aged eight to twenty-three. He was born near Clawson, Michigan; went to high school in Birmingham, near Detroit; graduated from the University of Michigan in 1923, with a Bachelor of Science degree in civil engineering; and subsequently held a variety of public and private engineering jobs in that state, among them those of State Highway Commissioner and Traffic Engineer of the City of Detroit. "We had some substantial traffic problems in Detroit during the war," he said. "The town was building quite a few things fastened together by nuts and bolts, and had to move them fast." In 1948, Mr. Reid was invited by Mayor O'Dwyer to help draw up a traffic report for the City Planning Commission. This led to the creation of the D. of T.E. and the N.Y.C.T.C., and to his consultant job. His present position is full-time. He is living at the Engineers' Club, and hopes to establish his family here in the fall. "We believe that the traffic practices followed in other cities will bring results here," he said, with a fraternal nod to Mr. T. T. Wiley, his Deputy Commissioner, another Detroiter and the occupant of a neighboring desk, whom we had last met when he was executive director of the D. of T.E. "We expect to use the standard tools of the trade. We're like a plumber or an electrician with a standard kit of tools—we'll use the one that fits."

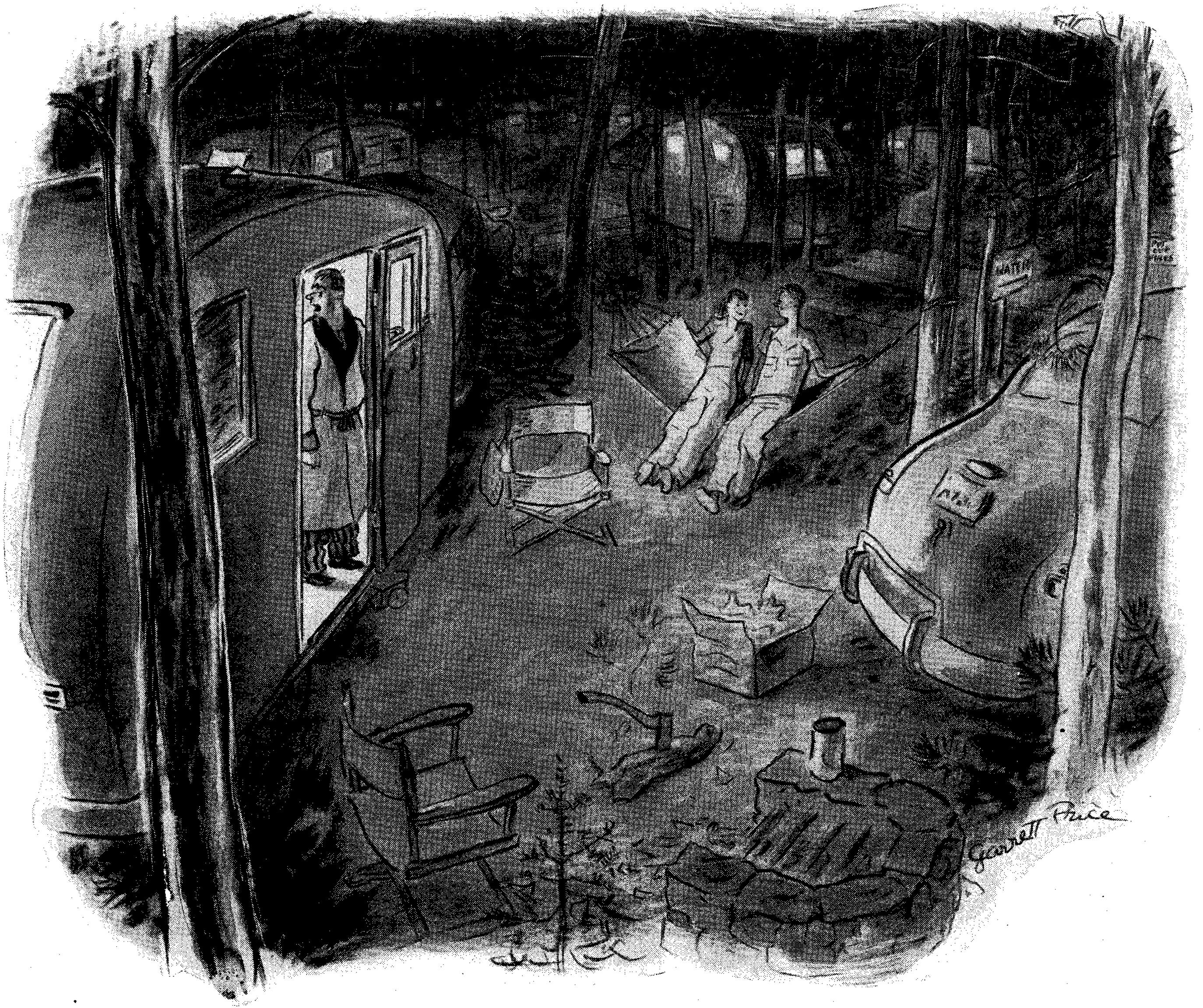
Two of the tools, the Commissioner said, will be the progressive-signal system and the concomitant reduction to fifty seconds of the present ninety-second cycle from green to red to green again—a project described as embryonic in our last traffic essay but about to go into operation on Ninth and Tenth Avenues. "With the ninety-second cycle," Mr. Reid said, "the pedestrian has to wait, or is supposed to wait, a maximum of sixty seconds before crossing and then has thirty seconds to get across. The fifty-second cycle gives him twenty-five seconds to cross and makes him wait a maximum of only twenty-five seconds." We asked whether, as pedestrians, New Yorkers aren't more impatient than people elsewhere. Mr. Reid and Mr. Wiley shook their heads, and Mr. R. observed that if New Yorkers give that impression, it is because they've been asked to wait longer than people in other cities. "You can't enforce regulations that don't seem reasonable to people," he said. "Give them frequent crossing periods without undue waiting and you'll approach compliance." "New Yorkers are definitely *not* more lawless than other people," said Mr. W., no xenophobe. We asked whether, under the progressive-signal system, cars stopping at their destinations and pulling out therefrom wouldn't impair the contemplated continuous flow, and the Commissioner nodded philosophically. "We're just trying to improve the usefulness of the existing facilities," he said. "The signal plan will improve the ability of each lane to carry traffic. We *can* raise the carrying capacity of the streets."

Mr. Reid excused himself to catch a plane for Detroit, and we besought Mr. Wiley, who was Assistant Traffic Engineer of Detroit and was brought here by Reid, for a word on his boss. "Everyone calls him Dutch—he's that kind of guy," he said. "He likes to boat, fish, golf, and play a real fast three- to six-handed card game, a kind of simplified poker, that in Detroit we called Buck-Up. 'It doesn't take much skill,' Dutch says. You may quote the Commissioner on that."



Easy Does It

THE Sales Research and Planning Division manager of a large corporation, investigating an electronic computing machine with an eye toward purchasing same for his organization, asked a representative of its manufac-



"Hasn't that young man got any home?"

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turer whether it was difficult to train people to operate the contrivance. "Not at all," he was assured. "Anyone with a baccalaureate degree in mathematics can easily learn how to introduce the problems into the machine."

New Stars, Old Stripes

IF Hawaii and Alaska are admitted to statehood, two stars will have to be added to the flag, and this will raise the awkward question of how to fit them in, fifty being, from a designer's point of view, a much less tidy and workable number than forty-eight, or even forty-nine. To compound the difficulty, nobody knows for sure who is responsible for the designing of a new flag. The closest thing to a flag-designing agency in the government is the Heraldic Branch of the Military Planning Division, Office of the Quartermaster General of the Army, which was formed in 1924 and has designed divisional insignia and the like but has never been called upon to go any further. The Heraldic Branch believes that if a change is to be made, the President will appoint a commission to decide on a new design, but there's nothing to prevent Congress from taking the initiative and appointing its own commission.

This uncertain state of affairs is typical of the whole history of the flag. On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress, meeting in Philadelphia, adopted the following resolution: "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union [the field occupying the upper corner of the flag next to the staff] be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The flag that was generally used shortly afterward had the thirteen stars arranged in a circle and is known as the Betsy Ross flag, though the claim that Betsy stitched up the original was first advanced by one of her grandsons nearly a century later and has never been documented. In 1794, after Vermont and Kentucky became states, Congress passed a bill altering the flag to include fifteen stripes and fifteen stars. The new flag, at least one version of which had three rows of five stars each in the union, was officially unfurled on May 1, 1795. It was this flag that waved over Fort McHenry and inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The number of stars and stripes wasn't changed again until five more states had entered the Union. Then a naval hero of the time, Captain Samuel Chester Reid, suggested that, to avoid clutter, the flag revert to thirteen stripes. Congress passed a bill to that effect, and President Monroe signed it on April 4, 1818, creating a thirteen-stripe, twenty-star flag and providing that any future additions of stars were to become official on the Fourth of July following the admission of a new state or states. The bill said nothing about the arrangement of the stars, but Captain Reid had proposed that they form a single great star, and they were so arranged in the first twenty-star flag, which was raised above the Capitol on April 13th. In May, the Commissioners of the Navy issued a circular decreeing that in Navy flags the stars were to be arranged in four rows of five stars each, with the stars staggered vertically. In September, they sent out another circular, stating that the President had decided that the stars should be aligned vertically as well as horizontally—no more staggering. In those days, nobody seems to have cared very much *how* the stars were arranged. It was noted in New York City, following the Fourth of July celebration of 1857, that some flags had stars arranged in the shape of a great star, others had stars arranged in the shape of anchors, diamonds, or circles, and still others had stars that formed the letters "U.S.," or even the initials of their owners.

By the end of the nineteenth century, flagmakers were sticking pretty close to specifications laid down by the Army, which had begun to take a hand in the matter. When Utah, the forty-fifth state, was admitted to the Union, in 1896, the Secretary of War announced that Army flags were to carry six rows of, alternately, seven and eight stars. The next change was made in 1908, to accommodate Oklahoma, when a joint board of the Army and Navy called for eight stars in the first, third, fourth, and sixth rows, and seven stars in the second and fifth rows. The most recent change was made, also by the joint board, on July 4, 1912, after New Mexico and Arizona became states. Later that year, President Taft issued an executive order fixing the proportions of all flags used by the government: the hoist (width), 1; the fly (length), 1.9; the hoist of the union, 7/13; the fly of the union, .76; the diameter of each star, .0616; the width of each stripe, 1/13. These proportions still stand, and that 1818 law that changes in the flag will be effective on the Fourth of July following the creation of a new state stands, too.

5:00-Mr. Mag
5:30-Howdy Doody
6:00-Small Fry Club
6:30-Lucky Pup
7:00-Kukla, Fran & Ollie
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

Annin & Co., the oldest and largest flagmakers in the country, are *not* looking forward to the admission of Hawaii and Alaska as states. We've had a talk with Digby W. Chandler, vice-president and head designer at Annin's, and we found him depressed. "All my friends slap me on the back and tell me how rich Annin's is going to be when the forty-eight-star flag becomes obsolete," Chandler said. "They think we'll clean up selling new flags. The fact is we're going to lose a hell of a lot of money. We keep a tremendous stock of flags on hand, and if Alaska and Hawaii become states, we'll have to write off around a hundred thousand dollars' worth of flags, and along with them fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of copper rollers, wood blocks, electrotypes, and other equipment." Chandler favors a return to staggered stars, and if we get fifty states, he would like to see a field composed of seven lines of staggered stars, the first three lines to have seven stars each, the fourth line to have eight stars, the last three lines to have seven stars each. "Five rows of stars with ten stars to a row or ten rows with five stars to a row would look horrible," Chandler said. "I've already made up samples of them, and I know."

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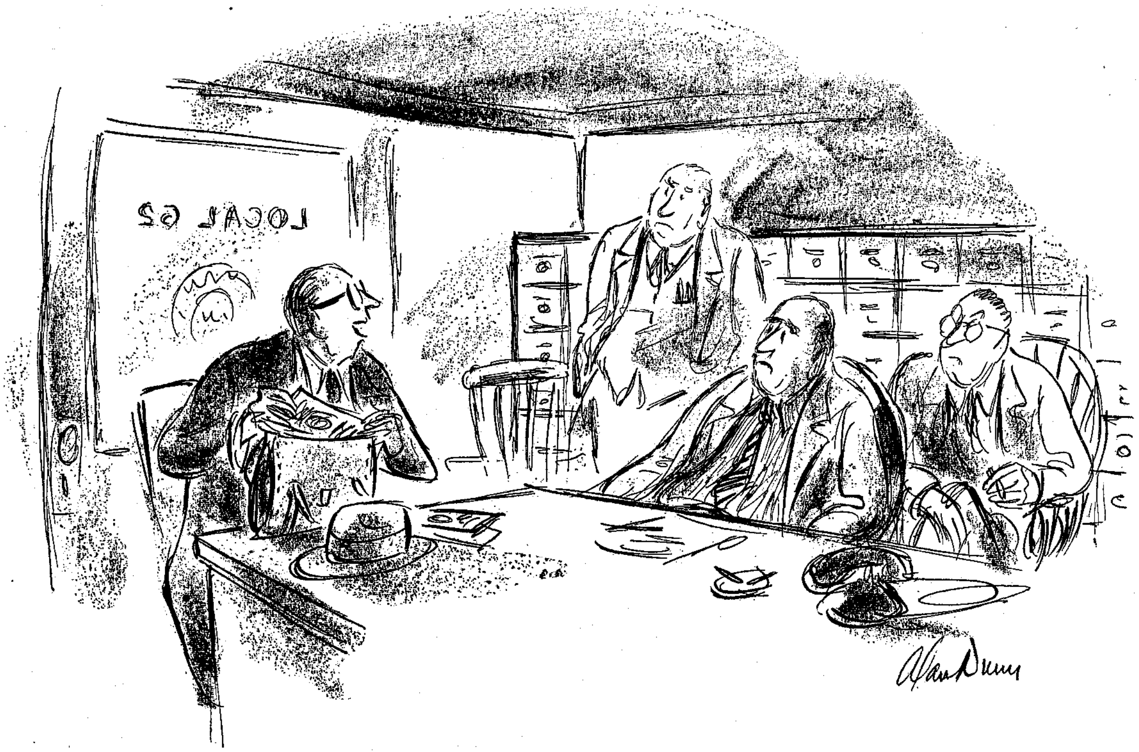
OVERHEARD in a Kress's, one young lady addressing another: "I realize he can get it for me wholesale, but the question is *how* wholesale?"

Health

GAYELORD HAUSER, whom we heard lecture in 1942 in the ballroom of the Hotel Edison, has graduated to the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf, where we caught him one evening last week advising a capacity bunch of listeners to fortify their diet, and retain the



"I just want you to take a look at our new group policy, gentlemen. It provides all the old-line benefits, plus a-hundred-and-fifty-dollars-a-month retirement at sixty-five, ten-thousand-dollar death benefit, full pay during sick and accident leave—a policy any union would be proud to strike for."

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characteristics of youth, by consuming skim milk, blackstrap molasses, wheat germ, yogurt, and brewer's yeast. The event, from which several hundred were turned away, found us sitting next to a rosy-cheeked Swedish lady who told us that she had been guided by Hauser diet-and-exercise principles for ten years, and that she thought she looked much younger than her age, sixty-two, which indeed she did. After a couple of bursts of anticipatory applause, Hauser appeared, in a Palm Beach suit and black four-in-hand, spotlighted, slim and immaculate, against a background of a piano and three or four enormous vases of flowers. "Now then, dear students, dear friends, ladies and gentlemen, this is a dream come true," he began, and went on to counsel one and all not to eat mashed potatoes. Waving his latest book, "Look Younger, Live Longer," which he said is a runaway best-seller, he observed that he got into his present line of business thirty years ago, when, a very sick young man in Chicago, he was urged by a doctor to change his habits. He failed to say what these had been. A latecomer walked up an aisle, and Hauser called out to him to ask what he was doing. "Looking for my friends," said the man nervously. "Where are his friends?" Hauser shouted. Three people toward the rear raised their hands, and the new arrival, in some embarrassment, made for a chair they had been holding for him. "How many of you are students of mine?" Hauser asked. About two-thirds of those present waved their hands. "How many never heard me before?" Hauser asked. There was a considerable show of hands, and he groaned humorously. "Where have you been the last thirty years?" he demanded. Then he said, "I have offers to go on radio and television. Shall I go on radio? [Resounding applause.] Shall I go on television? [More of the same.] Well, if I do, I shall continue to be independent, as I have in the past. I refuse to go on breakfast-food programs. I can't recommend something that is dead. If it ain't a hundred per cent, I ain't going to do it." Tremendous applause from the audience, which consisted largely of ladies who looked Scandinavian, greeted this stand.

Mr. Hauser, who had just returned from a coast-to-coast lecture tour and was about to sail for six months in Europe, said that he isn't a vegetarian, despite reports emanating from Hollywood. "I ain't a vegetarian, and Garbo does *not* have big feet," he said, activating knowing titters. He held up his book, which he clutched throughout the sixty-five minutes of his talk, and asked how many had read it. The ballroom-floor response to this was terrific, but fewer hands were raised in the boxes, which were festooned with Southern smilax. "Oh, you rich people up there on the shelf," said Hauser reprovingly, although, as we later learned, the admission price for all seats was fifty cents. He observed that copies of the book, autographed, were on sale in the foyer. "Would some of you like to subscribe to *Diet Digest*, my own little magazine?" he asked. "How many of you use yogurt? If your husband is about to leave you, make my yogurt pie. De*li*cious. How many of you read Dorothy Kilgallen's wonderful article on me and the health-food shops? Why don't some of you start health shops? Who knows? We may have a wonderful, wonderful health restaurant here, with mirrors, green walls, and vegetables cooked only five minutes instead of half an hour." Violent applause greeted this dream. Its proponent next unleashed a colloquy in which a man, apparently a faulty eater, addressed his liver, which answered him indignantly.

We fell into a health-restaurant reverie, and emerged to find Hauser saying, "I created a soya-flour muffin for my friend Paulette Goddard, which in my book [another flourish of the best-seller] I dedicate to her. Will my friends in the audience, Archduke Franz Josef and Princess Martha, take a bow?" They did. Mr. Hauser then read a congratulatory cable from Lady Mendl, who is in Paris, and said that he had all kinds of other friends but time was getting short and he wanted to introduce Jessica Dragonette, "your own New York princess of song," who would sing a few songs. "She will sing only happy songs," he promised. We said a few courteous words to our liver and, after receiving a reply, left the Grand Ballroom.

Lucky Break

A GUEST at an uptown residential hotel found his elevator boy in unusually high spirits the other morning, and asked him why. "I'm getting off this job this afternoon" was the blithe reply. "Yes, sir! I got fired!"

THE HAND THAT CRADLES THE ROCK

PARDON me, friends, but would you mind if I borrowed a corner of this lawn to faint dead away on? Go ahead with whatever you're doing; I just want to conk out until this roaring in my ears subsides. It's the damnedest sensation—somewhat as though I'd been pumped full of helium, tossed in a blanket, and shot through a wind tunnel. If I could only get these extremities to stop twitching . . . There, that's better. Christopher! Serves me right. I should have known what'd happen if I tangled, even remotely, with Fleur Fenton Cowles, today's editorial thunderhead and the most dynamic personality in the postwar publishing world. At least, that's the way someone named Mort Weisinger, billed as the editor of *Superman*, classifies her in the leading article of *The Writer's 1950 Year Book*, and if long intimacy with cloud-borne genius means anything, the man certainly knows what he's talking about.

Mr. Weisinger's portrait of the versatile directress of *Look*, *Quick*, and *Flair*, whom no amount of keelhauling will persuade me to address by his emetic term of "boss-lady," depicts her as a high-voltage executive in whose personality a Kansas cyclone has been successfully wedded to Devonshire clotted cream. The vignette that introduces her and describes her accession to the throne of *Look* three years ago has a distinctly medieval tinkle:

"Behind a huge horseshoe-shaped desk in an office high above Fifth Avenue's sidewalks sat a straw-haired, sleekly groomed woman. Before her, on the luxurious carpet, stood three ranks of high-priced editorial and advertising brains. There was silence in the room while everyone waited for the slender, fragile woman to start talking. Deliberately, coolly, she let them wait, flipped the pages of a magazine dummy on her desk. When her right wrist moved, an eye-catching bracelet studded with pearls, rubies, and diamonds glittered in the sunlight. She spoke in a soft, gentle voice which almost cooed: 'It's been two weeks since I came to work on this magazine,' she began. 'You've all been sweet—too sweet—flattering me, buttering me up. I want you all to know that I've been in this game a long, long time. I've got a job to do here, and you're all going to help me. If not, heads will roll and fingers will be lopped off. That's all!' "

The whole scene is undeniably Florentine in feeling. The analogy is fortified a bit later when the author remarks, apropos of his subject's taste in jewels: "She is never without a huge one-inch Russian emerald ring. 'It's my trademark, it's me, it's Fleur—rough, uncut, vigorous,' *Time* magazine reports she said."

Enthralling as is the narrative of Fleur Cowles' meteoric climb to fame—copy writer, columnist, advertising-agency head, and vicereine of a publishing empire—it is Weisinger's account of her distinctive personal gifts that sets the thrushes singing in the reader's belly. "Fleur Cowles has a fantastic memory and her mnemonic powers would do credit to a Dunninger," reports her biographer. "Possibly because of her own uncanny memory, Fleur makes short shrift of hirelings whose retentive talents are not so prodigious. She is reputed to have fired a secretary who forgot to wind her office alarm clock, causing Fleur to miss an important engagement." A few lines later, Weisinger careers into another exceptional knack of Fleur's. "Fleur says she can breeze through a normal 120-page issue of *Time* in a half hour," he states, completely unaware that I myself hold the world's record of twenty-two seconds.

The roster of Fleur's accomplishments—her incessant travel, entertaining, and extracurricular activities—is an impressive one; I cull only two small blooms from Weisinger's nosegay as samples: "A former aviatrix with hundreds of hours in the air to her credit, Fleur has given up piloting, although she still holds a license. . . . Fleur paints a little, designs every stitch of her own clothes, designs her own jewelry, and even her glasses. 'I'm just a generally creative person,' she says modestly." The same stubborn honesty that prevents her from blinking her creative endowment emerges constantly at the office. "When she rejects a layout, a cover, or a project," says Weisinger, "she is apt to express her scorn with the fury of a hardboiled city editor in a Hollywood front-page movie. 'Oh, I know I'm horribly blunt,' she admits. 'But if I think an idea is poor, I can't help coming right out and saying it's lousy. Yes, I'm direct.' " And again: "By the same token, she will fire an incompetent at the drop of a semicolon. 'I guess I'm just professionally intolerant of stupid people,' she confesses. 'I despise slow-witted persons, particularly in the creative fields. It's one of my biggest faults, but I can't help it.' " Could pitiless self-analysis go any further? Geez, it's like the "Confessions" of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

The specific idiosyncrasy of Fleur's that crimps the heart into a waffle, however, is the exaggerated distrust Weisinger claims she displays toward her associates. "Because she is the wife of the Big Boss," he says, "Fleur Cowles has a fixation about being yessed-to-death by sycophantic staffers. To test their sincerity, she is always planning deliberate traps. At her conferences she will intentionally offer mediocre ideas of her own, invite criticisms. Employees who have the gumption to pooh-pooh these booby-traps win her confidence." If I interpret the foregoing rightly (and if I interpret it wrongly, I couldn't be more contrite), the pressure in a certain editorial sanctum must be roughly equivalent to that in the Mindanao Deep. I have been asking myself, between decreasing spells of vertigo, what life on such capricious levels is like. In the following morality, a webfooted attempt to approximate it, it should be borne in mind that the heroine is patterned after no actual boss-lady, living or dead. Like the immortal Topsy, she sprang full-blown from the forehead of Zeus. I'm just a generally creative person.

SCENE: *The office of Hyacinth Beddoes Laffoon, queen-pin of the pulp oligarchy embracing "Gory Story," "Sanguinary Love," "Popular Dissolution," and "Spicy Mortician." Hyacinth, poised and chic in a chiffon dress for which she herself spun the silk this morning, sits behind a gumshoe-shaped desk leafing through a copy of "Shroud," her latest fictional brain child. Standing alertly at attention before her, their Adam's apples moving up and down in unison, are Bunce, Van Lennep, Hagedorn, and Vishnu, her four editorial assistants.*

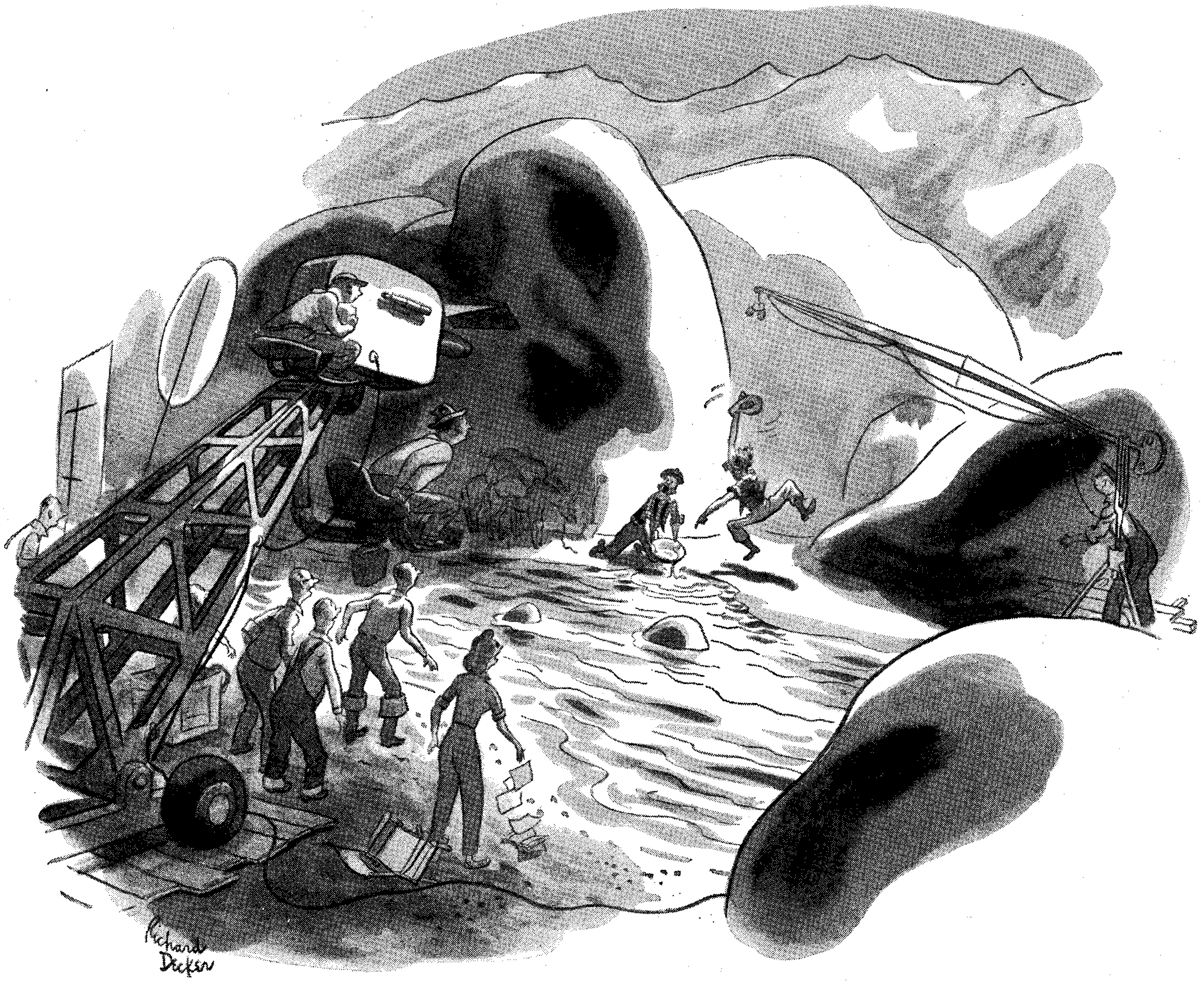
HYACINTH (*looking up abstractedly*): What's that chattering sound?

BUNCE (*eagerly*): It's Hagedorn's teeth, Mrs. Laffoon. I've been meaning to squeal on him the first opening I got. Gosh, you ought to hear the noise he makes over the partition! A man can hardly concentrate—

HYACINTH: Oh, you have trouble concentrating, do you?

BUNCE: No, no, no—it'd take a lot more than that to upset *me!* Why, I could work in a boiler factory!

HYACINTH: You may yet, the way you've been delivering around here. Meanwhile, Hagedorn, let's have those



"Gold! Honest-to-God GOLD!"

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choppers out before the next conference. That is, if you last that long.

Hagedorn (*quietly*): They'll be out right after lunch hour, Chief. You won't have to mention it again.

Hyacinth: Splendid. Now, then, I've had my ear to the ground recently and I get the impression some of you disagree with my policy on *Shroud*.

Van Lennep: Hell's bells, Hyacinth! Where'd you ever pick up that idea?

Hyacinth: From the dictaphone I had installed in the water cooler. (*Reading from a typed report*) "Just give the old windbag enough rope. You wait, the public'll pin back her ears." Does that sound familiar, Van Lennep?

Van Lennep (*squirming*): I—I was talking about Miss Lovibond, who solicits those ads for bust developers and lost manhood. You said yourself we needed more tone.

Hyacinth: Well, all right, you twisted out of that one, but watch your step. I'm sentimental enough to think this organization can't function without one-hundred-per-cent loyalty.

Vishnu: And you've got it, Mrs. Laffoon. We worship the ground—

Hyacinth: At the same time, I won't stand for any soft soap or hogwash when I come up with a notion. The fact that Mr. Laffoon has ninety-three million dollars and owns all the real estate on Wacker Drive is beside the point. I want honest, sturdy, independent reactions—is that clear?

Omnes: Like crystal. . . . Gee, I wish I could express myself so forcefully! . . . Boy, what an editor! . . . etc.

Hyacinth: O.K. Well, I've just had a couple of hunches for brightening up *Shroud* that I'd like to try out on you. (*Quickly*) Oh, I know what you're going to say, that they *might* be feasible or that they *could* work—

Hagedorn: No sirree, I can tell already they're world-beaters! A kind of a glow shines out of your face whenever you're on the beam.

Hyacinth: First, these covers we've been running. They're namby-pamby, no more punch than a textbook. Look at this one—a naked girl tied to a bedpost and a chimpanzee brandishing a knout.

Bunce: I see the structural weakness. It demands too much of the reader.

Hyacinth: Correct. We've got to drill him right between the eyes. Now, I visualize a cover with an aperture and a real revolver barrel protruding from it. With an acrid wisp of smoke curling out. Imagine that confronting you on a newsstand!

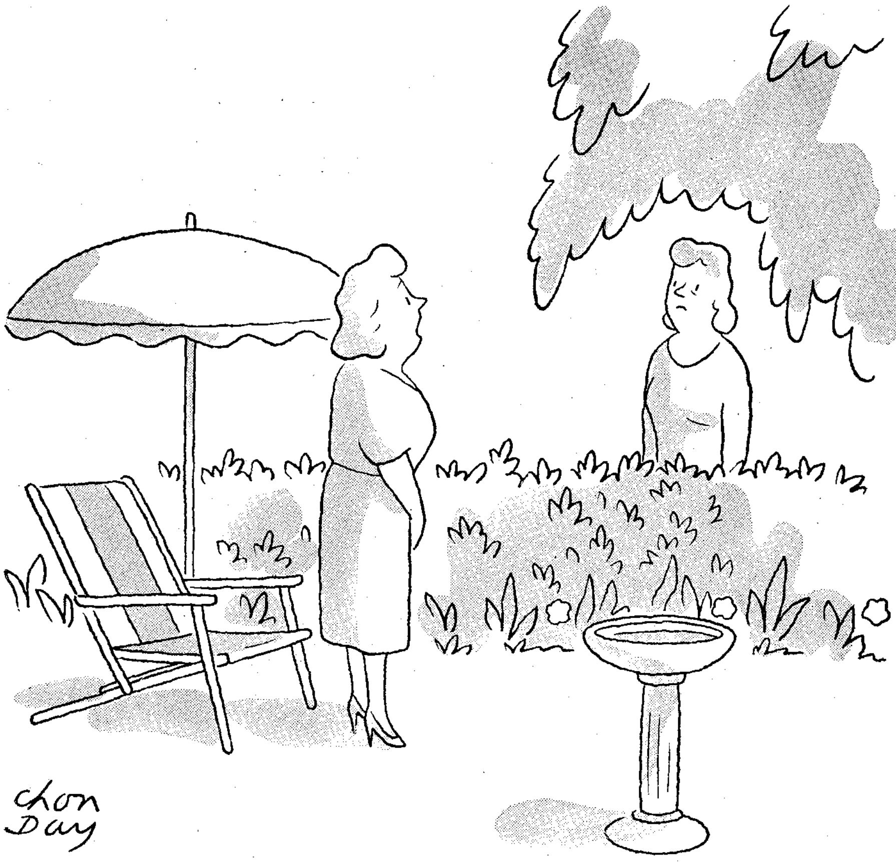
Vishnu: Where would the smoke be engendered?

Hyacinth: In a mechanism hinged to the back cover. To be sure, it's a trifle bulky and we might fall afoul of the smog ordinance in some areas—

Van Lennep (*ecstatically*): Nah, that can all be worked out! Baby, what a brain wave. It'll knock Publishers' Row right back on its heels!

Hyacinth: You think it's got undertow?

Van Lennep: Ho-ho, I can almost



"You mean that all these years we've been trying to keep up with you, you've been trying to keep up with us?"

• •

hear those dimes and nickels showering down!

Hyacinth: You bet you can; it's the cashier counting your severance pay. So long, Van Lennep, it's been nice knowing you. (*Sadly, as he leaves*) He just wouldn't learn. There's no room at Laffoon for a toady.

Vishnu: I knew it was a come-on from the start, Hyacinth. Did you notice how I gave a negative little shrug?

Bunce: Me, too. I had difficulty in repressing a smile.

Hagedorn: Smoke boxes on the back cover! Man, that was rich!

Hyacinth: Well, let's see how the next one appeals to you. You know, more and more of our younger readers are leaning toward marijuana, and I was wondering if we couldn't insert a complimentary sack in the body of the magazine, along with a trial book of cigarette papers. Might even approach Max Schling or some high-class florist to sponsor a special blend for us.

Bunce: Mmm, that's a provocative slant. Trouble is it stirs me and yet it kind of leaves me cold. Thermally, it's ambivalent.

Vishnu: Ditto. I want to throw my arms around it but something indefinable holds me back.

Hyacinth: You, Hagedorn?

Hagedorn: Straight from the shoulder, Mrs. Laffoon, it's as broad as it is long. How— How do you feel about it yourself?

Hyacinth: Well, naturally, it's my own idea—

Vishnu: Yes, and you can afford to crow. I know I'd be proud of it.

Hyacinth: I suspected you would. Personally, I think it's all wet.

Vishnu (*thoughtfully*): Um. Maybe, if I hurry, I can ride down in the elevator with Van Lennep.

Hyacinth: Take your time—you've got oodles. (*He goes.*) There was just one other wrinkle that occurred to me, boys, but it's so idiotic I hesitate to mention it.

Bunce: Aw, come on, Mrs. Laffoon. No matter how—er—amorphous it is, it might fire us—I mean it might lead to another angle.

Hyacinth: Well, it's this. Would there be any promotional value if we inserted several facsimile twenty-dollar bills into the binding, to serve as a blueprint for out-of-town readers who have to make their money at home?

Bunce: I—ah—don't cotton to it, Hyacinth. We'd be accused of competing with *Popular Mechanics*.

Hagedorn: It's basically a rural pitch. You'd expect to find it in *Capper's Weekly*.

Hyacinth: Yes, you're absolutely right. Thanks, men. It took plenty of guts to voice your frank, unvarnished opinion. (*They smirk.*) Still, if there was the teeniest chance it might benefit the magazine, we shouldn't block it with our pigheadedness, should we?

Hagedorn (*paling*): We're not dead set against it— I say give it a whirl—

Hyacinth (*regretfully*): No. Deep down, there'd always be the lurking sense of guilt, the knowledge that we deliberately imperilled a valuable publishing property with our timidity. Sorry, gentlemen, it was my fault. I'll have to stay and face the music.

Bunce: We could help you forget—

Hyacinth: It's white of you, but there are some burdens a woman must carry alone. Goodbye. (*They exit. Velvet dusk veils the office, softening the lonely figure at the desk into a fragile, ghostly moth. Then, with a muted sigh, Hyacinth switches on her reading lamp, picks up a box of paper clips, and patiently begins constructing a linotype machine.*)

Curtain

—S. J. Perelman

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SUPERIOR VANTAGE

From the superior vantage of the bridge
We look down on the sunners, bathers, swimmers,
And on the innocently azure water.

From the superior vantage of our knowledge
(Knowing the pollution of the river)
We ask, crossing the bridge, the ironic question:

How clean can one be washed in tainted water?
What is a sinner's profit, loss, and balance?
We ask, and lift our eyebrows for an answer—

Above the arching bridge our arching brows.
Ah, but the ignorant, unfastidious bathers
Still dip and dive and swim and float unbothered.

—Robert Francis

DEATH OF A FAVORITE

I HAD spent most of the afternoon mousing—a matter of sport with me and certainly not of diet—in the sunburnt fields that begin at our back door and continue hundreds of miles into the Dakotas. I gradually gave up the idea of hunting, the grasshoppers convincing me that there was no percentage in stealth. Even to doze was difficult, under such conditions, but I must have managed it. At least I was late coming to dinner, and so my introduction to the two missionaries took place at table. They were surprised, as most visitors are, to see me take the chair at Father Malt's right.

Father Malt, breaking off the conversation (if it could be called that), was his usual dear old self. "Fathers," he said, "meet Fritz."

I gave the newcomers the first good look that invariably tells me whether or not a person cares for cats. The mean old buck in charge of the team did not like me, I could see, and would bear watching. The other one obviously did like me, but he did not appear to be long enough from the seminary to matter. I felt that I had broken something less than even here.

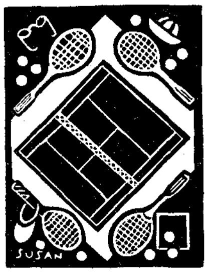
"My assistant," said Father Malt, meaning me, and thus unconsciously dealing out our fat friend at the other end of the table. Poor Burner! There was a time when, thinking of him, as I did now, as the enemy, I could have convinced myself I meant something else. But he *is* the enemy, and I was right from the beginning, when it could only have been instinct that told me how much he hated me even while trying (in his fashion!) to be friendly. (I believe his prejudice to be acquired rather than congenital, and very likely, at this stage, confined to me, not to cats as a class—there *is* that in his favor. I intend to be fair about this if it kills me.)

My observations of humanity incline me to believe that one of us—Burner or I—must ultimately prevail over the other. For myself, I should not fear if this were a battle to be won on the solid ground of Father Malt's affections. But the old man grows older, the grave beckons to him ahead, and with Burner pushing him from behind, how long can he last? Which is to say: How long can *I* last? Unfortunately, it is naked power that counts most in any rectory, and as things stand now, I am safe only so long as Father Malt retains it here. Could I—this impossible thought is often with me now—could I effect a reconciliation and alliance with Father Burner? Impossible! Yes, doubtless. But the question better asked is: *How* impossible? (Lord knows I would not inflict this line of reasoning upon myself if I did not hold with the rumors that Father Burner will be the one to succeed to the pastorate.) For I do like it here. It is not at all in my nature to forgive and forget, certainly not as regards Father Burner, but it is in my nature to come to terms (much as nations do) when necessary, and in this solution there need not be a drop of good will. No dog can make that statement, or take the consequences, which I understand are most serious, in the world to come. Shifts and ententes. There is something fatal about the vocation of favorite, but it is the only one that suits me, and, all things considered—to dig I am not able, to beg I am ashamed—the rewards are adequate.

"We go through Chicago all the time," said the boss missionary, who seemed to be returning to a point he had reached when I entered. I knew Father Malt would be off that evening for a convention in Chicago. The missionaries, who would fill in for him and conduct a forty hours' devotion on the side, belonged to an order just getting started in the diocese and were anxious to make a good impression. For the present, at least, as a kind of special introductory offer, they could be had dirt-cheap. Thanks to them, pastors who'd never been able to get away had got a taste of Florida last winter.

"Sometimes we stay over in Chicago," bubbled the young missionary. He was like a rookie ballplayer who hasn't made many road trips.

"We've got a house there," said the first, whose name in religion, as they say, was—so help me—Philbert. Later, Father Burner would get around it by calling him by his surname. Father Malt was the sort who wouldn't see anything funny about "Philbert," but it would be too much to expect him to remember such a name.



"What kind of a house?" asked Father Malt. He held up his hearing aid and waited for clarification.

Father Philbert replied in a shout, "The Order owns *a house* there!"

Father Malt fingered his hearing aid.

Father Burner sought to interpret for Father Philbert. "I think, Father, he wants to know what it's made out of."

"Red brick—it's red brick," bellowed Father Philbert.

"*My* house is red brick," said Father Malt.

"I *noticed* that," said Father Philbert.

Father Malt shoved the hearing aid at him.

"I know it," said Father Philbert, shouting again.

Father Malt nodded and fed me a morsel of fish. Even for a Friday, it wasn't much of a meal. I would not have been sorry to see this housekeeper go.

"All right, all right," said Father Burner to the figure lurking behind the door and waiting for him, always the last one, to finish. "She stands and looks in at you through the crack," he beefed. "Makes you feel like a condemned man." The housekeeper came into the room, and he addressed the young missionary (Burner was a great one for questioning the young): "Ever read any books by this fella Koestler, Father?"

"The Jesuit?" the young one asked.

"Hell, no, he's some kind of a writer. I know the man you mean, though. Spells his name different. Wrote a book—apologetics."

"That's the one. Very—"

"Dull."

"Well . . ."

"This other fella's not bad. He's a writer who's ahead of his time—about fifteen minutes. Good on jails and concentration camps. You'd think he was born in one if you ever read his books." Father Burner regarded the young missionary with absolute indifference. "But you didn't."

"No. Is he a Catholic?" inquired the young one.

"He's an Austrian or something."

"Oh."

The housekeeper removed the plates and passed the dessert around. When she came to Father Burner, he asked her privately, "What is it?"

"Pudding," she said, not whispering, as he would have liked.

"*Bread* pudding?" Now he was threatening her.

"Yes, Father."

Father Burner shuddered and announced to everybody, "No dessert for me." When the housekeeper had retired into the kitchen, he said, "Sometimes I think he got her from a hospital and sometimes, Father, I think she came from one of *your* fine institutions"—this to the young missionary.

Father Philbert, however, was the one to see the joke, and he laughed.

"My God," said Father Burner, growing bolder. "I'll never forget the time I stayed at your house in Louisville. If I hadn't been there for just a day—for the Derby, in fact—I'd have gone to Rome about it. I think I've had better meals here."

At the other end of the table, Father Malt, who could not have heard a word, suddenly blinked and smiled; the missionaries looked to him for some comment, in vain.

"He doesn't hear me," said Father Burner. "Besides, I think he's listening to the news."

"I didn't realize it was a radio too," said the young missionary.

"Oh, hell, yes."

"I think he's pulling your leg," said Father Philbert.

"Well, I thought so," said the young missionary ruefully.

"It's an idea," said Father Burner. Then in earnest to Father Philbert, whom he'd really been working around to all the time—the young one was decidedly not his type—"You the one drivin' that new Olds, Father?"

"It's not mine, Father," said Father Philbert with a meekness that would have been hard to take if he'd meant it. Father Burner understood him perfectly, however, and I thought they were two persons who would get to know each other a lot better.

"Nice job. They say it compares with the Cad in power. What do you call that color—oxford or clerical gray?"

"I really couldn't say, Father. It's my brother's. He's a layman in Minneapolis—St. Stephen's parish. He loaned it to me for this little trip."

Father Burner grinned. He could have been thinking, as I was, that Father Philbert protested too much. "Thought I saw you go by earlier," he said. "What's the matter—didn't you want to come in when you saw the place?"

Father Philbert, who was learning to ignore Father Malt, laughed discreetly. "Couldn't be sure this was it. That house on the *other* side of the church, now—"

Father Burner nodded. "Like that, huh? Belongs to a Mason."

Father Philbert sighed and said, "It would."

"Not at all," said Father Burner. "I like 'em better than K.C.s." If he could get the audience for it, Father Burner enjoyed being broad-minded. Gazing off in the direction of the Mason's big house, he said, "I've played golf with him."

The young missionary looked at Father Burner in horror. Father Philbert merely smiled. Father Burner, toying with a large crumb, propelled it in my direction.

"Did a bell ring?" asked Father Malt.

"His P.A. system," Father Burner explained. "Better tell him," he said to the young missionary. "You're closer. He can't bring me in on those batteries he uses."

"No bell," said the young missionary, lapsing into basic English and gestures.

Father Malt nodded, as though he hadn't really thought so.

"How do you like it?" said Father Burner.

Father Philbert hesitated, and then he said, "Here, you mean?"

"I wouldn't ask you that," said Father Burner, laughing. "Talkin' about that Olds. Like it? Like the Hydramatic?"

"No kiddin', Father. It's not mine," Father Philbert protested.

"All right, all right," said Father Burner, who obviously did not believe him. "Just so you don't bring up your vow of poverty." He looked at Father Philbert's uneaten bread pudding—"Had enough?"—and rose from the table, blessing himself. The other two followed when Father Malt, who was feeding me cheese, waved them away. Father Burner came around to us, bumping my chair—intentionally, I know. He stood behind Father Malt and yelled into his ear, "Any calls for me this aft?" He'd been out somewhere, as usual. I often thought he expected too much to happen in his absence.

"There was something . . ." said Father Malt, straining his memory, which was poor.

"*Yes*?"

"Now I remember—they had the wrong number."

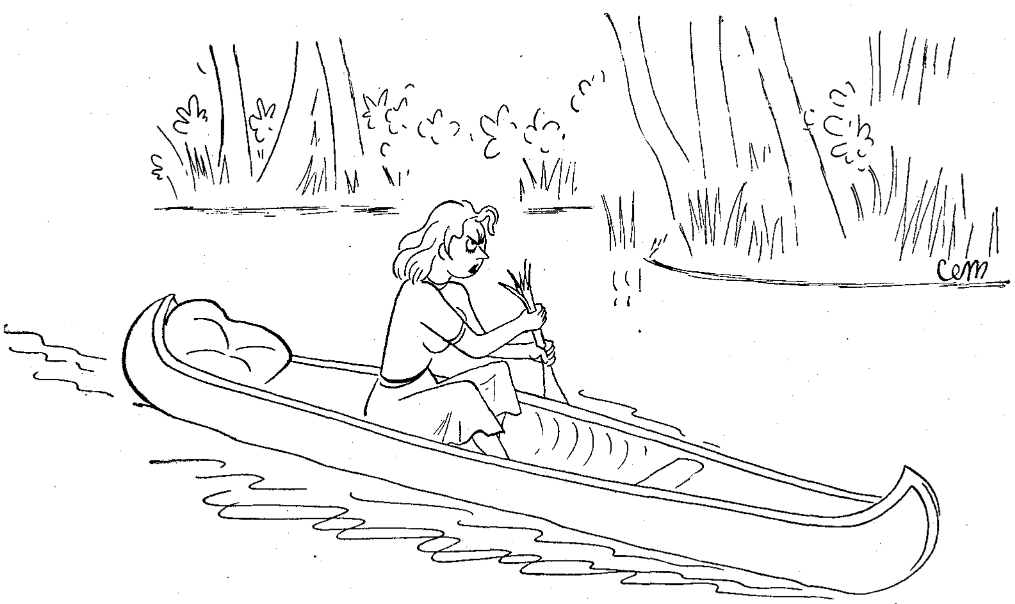
Father Burner, looking annoyed and downhearted, left the room.

"They said they'd call back," said Father Malt, sensing Father Burner's disappointment.

I left Father Malt at the table reading his Office under the orange light of the chandelier. I went to the living room, to my spot in the window from which I could observe Father Burner and the missionaries on the front porch, the young one in the swing with his breviary—the mosquitoes, I judged, were about to join him—and the other two just smoking and standing around, like pool players waiting for a table. I heard Father Philbert say, "Like to take a look at it, Father?"

"Say, that's an idea," said Father Burner.

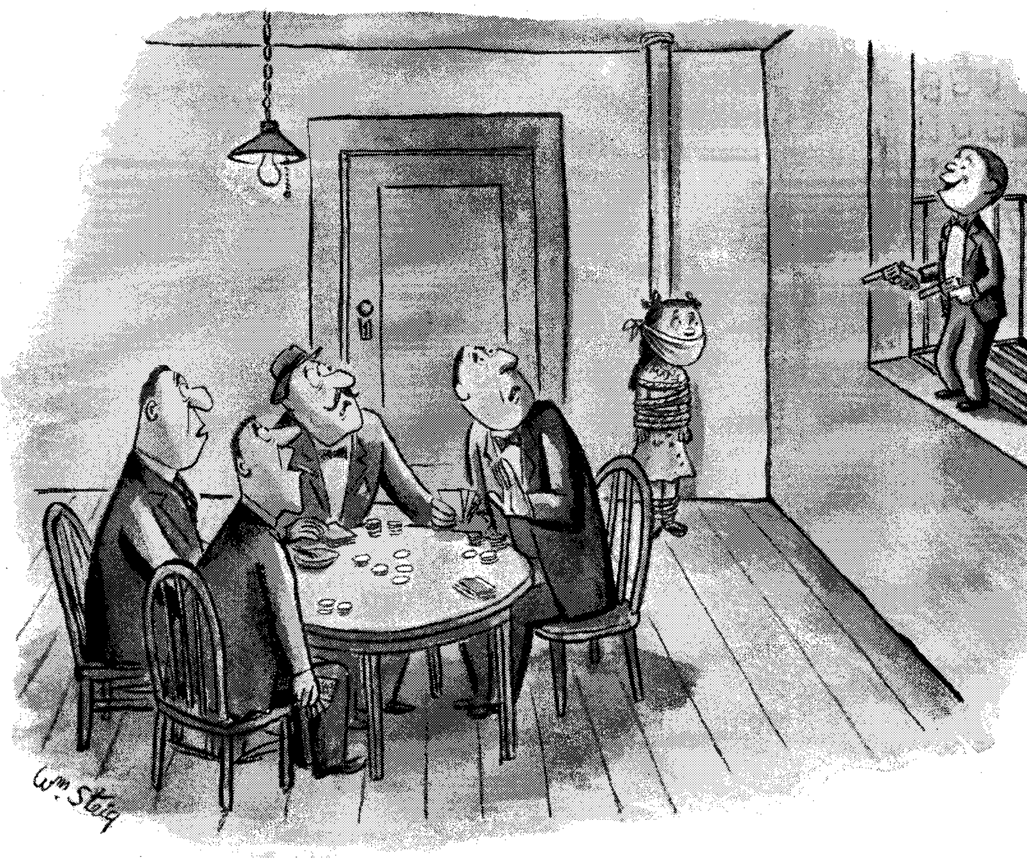
I saw them go down the front walk to the gray Olds parked at the curb. With Father Burner at the wheel they drove away. In a minute they were back, the car moving uncertainly—this I noted with considerable pleasure until I realized that Father Burner was simply testing the brakes. Then they were gone, and after a bit, when they did not return, I supposed they were out killing poultry on the open road.



THAT evening, when the ushers dropped in at the rectory, there was not the same air about them as when they came for pinochle. Without fanfare, Mr. Bauman, their leader, who had never worked any but the center aisle, presented Father Malt with a travelling bag. It was nice of him, I thought, when he said, "It's from all of us," for it could not have come from all equally. Mr. Bauman, in hardware, and Mr. Keller, the druggist, were the only ones well off, and must have forked out plenty for such a fine piece of luggage, even after the discount.

Father Malt thanked all six ushers with little nods in which there was no hint of favoritism. "Ha," he kept saying. "You shouldn'a done it."

The ushers bobbed and ducked, dodg-



DREAMS OF GLORY

Nabbing the kidnap gang

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ing his flattery, and kept up a mumble to the effect that Father Malt deserved everything they'd ever done for him and more. Mr. Keller came forward to instruct Father Malt in the use of the various clasps and zippers. Inside the bag was another gift, a set of military brushes, which I could see they were afraid he would not discover for himself. But he unsnapped a brush, and, like the veteran crowd-pleaser he was, swiped once or twice at his head with it after spitting into the bristles. The ushers all laughed.

"Pretty snazzy," said the newest usher—the only young blood among them. Mr. Keller had made him a clerk at the store, had pushed through his appointment as alternate usher in the church, and was gradually weaning him away from his motorcycle. With Mr. Keller, the lad formed a block to Mr. Bauman's power, but he was perhaps worse than no ally at all. Most of the older men, though they pretended a willingness to help him meet the problems of an usher, were secretly pleased when he bungled at collection time and skipped a row or overlapped one.

Mr. Keller produced a box of ten-cent cigars, which, as a *personal* gift from him, came as a bitter surprise to the others. He was not big enough, either, to attribute it to them too. He had anticipated their resentment, however, and now produced a bottle of milk of magnesia. No one could deny the comic effect, for Father Malt had been known to recommend the blue bottle from the confessional.

"Ha!" said Father Malt, and everybody laughed.

"In case you get upset on the trip," said the druggist.

"You know it's the best thing," said Father Malt in all seriousness, and then even he remembered he'd said it too often before. He passed the cigars. The box went from hand to hand, but, except for the druggist's clerk, nobody would have one.

Father Malt, seeing this, wisely renewed his thanks for the bag, insisting upon his indebtedness until it was actually in keeping with the idea the ushers had of their own generosity. Certainly none of them had ever owned a bag like that. Father Malt went to the housekeeper with it and asked her to transfer his clothes from the old bag, already packed, to the new one. When he returned, the ushers were still standing around feeling good about the bag and not so good about the cigars. They'd discuss that later. Father Malt urged them to sit down. He seemed to want them near him as long as possible. They *were* his friends, but I could not blame Father Burner for avoiding them. He was absent now, as he usually managed to be when the ushers called. If he ever succeeded Father Malt, who let them have the run of the place, they would be the first to suffer—after me! As Father Malt was the heart, they were the substance of a parish that remained rural while becoming increasingly suburban. They dressed up occasionally and dropped into St. Paul and Minneapolis, "the Cities," as visiting firemen into Hell, though it would be difficult to imagine any other place as graceless and far-gone as our own hard little highway town—called Sherwood but about as sylvan as a tennis court.

They were regular fellows—not so priestly as their urban colleagues—loud, heavy of foot, wearers of long underwear in wintertime and iron-gray business suits the year round. Their idea of a good time (pilsner beer, cheap cigars smoked with the bands left on, and pinochle) coincided nicely with their understanding of "doing good" (a percentage of every pot went to the parish building fund). Their wives, also active, played cards in the church basement and sold vanilla extract and chances—mostly to each other, it appeared—with all revenue over cost going to what was known as "the missions." This evening I could be grateful that time was not going to permit the usual pinochle game. (In the midst of all their pounding—almost as hard on me as it was on the dining-room table—I often felt they should have played on a meat block.)

The ushers, settling down all over the living room, started to talk about Father Malt's trip to Chicago. The housekeeper brought in a round of beer.

"How long you be gone, Father—three days?" one of them asked.

Father Malt said that he'd be gone about three days.

"Three days! This is Friday. Tomorrow's Saturday. Sunday. Monday." Everything stopped while the youngest usher counted on his fingers. "Back on Tuesday?"

Father Malt nodded.

"Who's takin' over on Sunday?"

Mr. Keller answered for Father

Malt. "He's got some missionary fathers in."

"Missionaries!"

The youngest usher then began to repeat himself on one of his two or three topics. "Hey, Father, don't forget to drop in the U.S.O. if it's still there. I was in Chi during the war," he said, but nobody would listen to him.

Mr. Bauman had cornered Father Malt and was trying to tell him where that place was—that place where he'd eaten his meals during the World's Fair; one of the waitresses was from Minnesota. I'd had enough of this—the next thing would be a diagram on the back of an envelope—and I'd heard Father Burner come in earlier. I went upstairs to check on him. For a minute or two I stood outside his room listening. He had Father Philbert with him, and, just as I'd expected, he was talking against Father Malt, leading up to the famous question with which Father Malt, years ago, had received the Sherwood appointment from the Archbishop: "Have dey got dere a goot meat shop?"

Father Philbert laughed, and I could hear him sip from his glass and place it on the floor beside his chair. I entered the room, staying close to the baseboard, in the shadows, curious to know what they were drinking. I maneuvered myself into position to sniff Father Philbert's glass. To my surprise, Scotch. Here was proof that Father Burner considered Father Philbert a friend. At that moment I could not think what it was he expected to get out of a lowly missionary. My mistake, not realizing then how correct and prophetic I'd been earlier in thinking of them as two of a kind. It seldom happened that Father Burner got out the real Scotch for company, or for himself *in* company. For most guests he had nothing—a safe policy, since a surprising number of temperance cranks passed through the rectory—and for unwelcome guests who would like a drink he kept a bottle of "Scotch-type" whiskey, which was a smooth, smoky blend of furniture polish that came in a fancy bottle, was offensive even when watered, and cheap, though rather hard to get since the end of the war. He had a charming way of plucking the rare bottle from a bureau drawer, as if this were indeed an occasion for him; even so, he would not touch the stuff, presenting himself as a chap of simple tastes, of no taste at all for the things of this world, who would prefer, if anything, the rude wine made from our own grapes—if we'd had any grapes. Quite an act, and one he thoroughly enjoyed, holding his glass of pure water and asking, "How's your drink, Father? Strong enough?"

The housekeeper, appearing at the door, said there'd been a change of plans and some of the ushers were driving Father Malt to the train.

"Has he gone yet?" asked Father Burner.

"Not yet, Father."

"Well, tell him goodbye for me."

"Yes, Father."

When she had gone, he said, "I'd tell him myself, but I don't want to run into that bunch."

Father Philbert smiled. "What's he up to in Chicago?"

POEM IN PRAISE OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

(A Fourth of July Hymn)

Thank you, Mr. Jefferson,
For bearding the British brass.
And thank you, Mr. Adams,
Of Braintree (Quincy), Mass.
Carroll and Clark and Clymer,
Harrison, Hancock, Hart,
Printer Franklin and Planter Hall,
I thank you one and I thank you all
For rising up at your country's call
And giving the Fourth a start.
Thanks with gratitude more than cursory
For handing July an anniversary.

For what is so rare in these sovereign states
As festive weather on festive dates?
Sneezes hamper the Yuletide kiss.
Autumn glooms on the Armistice.
Easter's certain to be contrary.
Washington picked out February.
But east and west and south and north
There's strawberry shortcake on the Fourth.

So hip and hip and a loud hooray
For glorious Independence Day,
Day auspicious for every comer
Because it falls on the Fourth of summer,
When winds are soft and the air's a prism
And climate's conducive to patriotism.
Fathers, I'm grateful when I remember
You might have fixed on the Fourth of November.

You might have chosen August,
When lawns begin to parch,
Defended Man in the middle of Jan.
Or the horrible first of March.
But you thought of parades and picnics,
Of a blue American sky,
Of driving fast in a brand-new car,
Of rowing boats and of breaking par,
And you set it down on your calendar
That you'd choose the Fourth of July.

So thank you, Button Gwinnett,
For a celebration blithe.
And thank you, Roger Sherman,
And thank you, Mr. Wythe.
Hopkinson, Hooper, Heyward,
Livingston, Lewis, Lee,
Merchant Morris, of Morrisania,
Morton, the jurist from Pennsylvania,
I'm happy you surged with that freedomania.
Thanks for the Land of the Free,
For giving us liberty's deathless chime
And a holiday in the summertime.

—Phyllis McGinley

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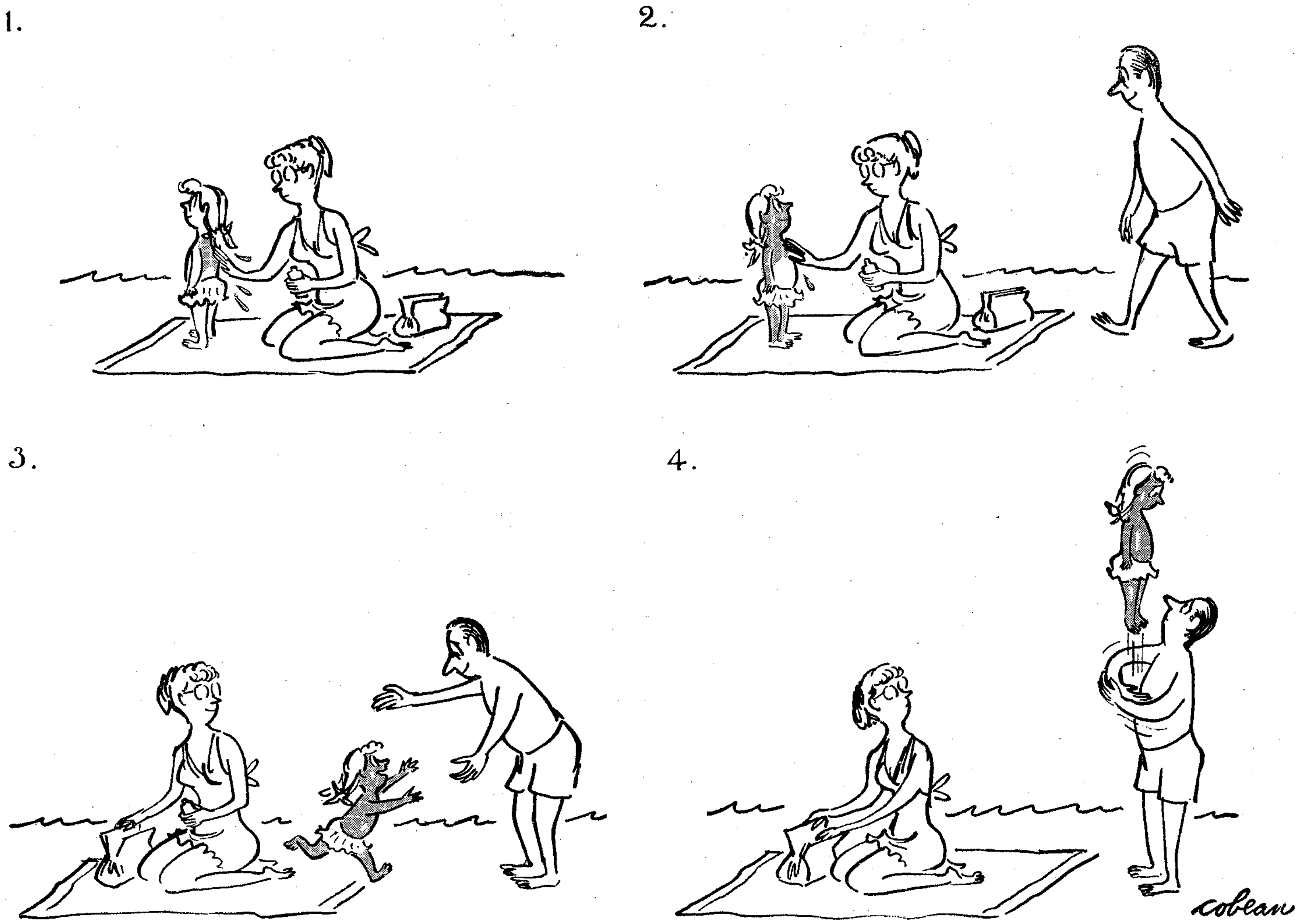

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"They've got one of those pastors' and builders' conventions going on at the Stevens Hotel."

"Is he building?"

"No, but he's a pastor and he'll get a lot of free samples. He won't buy anything."

"Not much has been done around here, huh?" said Father Philbert.

He had fed Father Burner the question he wanted. "He built that fish pond in the back yard—for his minnows. That's the extent of the building program in his time. Of course he's only been here a while."

"How long?"

"Fourteen years," said Father Burner. *He* would be the greatest builder of them all—if he ever got the chance. He lit a cigarette and smiled. "What he's really going to Chicago for is to see a couple of ball games."

Father Philbert did not smile. "Who's playing there now?" he said.

A little irritated at this interest, Father Burner said, "I believe it's the Red Sox—or is it the Reds? Hell, how do I know?"

"Couldn't be the Reds," said Father Philbert. "The boy and I were in Cincinnati last week and it was the start of a long home stand for them."

"Very likely," said Father Burner.

While the missionary, a Cardinal fan, analyzed the pennant race in the National League, Father Burner sulked. "What's the best train out of Chicago for Washington?" he suddenly inquired.

Father Philbert told him what he could, but admitted that his information dated from some years back. "We don't make the run to Washington any more."

"That's right," said Father Burner. "Washington's in the American League."

Father Philbert laughed, turning aside the point that he travelled with the Cardinals. "I thought you didn't know about these things," he said.

"About these things it's impossible to stay ignorant," said Father Burner. "Here, and the last place, and the place before that, and in the seminary—a ball, a bat, and God. I'll be damned, Father, if I'll do as the Romans do."

"What price glory?" inquired Father Philbert, as if he smelt heresy.

"I know," said Father Burner. "And it'll probably cost me the red hat." A brave comment, perhaps, from a man not yet a country pastor, and it showed me where his thoughts were again. He did not disguise his humble ambition by speaking lightly of an impossible one. "Scratch a prelate and you'll find a second baseman," he fumed.

Father Philbert tried to change the subject. "Somebody told me Father Malt's the exorcist for the diocese."

"Used to be." Father Burner's eyes flickered balefully.

"Overdid it, huh?" asked Father Philbert—as if he hadn't heard!

"Some." I expected Father Burner to say more. He could have told some pretty wild stories, the gist of them all that Father Malt, as an exorcist, was perhaps a little quick on the trigger. He had stuck pretty much to livestock, however, which was to his credit in the human view.

"Much scandal?"

"Some."

"Nothing serious, though?"

"No."

"Suppose it depends on what you call serious."

Father Burner did not reply. He had become oddly morose. Perhaps he felt that he was being catered to out of pity, or that Father Philbert, in giving him so many opportunities to talk against Father Malt, was tempting him.

"Who plays the accordion?" inquired Father Philbert, hearing it downstairs.

"He does."

"Go on!"

"Sure."

"How can he hear what he's playing?"

"What's the difference—if he plays an accordion?"

Father Philbert laughed. He removed the cellophane from a cigar, and then he saw me. And at that moment I made no attempt to hide. "There's that damn cat."

"His assistant!" said Father Burner with surprising bitterness. "Coadjutor with right of succession."

Father Philbert balled up the cellophane and tossed it at the wastebasket, missing.

"Get it," he said to me, fatuously.

I ignored him, walking slowly toward the door.

Father Burner made a quick movement with his feet, which were something to behold, but I knew he wouldn't get up, and took my sweet time.

Father Philbert inquired, "Will she catch mice?"

She! Since coming to live at the rectory, I've been celibate, it's true, but I daresay I'm as manly as the next one. And Father Burner, who might have done me the favor of putting him straight, said nothing.

"She looks pretty fat to be much of a mouser."

I just stared at the poor man then, as much as to say that I'd think one so interested in catching mice would have heard of a little thing called the mousetrap. After one last dirty look, I left them to themselves—to punish each other with their company.

I strolled down the hall, trying to remember when I'd last had a mouse. Going past the room occupied by the young missionary, I smiled upon his door, which was shut, confident that he was inside hard at his prayers.

THE next morning, shortly after breakfast, which I took, as usual, in the kitchen, I headed for the cool orchard to which I often repaired on just such a day as this one promised to be. I had no appetite for the sparrows hopping from tree to tree above me, but there seemed no way to convince them of that. Each one, so great is his vanity, thinks himself eminently edible. Peace, peace, they cry, and there is no peace. Finally, tired of their noise, I got up from the matted grass and left, levelling my ears and flailing my tail, in a fake dudgeon that inspired the males to feats of stunt flying and terrorized the young females most delightfully.

I went then to another favorite spot of mine, that bosky strip of green between the church and the brick sidewalk. Here, however, the horseflies found me, and as if that were not enough, visions of stray dogs and children came between me and the kind of sleep I badly needed after an uncommonly restless night.

When afternoon came, I remembered that it was Saturday, and that I could have the rectory to myself. Father Burner and the missionaries would be busy with confessions. By this time the temperature had reached its peak, and though I felt sorry for the young missionary, I must admit the thought of the other two sweltering in the confessionals refreshed me. The rest of the afternoon I must have slept something approaching the sleep of the just.

I suppose it was the sound of dishes that roused me. I rushed into the dining room, not bothering to wash up, and took my customary place at the table. Only then did I consider the empty chair next to me—the utter void. This, I thought, is a foreshadowing of what I must someday face—this, and Father Burner munching away at the other end of the table. And there was the immediate problem: no one to serve me. The young missionary smiled at me, but how can you eat a smile? The other two, looking rather wilted—to their hot boxes I wished them swift return—talked in expiring tones of reserved sins and did not appear to notice me. Our first meal together without Father Malt did not pass without incident, however. It all came about when the young missionary extended a thin sliver of meat to me.

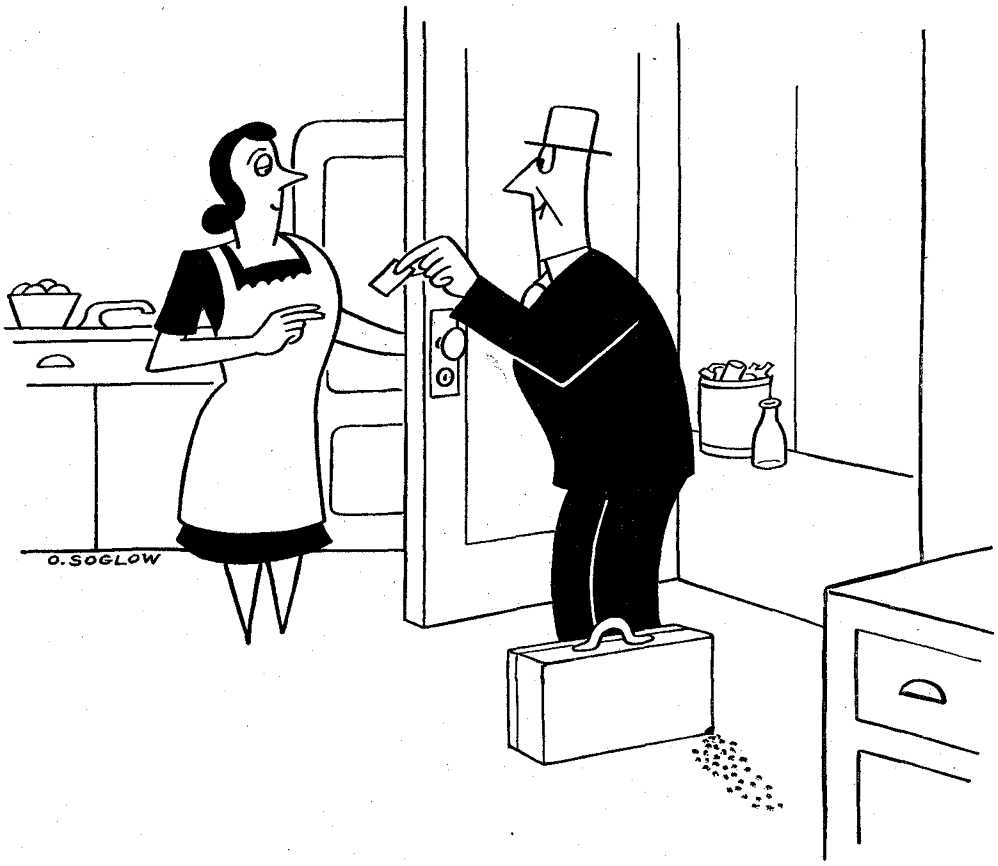
"Hey, don't do that!" said Father Philbert. "You'll never make a mouser out of her that way."

Father Burner, too, regarded the young missionary with disapproval.

"Just this one piece," said the young missionary. The meat was already in my mouth.

"Well, watch it in the future," said Father Philbert. It was the word "future" that worried me. Did it mean that he had arranged to cut off my sustenance in the kitchen too? Did it mean that until Father Malt returned I had to choose between mousing and fasting?

I continued to think along these melancholy lines until the repast, which had never begun for me, ended for them. Then I whisked into the kitchen, where I received the usual bowl of milk. But whether the housekeeper, accustomed as she was to having me eat my main course at table, assumed there had been no change in my life, or was now acting



"Well, if you ever should need an exterminator, here's my card."

under instructions from these villains, I don't know. I was too sickened by their meanness to have any appetite. When the pastor's away, the curates will play, I thought. On the whole I was feeling pretty glum.

IT was our custom to have the main meal at noon on Sundays. I arrived early, before the others, hungrier than I'd been for as long as I could remember, and still I had little or no expectation of food at this table. I was there for one purpose—to assert myself—and possibly, where the young missionary was concerned, to incite sympathy for myself and contempt for my persecutors. By this time I knew that to be the name for them.

They entered the dining room, just the two of them.

"Where's the kid?" asked Father Burner.

"He's not feeling well," said Father Philbert.

I was not surprised. They'd arranged between the two of them to have him say the six- and eleven-o'clock Masses, which meant, of course, that he'd fasted in the interval. I had not thought of him as the hardy type, either.

"I'll have the housekeeper take him some beef broth," said Father Burner. Damned white of you, I was thinking, when he suddenly whirled and swept me off my chair. Then he picked it up and placed it against the wall. Then he went to the lower end of the table, removed his plate and silverware, and brought them to Father Malt's place. Talking and fuming to himself, he sat down in Father Malt's chair. I did not appear very brave, I fear, cowering under mine.

Father Philbert, who had been watching with interest, now greeted the new order with a cheer. "Attaboy, Ernest!"

Father Burner began to justify himself. "More light here," he said, and added, "Cats kill birds," and for some reason he was puffing.

"If they'd just kill mice," said Father Philbert, "they wouldn't be so bad." He had a one-track mind if I ever saw one.

"Wonder how many that black devil's caught in his time?" said Father Burner, airing a common prejudice against cats of my shade (though I do have a white collar). He looked over at me. "Ssssss," he said. But I held my ground.

"I'll take a dog any day," said the platitudinous Father Philbert.

"Me, too."

After a bit, during which time they played hard with the roast, Father Philbert said, "How about taking her for a ride in the country?"

"Hell," said Father Burner. "He'd just come back."

"Not if we did it right, she wouldn't."

"Look," said Father Burner. "Some friends of mine dropped a cat off the high bridge in St. Paul. They saw him go under in mid-channel. I'm talking about the Mississippi, understand. Thought they'd never lay eyes on that animal again. That's what they thought. He was back at the house before they were." Father Burner paused—he could see that he was not convincing Father Philbert—and then he tried again. "That's a fact, Father. They might've played a quick round of golf before they got back. Cat didn't even look damp, they said. He's still there. Case a lot like this. Except now they're afraid of *him*."

To Father Burner's displeasure, Father Philbert refused to be awed or even puzzled. He simply inquired: "But did they use a bag? Weights?"

"Millstones," snapped Father Burner. "Don't quibble."

Then they fell to discussing the burial customs of gangsters—poured concrete and the rest—and became so engrossed in the matter that they forgot all about me.

Over against the wall, I was quietly working up the courage to act against them. When I felt sufficiently lion-hearted, I leaped up and occupied my chair. Expecting blows and vilification, I encountered only indifference. I saw then how far I'd come down in their estimation. Already the remembrance of things past—the disease of noble politicals in exile—was too strong in me, the hope of restoration unwarrantably faint.

At the end of the meal, returning to me, Father Philbert remarked, "I think I know a better way." Rising, he snatched the crucifix off the wall, passed it to a bewildered Father Burner, and, saying "Nice Kitty," grabbed me behind the ears. "Hold it up to her," said Father Philbert. Father Burner held the crucifix up to me. "See that?" said Father Philbert to my face. I miaowed. "Take that!" said Father Philbert, cuffing me. He pushed my face into the crucifix again. "See that?" he said again, but I knew what to expect next, and when he cuffed me, I went for his hand with my mouth, pinking him nicely on the wrist. Evidently Father Burner had begun to understand and appreciate the proceedings. Although I was in a good position to observe everything, I could not say as much for myself. "Association," said Father Burner with mysterious satisfaction, almost with zest. He poked the crucifix at me. "If he's just smart enough to react properly," he said. "Oh, she's plenty smart," said Father Philbert, sucking his wrist and giving himself, I hoped, hydrophobia. He scuffed off one of his sandals for a paddle. Father Burner, fingering the crucifix nervously, inquired, "Sure it's all right to go on with this thing?" "It's the intention that counts in these things," said Father Philbert. "Our motive is clear enough." And they went at me again.

AFTER that first taste of the sandal in the dining room, I foolishly believed I would be safe as long as I stayed away from the table; there was something about my presence there, I thought, that brought out the beast in them—which is to say very nearly all that was in them. But they caught me in the upstairs hall the same evening, one brute thundering down upon me, the other sealing off my only avenue of escape. And this beating was worse than the first—preceded as it was by a short delay that I mistook for a reprieve until Father Burner, who had gone downstairs muttering something about "leaving no margin for error," returned with the crucifix from the dining room, although we had them hanging all over the house. The young missionary, coming upon them while they were at me, turned away. "I wash my hands of it," he said. I thought he might have done more.

Out of mind, bruised of body, sick at heart, for two days and nights I held on, I know not how or why—unless I lived in hope of vengeance. I wanted simple justice, a large order in itself, but I would never have settled for that alone. I wanted nothing less than my revenge.

I kept to the neighborhood, but avoided the rectory. I believed, of course, that their only strategy was to drive me away. I derived some little satisfaction from making myself scarce, for it was thus I deceived them into thinking their plan to banish me successful. But this was my single comfort during this hard time, and it was as nothing against their crimes.

I spent the nights in the open fields. I reeled, dizzy with hunger, until I bagged an aged field mouse. It tasted bitter to me, this stale provender, and seemed, as I swallowed it, an ironic concession to the enemy. I vowed I'd starve before I ate another mouse. By way of retribution to myself, I stalked sparrows in the orchard—hating myself for it but persisting all the more when I thought of those bird-lovers, my persecutors, before whom I could stand and say in self-redemption, "You made me what I am now. You thrust the killer's part upon me." Fortunately, I did not flush a single sparrow. Since *my* motive was clear enough, however, I'd had the pleasure of sinning against them and their ideals, the pleasure without the feathers and mess.

On Tuesday, the third day, all caution, I took up my post in the lilac bush beside the garage. Not until Father Malt returned, I knew, would I be safe in daylight. He arrived along about dinnertime, and I must say the very sight of him aroused a sentiment in me akin to human affection. The youngest usher, who must have had the afternoon off to meet him at the station in St. Paul, carried the new bag before him into the rectory. It was for me an act symbolic of the counter-revolution to come. I did not rush out from my hiding place, however. I had suffered too much to play the fool now. Instead I slipped into the kitchen by way of the flap in the screen door, which they had not thought to barricade. I waited under the stove for my moment, like an actor in the wings.

Presently I heard them tramping into the dining room and seating themselves, and Father Malt's voice saying, "I had a long talk with the Archbishop." (I could almost hear Father Burner praying, Did he say anything about *me*?) And then, "Where's Fritz?"

"He hasn't been around lately," said Father Burner cunningly. He would not tell the truth and he would not tell a lie.

"You know, there's something mighty funny about that cat," said Father Philbert. "We think she's possessed."

I was astonished, and would have liked a moment to think it over, but by now I was already entering the room.

"*Possessed!*" said Father Malt. "Aw, no!"

"Ah, yes," said Father Burner, going for the meat right away. "And good riddance."

And then I miaowed and they saw me.

"Quick!" said Father Philbert, who made a nice recovery after involuntarily reaching for me and his sandal at the same time. Father Burner ran to the wall for the crucifix, which had been, until now, a mysterious and possibly blasphemous feature of my beatings—the crucifix held up to me by the one not scourging at the moment, as if it were the will behind my punishment. They had schooled me well, for even now, at the sight of the crucifix, an undeniable fear was rising in me. Father Burner handed it to Father Malt.

"Now you'll see," said Father Philbert.

"We'll leave it up to you," said Father Burner.

I found now that I could not help myself. What followed was hidden from them—from human eyes. I gave myself over entirely to the fear they'd beaten into me, and in a moment, according to their plan, I was fleeing the crucifix as one truly possessed, out of the dining room and into the kitchen, and from there, blindly, along the house and through the shrubbery, ending in the street, where a powerful gray car ran over me—and where I gave up the old ghost for a new one.

Simultaneously, reborn, redeemed from my previous fear, identical with my former self, so far as they could see, and still in their midst, I padded up to Father Malt—he still sat gripping the crucifix—and jumped into his lap. I heard the young missionary arriving from an errand in Father Philbert's *brother's* car, late for dinner he thought, but just in time to see the stricken look I saw coming into the eyes of my persecutors. This look alone made up for everything I'd suffered at their hands. Purring now, I was rubbing up against the crucifix, myself effecting my utter revenge.

"What have we done?" cried Father Philbert. He was basically an emotional dolt and would have voted then for my canonization.

"I ran over a cat!" said the young missionary excitedly. "I'd swear it was this one. When I looked, there was nothing there!"

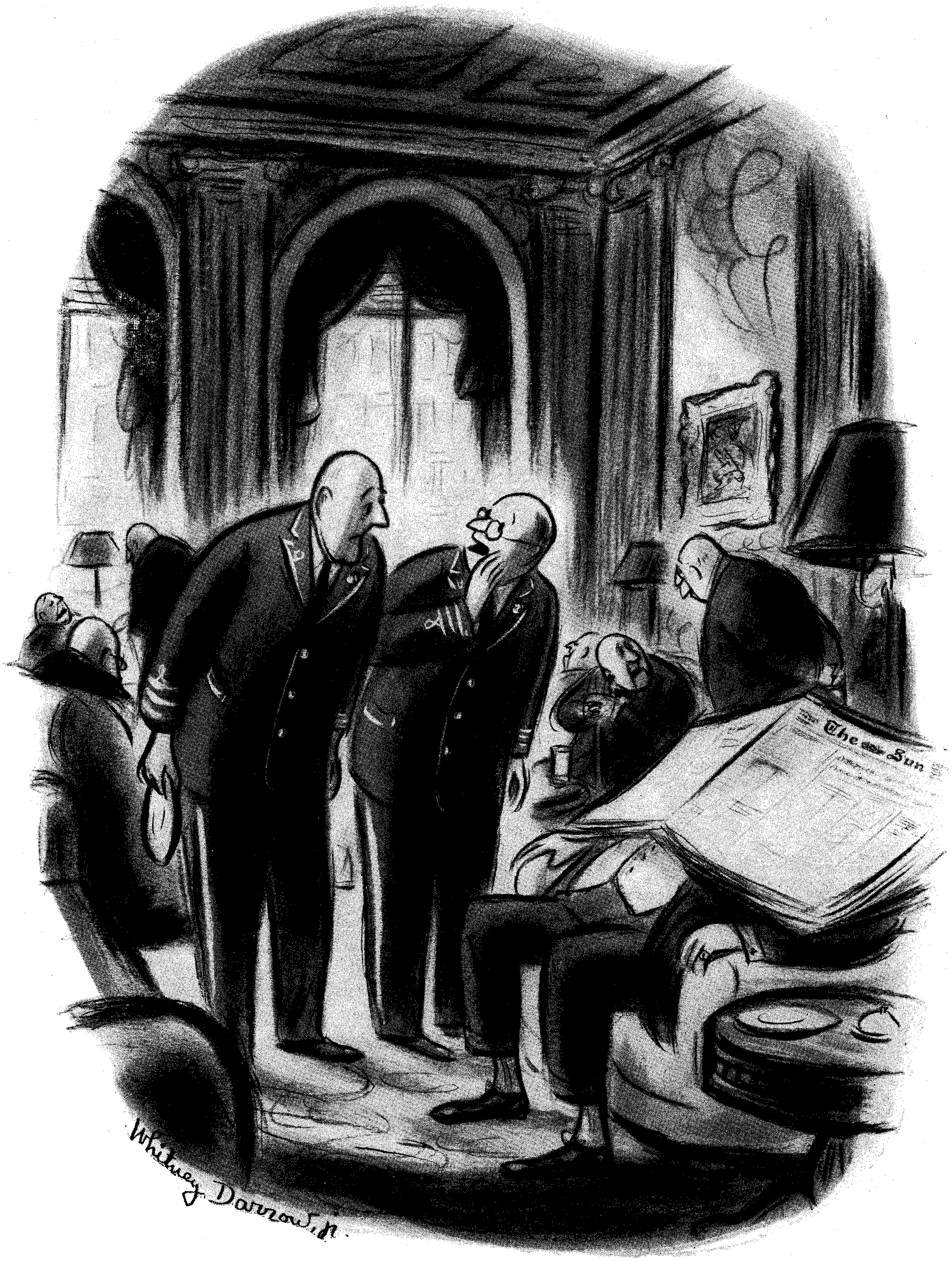
"Better go upstairs and rest," growled Father Burner. He sat down—it was good to see him in his proper spot at the low end of the table—as if to wait a long time, or so it seemed to me. I found myself wondering if I could possibly bring about his transfer to another parish—one where they had a devil for a pastor and several assistants, where he would be able to start at the bottom again.

But first things first, I always say, and all in good season, for now Father Malt himself was drawing my chair up to the table, restoring me to my rightful place. —J. F. POWERS

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From Variety*]

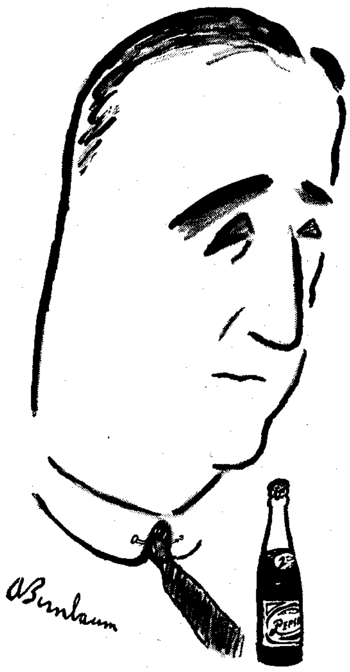
Play was warmly received by an unusually lethargic audience.


The Sun
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I'm getting worried. Do you think we ought to investigate?"

PROFILES

MORE BOUNCE TO THE OUNCE—I



Walter S. Mack, Jr.

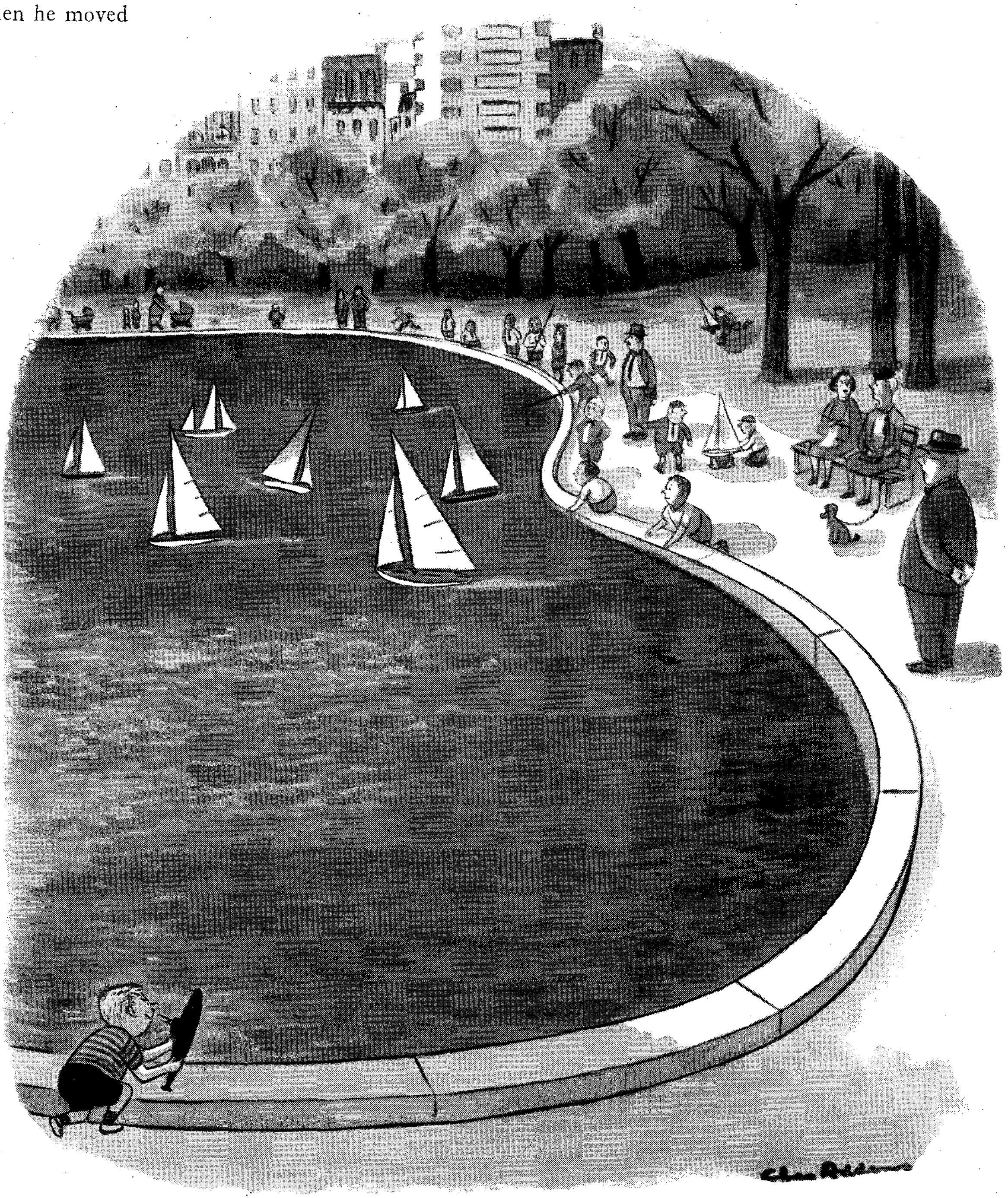
As chairman of the board of the Pepsi-Cola Company, Walter Staunton Mack, Jr., an aggressive, ebullient, and public-spirited supersalesman of fifty-four, holds an Olympian position in a far-flung enterprise that last year did a gross business of nearly fifty million dollars and has trading posts not only all over the United States but in fifty-six foreign localities, including Japan, Curaçao, and Iraq. Mack's association with Pepsi-Cola, a twelve-year, occasionally tempestuous romance, has been not without its moments of splendor. Around the world, the name of his company's product has become a household word—or, since it is often set to music, a part of a household lyric—and he has drawn annually a handsome wage of well over a hundred thousand dollars, not to mention all the twelve-ounce bottles of Pepsi-Cola he can drink. The seeming brightness of Mack's lot has been dimmed, though, by the fact that Pepsi-Cola hasn't been making much money lately and by the fact that all the time he has been concerned with its fortunes, he has been bedevilled by a formidable shadow that hovers over him. Pepsi-Cola has easily outstripped all its competitors but one; that one, however, Coca-Cola, is way out in front of it. Mack has been disturbed by the ignominy of his position and has tried to compensate for it by establishing himself as a vastly more versatile executive, if not a bigger businessman, than the chairman of the executive committee of Coca-Cola, a man named Robert Woodruff, who is personally rather uncelebrated, even though his company grossed around a quarter of a billion dollars last year and though his product is distributed, and gulped with intense devotion, practically everywhere on the face of the earth.

Accordingly, in a demonstration of skill exceeded, perhaps, only by those few musicians who can blow on three trumpets simultaneously, Mack has played not only an animated but a strident role in a number of fields that have nothing to do with the manufacture or sale of carbonated beverages, including—to name just a handful—higher education, fine arts, and square dancing. He made his mark in the academic world by inaugurating a mammoth college-scholarship program, paid for by his company. It began in 1945, and by 1953, when it is scheduled to end, Pepsi-Cola will have treated some five hundred young men and women to four years of college, at a cost of a million dollars. Mack was aided in picking the recipients of this largess by the national president of Phi Beta Kappa and several educators of lofty stature. Each year, from thousands of applicants, they selected two students from every state and the District of Columbia, as well as a colored student from every state with separate school systems for whites and Negroes. Not long after the ambitious venture got under way, Mack, who was then president of Pepsi-Cola, reported to his stockholders, "It is the belief of your company that this program will build a group of well-trained men and women who will owe their education to the big, twelve-ounce bottle." Mack made a splash in the art world in 1944 by having his company sponsor the first of five successive annual painting competitions. One result of this event was that for the only time in history a commercial beverage, in whatever-sized bottle, was given free advertising within the august corridors of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. As for square dancing, Mack is one of the most ardent advocates of it in the country, and he has been credited by *Variety*, among other authorities, with more than a little responsibility for the urban popularity that this rural pastime now enjoys. Once a week, each summer since 1945, Pepsi-Cola has held free outdoor square dances at three park playgrounds in New York, and the attendance at these frolics has averaged a quarter of a million people a season. Last year, Mack carried things one step further by putting on an indoor square dance in his apartment, on upper Fifth Avenue, which, since it is a spacious place—it has two living rooms and a fifteen-by-forty-foot foyer—was able to accommodate a hundred and fifty swinging partners.

Mack felt for some time that Pepsi-Cola's interest in square dancing should not be confined to New York parks and his own home. He has a restless and inventive mind, and a year and a half ago it conceived the notion of having Pepsi-Cola provide square dancing, for two hours each Friday night, for every community in the nation with a hall large enough—say fifteen by forty—for the sport. He decided to buy a couple of hours of network-radio time each week and broadcast suitable music and stage directions. Upon learning that it was impossible, because of existing contracts, to get a solid two hours on any network, he asked the American Telephone & Telegraph Company about the chances of disseminating his music and calls by long-distance lines to amplifiers in practically every hamlet with phone service and suitable *esprit de corps*. A vice-president of A. T. & T. called at Mack's office to talk over this grandiose scheme. "When he came in here, he was so excited he was jumping up and down," Mack said recently. " 'It's wonderful!' he told me. 'An entirely new way of using the telephone!' " A few days later the vice-president phoned Mack and gleefully advised him that the plan could be carried through for somewhere in the neighborhood of five million dollars a year. Mack sorrowfully shelved the idea.

Although the standard bottle of Pepsi-Cola contains twelve fluid ounces, it costs only a trifle more than a bottle of Coca-Cola, which contains six. (Pepsi-Cola also puts out an eight-ounce bottle, for people of moderate thirst, but this has not yet been widely distributed.) Pepsi-Cola's advertising has not only harped on the disparity in volume but has emphasized Mack's view that his drink is a qualitative bargain as well. "More Bounce to the Ounce" is the principal slogan at the moment. Mack himself is a steely-eyed, hardheaded man of boundless energy, standing six feet one and weighing a hundred and seventy-two pounds, or two thousand seven hundred and fifty-two ounces; it is felt by some of his acquaintances that, on or off the square-dance floor, he is much bouncier per ounce than most other chairmen of boards. He has a fierce enthusiasm for his product, and it is not the result of a boyhood apprenticeship to the big, twelve-ounce bottle; he got into the soft-drink business accidentally, by way of Wall Street, where in the pre-S.E.C. days he earned a mildly lupine reputation in general and the specific reputation of being an expert at taking over creaky corporations and shoring them up. He never tasted Pepsi-Cola—which had been on the market since just before the turn of the century—until he was forty, but since 1938, when he moved in on the Pepsi-Cola Company and began sprucing it up, he has tried manfully to atone for his tardiness. While he does not consume his product as fast per ounce as some connoisseurs (the head of Pepsi-Cola's San Diego bottling plant once downed the contents of a twelve-ounce bottle, without drowning, in eight seconds), or as appreciatively as some others (the head of the Detroit plant is reputed to sniff his Pepsi-Cola, as if it were old brandy, before imbibing it), he disposes of at least three Pepsi-Colas daily. "Pepsi not only tastes fine but, because of its sugar content [about an ounce and a third to the big bottle], has a lot of energy in it," Mack once remarked to a friend, using a diminutive that, like "Coke," is registered as a trademark, along with the formal name it derives from. "Sugar is a great brain food, you know. And you get a lot of nerve food from Pepsi, too. Talk to any good doctor." The friend began searching around for a physician to put the question to but gave up in bewilderment when he learned concurrently that a group of Canadian scientists had declared that soft drinks, because of all the sugar in them, may render their consumers susceptible to cirrhosis of the liver, and that at the 1948 convention of the American Medical Association the delegates consumed twenty-seven thousand six-ounce cups of Pepsi-Cola.

The Pepsi-Cola Company, as a public service, once got out a booklet of bizarre Pepsi-Cola recipes, and while it was being prepared, Mack displayed his fondness for the stuff by spending a few pleasant hours at an epicurean office party dining upon such delicacies as baked ham with Pepsi-Cola sauce and pumpkin pie flavored with Pepsi-Cola. The most engaging feature of the booklet was a menu for an entire meal, identified as brunch, which began with broiled grapefruit steeped in Pepsi-Cola and concluded with a cake of which Pepsi-Cola was an important ingredient. At the tasting session, Mack gamely sampled everything. "Some of the ways Pepsi was used that day were quite interesting and quite surprising in their effect," he reminisced recently. His favorite—a recipe not included in the book—was a concoction of Pepsi-Cola, hot rum, and melted butter. "It was the most delicious drink I've ever tasted," Mack says firmly. Pepsi-Cola flows bountifully at his home, though usually keeping its place and not grappling with other foodstuffs. He has two small chil-

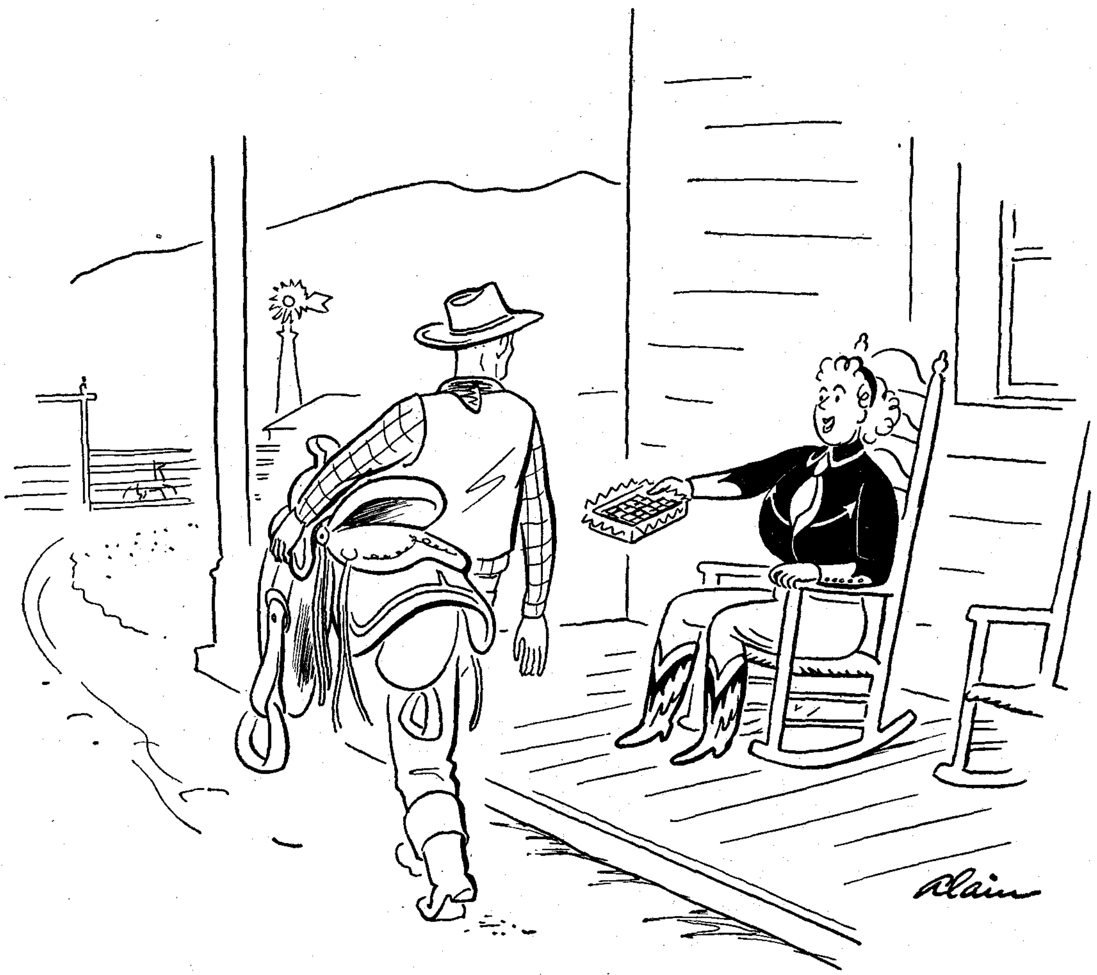


dren, who drink it regularly, and when his four-year-old daughter said one day that she didn't want any, because she wasn't thirsty, her seven-year-old brother turned on her and said, "You don't love Daddy."

At Mack's headquarters, on Fifty-seventh Street just west of Fifth Avenue, Pepsi-Cola is available to him in even greater abundance than at his home. In a hallway scarcely thirty feet from his desk stands a vending machine that—like others scattered liberally around the premises—will dispense its gathered nectar without the insertion of any coins. Visitors at any hour, including early in the morning, can barely set foot in the place before some thoughtful employee thrusts an ice-cold Pepsi-Cola into their hands. Mack's office is a roomy chamber furnished with a clock in the form of an outsize Pepsi-Cola bottle cap, a wastebasket fashioned out of a five-gallon Pepsi-Cola syrup can, a radio encased in a two-and-a-half-foot-high facsimile of a Pepsi-Cola bottle, and, strewn about on shelves, window sills, and the floor, an assortment of nearly a hundred jugs, jars, tin cans, paper cartons, stone crocks, bottles, and other soft-drink containers or potential soft-drink containers. Mack frequently employs one or more of these props to impress upon callers his estimate of the quantitative advantages of Pepsi-Cola over Coca-Cola. "Look at this ridiculously tiny thing!" he will cry, seizing a captive bottle of Coca-Cola from a window sill. "Look at that false bottom! Fourteen ounces of glass and only six ounces of juice!"

Mack is convinced that, even without such intimate demonstrations, he has persuaded a great many bargain-conscious housewives that when they buy Coca-Cola they are investing excessively in glass, and in support of his belief he notes happily that in several communities, including New York City, Pepsi-Cola is at present outselling Coca-Cola in the grocery stores. Taking into account soda fountains, vending machines, and other outlets, however, Coca-Cola's lead over its closest pursuer is still comfortable. Last year, according to the sober guess of a chap who has good connections at both Pepsi- and Coca-Cola, consumption of the first in the United States came to roughly four and a half billion drinks (arbitrarily figuring six fluid ounces to a drink), as against something like thirteen and a half billion of the second. Mack has never accepted this disproportion as permanent. Three years ago, he predicted that Pepsi-Cola would catch up with Coca-Cola by 1952; last year, he modified this optimistic view, telling an acquaintance who was thirty-two and, as far as Mack knew, in excellent health that Pepsi-Cola would draw even with Coca-Cola within the young man's lifetime. "The fight between Coca-Cola and us is a fundamental American struggle," Mack said solemnly. One of the most gratifying victories he has scored in the epic battle was handed him, without any effort on his part, by the New York Stock Exchange, which identifies the securities listed on it by symbols. Pepsi-Cola is called "PEP," and Coca-Cola is called "KO," thereby giving Mack refreshing pause.

A BILLION and a half gallons, or thirty billion six-ounce draughts, of soft drinks are consumed annually in the United States. Cola drinks, it would appear, account for two-thirds of this volume, and Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola between them for ninety per cent of that. The remaining ten per cent is split among approximately two hundred and fifty other cola drinks. The dozen nationally distributed cola drinks, including the top two, are, in the main, bottled and marketed by scattered independent plants. These operate under franchises granted by the parent companies, which take care of national advertising and national sales promotion and, with the aim of both making money and insuring uniform standards of quality and taste, sell to the bottlers either what they call a finished bottling syrup, which is transformed into the actual beverage by the addition of carbonated water, or a basic concentrate, which requires the addition of water and sugar. The franchise system was instituted by Coca-Cola soon after an experimental batch of that brew was stirred up, in 1886, by an Atlanta patent-medicine man fooling around in his laboratory. Coca-Cola caught on quickly, to the dismay of countless makers of root beer, sarsaparilla, celery tonic, and the like, and its popularity led to the appearance on the market of a legion of would-be com-

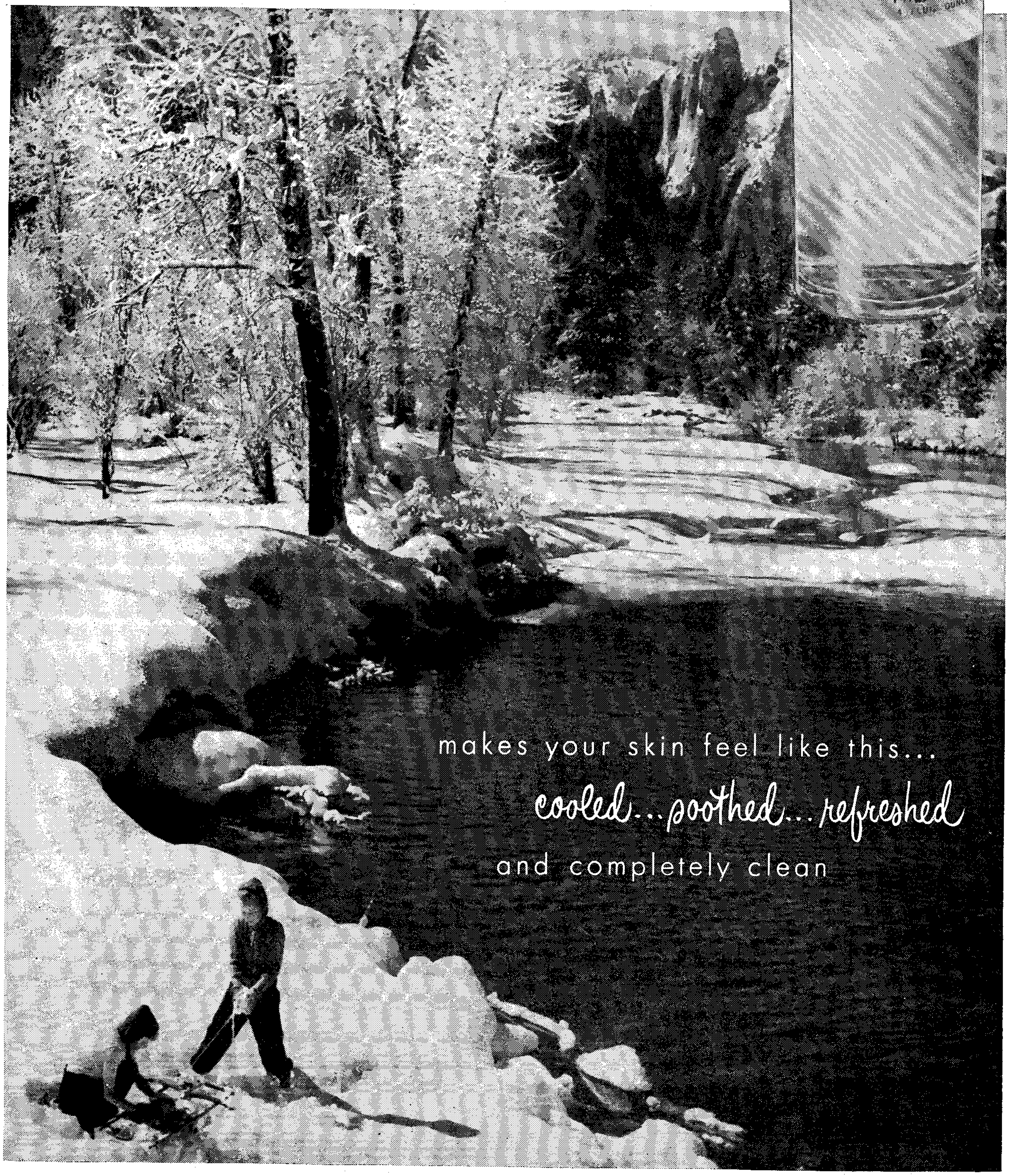


"Chaw?"

Charles of the Ritz

SKIN FRESHENER

$1.00, 1.75, 3.25, 5.00 (PLUS TAX)


SKIN
FRESHENER

makes your skin feel like this...

cooled... soothed... refreshed

and completely clean

We're taking the Liberty

of comparing our Lastex symbol (the unhampered lady garbed in yarn) with our most beloved symbol of liberty and freedom. Ever since 1931 when we introduced this revolutionary elastic yarn, Lastex too has enlightened the world . . . with a new *freedom* in fashion.

Lastex

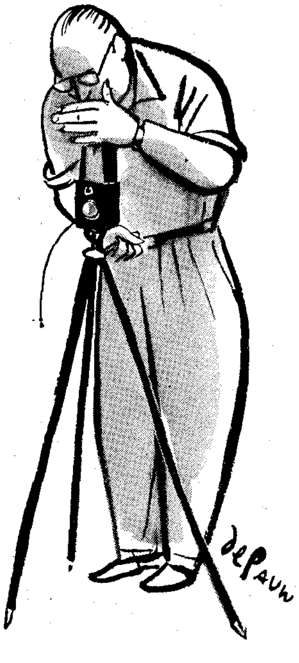
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

. . . the miracle yarn that makes things fit

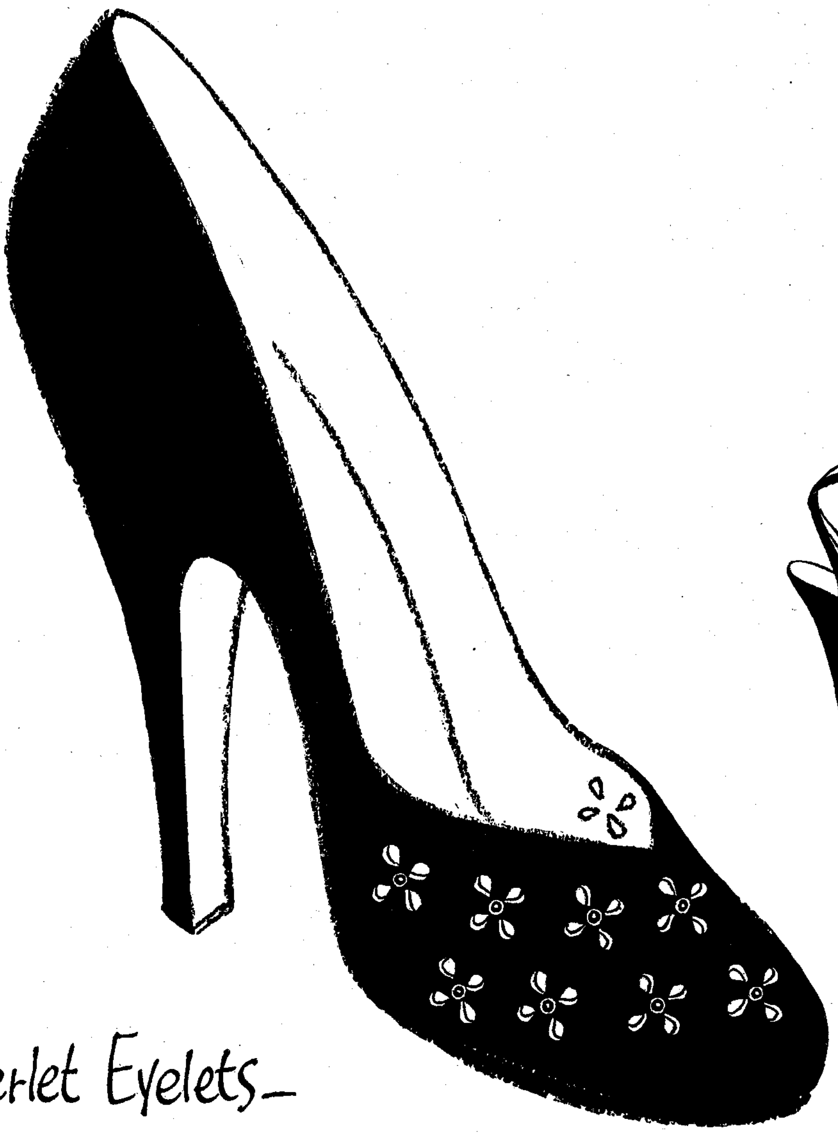
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

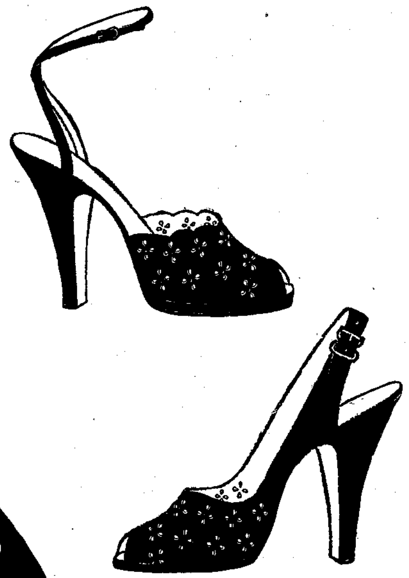
1230 Avenue of the Americas • New York 20, N. Y.

petitors. To date, more than a thousand cola drinks, most of which no longer exist, have thrown their bottle caps into the ring, including Broma Kola, Buster Cola, Dragon Cola, Hava Cola, King Kola, Queen Cola, Nifty Cola, Pat Ra Cola, Pimlicola, Pensa Cola, Shur-fine Cola, Shur-Gud Cola, Sunny Boy Cola, Waukesha Lemon Cola, Why Cola, Yes It's a Cola, and such boldly homonymous beverages as Co-Cola, Koke, Co-Co-Colian, Peppy Cola, Popsi-Cola, and Hepsi-Cola. Early in the century, Coca-Cola, acting on the theory that it had staked an exclusive, or almost exclusive, claim to the use of the words "cola" and "kola"—although the cola, or kola, nut had been around long before 1886—did its best, in and out of the courts, to prevent rival brands from making headway. In the mid-thirties, when Pepsi-Cola showed signs of becoming the first serious threat to Coca-Cola, Coca-Cola tried to thwart it. In all, Coca-Cola brought opposition-to-registration-of-trademark suits against Pepsi-Cola in a couple of dozen countries. (A few years ago, Mack fearlessly named the star horse of a racing stable he was then operating Dartaway; the owner of Whirlaway didn't let out a peep of protest.) Some of the Coca-Cola suits were answered by Pepsi-Cola counterclaims, which charged the firm with unfair and monopolistic trade practices. To the deep regret of the legal profession, all these claims and counterclaims, plus a couple of counter-counterclaims, were withdrawn early in 1942, when, after Coca-Cola had lost a test case to Pepsi-Cola in the British equivalent of the United States Supreme Court, both parties agreed not to engage in any more such litigation. The news of this armistice, though loudly proclaimed, failed to reach Kenya, East Africa, and a Coca-Cola bottler there not long ago sought an injunction against a neighbor who was about to start up a Pepsi-Cola plant. But the Coca-Cola home office learned what was going on and managed to call its man off in time.



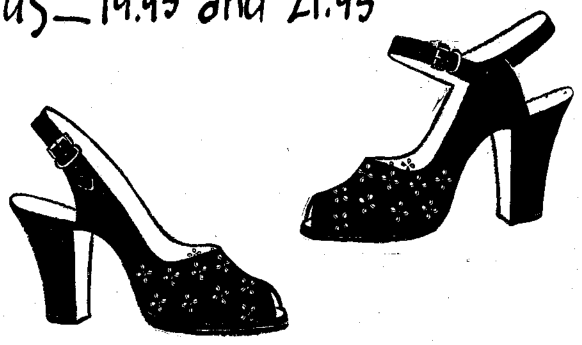
Even though legal warfare has ceased between Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola, the tussle goes on, and while it has been rough and tough, it has not been without its touches of good sportsmanship. For instance, the *Pepsi-Cola World*, a house organ that for a time, like the *Reader's Digest*, had a Latin-American Spanish-language edition, once chivalrously ran a photograph of James A. Farley, the chairman of the board of the Coca-Cola Export Corporation. In its accompanying caption, the *World* did not go so far as to mention a brand name that has never yet crept into its columns; Mr. Farley was identified merely as the "former Postmaster-General." In the cola war, Mack and his cohorts have been encouraged by the knowledge that some disgruntled workers in a Coca-Cola bottling plant in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, after attending a heated and thirst-provoking strike meeting, repaired to a refreshment stand and drank Pepsi-Cola, and by the publication in the Columbia, Missouri, *Missourian* of a headline that went, "Pepsi-Cola Takes 2 from Coca-Cola to Gain on Leaders." To be sure, this referred to the outcome of a couple of matches in a local bowling league, but it looked nice. Mack has been further pleased by the fact that while Coca-Cola is on sale in many important places that Pepsi-Cola hasn't yet been able to get into, including most of the government buildings in Washington, Pepsi-Cola has managed in the last few years to make itself the only cola drink available in such desirable locations as the Carlsbad Caverns, the U.S.S. Enterprise, the Hudson River Day Line (Mack, wearing a commodore's cap, helped re-christen its flagship last year, when the line changed hands, with a magnum of Pepsi-Cola), the football stadium of the Lufkin, Texas, High School, and, of course, Mack's apartment. Mack is not, however, unfamiliar with the taste of Coca-Cola, which he holds to be inferior to that of Pepsi-Cola. He bases his opinion partly on an odd experience he had one day a while back. Strolling through a parlor car on a train, he was hailed from the open door of a drawing room. His accoster turned out to be Robert Woodruff, then the president of Coca-Cola. "I stepped inside," Mack says, in the manner of a fly recounting how he entered a spider's parlor, "and almost





Flowerlet Eyelets—

Cooler-than-air black suedes with flower openings, jet nailheads—19.95 and 21.95



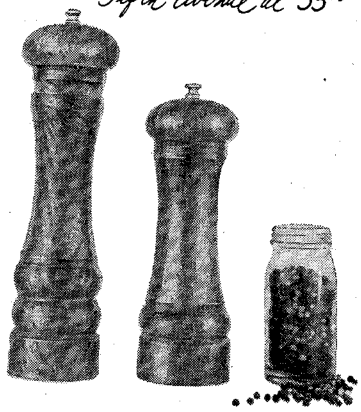
Andrew Geller

EXQUISITE FOOTWEAR

SORRY NO C.O.D's • 18 WEST 57th STREET • 537 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK • COLUMBUS 5-6367

MARK CROSS

Fifth Avenue at 55th



PEPPER MILLS

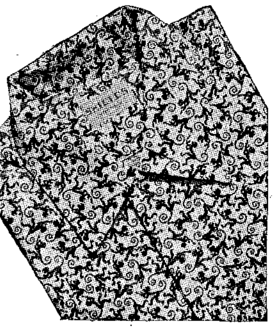
8" Colossals **14.40**
10" Goliaths **15.40**
including jar of pepper corns

Most-fun-thank-you-gift you'll find, our surprise-size pepper mills of polished English hardwood, with 'the works' made of Sheffield steel. Imagine the whoop-de-do they'll create at a barbecue!

Write! Phone! Postage Prepaid

Send for Mid-Year Gift Catalog

A MAZE OF MONKEYS

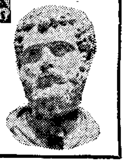


Red, Brown or Blue

S.S. $8.50

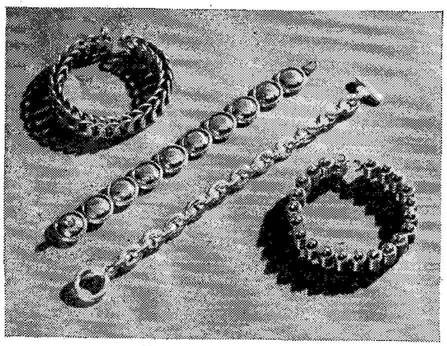
L.S. $10.00

Cool piqué



Shields

15 E. 60th St., N. Y. 22. TE 8-5430



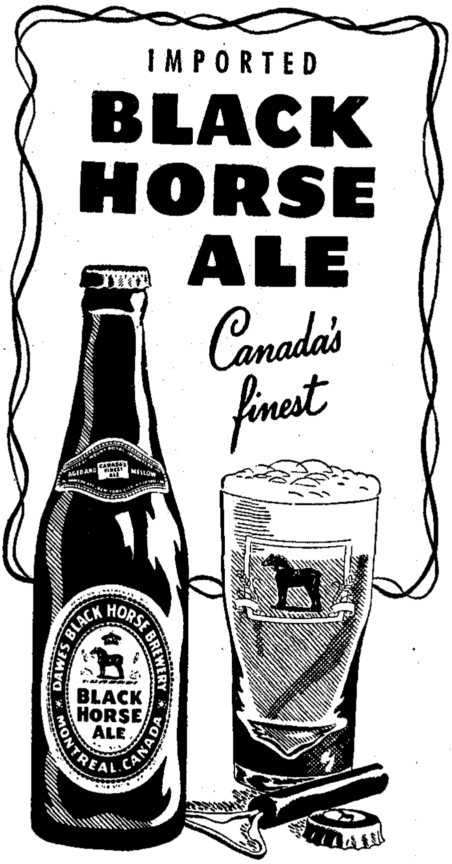
We proudly present . . .
Hand-made Sterling Jewelry from Denmark. The four bracelets shown are unusually heavy. Left to right: $55, $35, $55 and $70. Fed. Tax & shipping included. Exclusively at

H. NILS HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER
1 East 58th St., New York City. *At the Savoy-Plaza.*

at once Woodruff said, 'How about having a big, tall glass of a cool drink?' I said sure, so he got the porter to bring a large highball glass, probably a fourteen-ouncer, and to fill it chock-full of cracked ice. I've never seen so much ice in a glass. Then Woodruff opened a suitcase and pulled forth a couple of bottles of Coke. I was amazed. I never carry Pepsi in *my* luggage. Woodruff poured the contents of one of the midget bottles into the glass. What with the glass being absolutely jam-packed with ice, and the motion of the train jiggling his arm, a little of the Coke spilled over. 'See!' Woodruff said. 'My bottle is so big that its contents won't even fit into this huge glass!' I knew, of course, that he was just kidding. The stuff didn't taste too bad, but I would say that Pepsi has a heavier body and is a more thoroughly blended and more invigorating drink."

ONE area of operations in which Pepsi-Cola is generally conceded to have the edge on Coca-Cola, at least in diversity of approach, is advertising. Mack is an autocratic and impulsive man, and while he was president of Pepsi-Cola, he was always, for an executive on so high a policy level, unusually active in planning details of his company's advertising program. Indeed, he could not bear not to have a hand in everything relating to Pepsi-Cola. Although he is not a chemist and has never personally prepared the secret compound from which the drink is made—a mixture of extract of cola nut, caramel, water, sugar, caffeine, and what Mack refers to guardedly as "essential oils and many other things"—he says that he and two company chemists are the only living beings who know the exact specifications of the formula and that he would be delighted to step into the breach should his sharers of the secret be ill or unavailable. (There is no pepsin in Pepsi-Cola, incidentally. The "Pepsi" was incorporated in its name way back, in part to connote peppiness and in part to create the impression that the drink was an agreeable stimulant to improved digestion.) Mack aspires not only to produce a bottle of Pepsi-Cola himself but—or so it has been publicly alleged—to be one. A few years ago, *Cosmopolitan* placed an ad in *Advertising Age* that purported to quote a typical *Cosmopolitan*-reading housewife. "That Walter Mack—he moved right into my icebox!" she was saying. "Which pleases him enormously! Walter's a cool one! He's presi-

Brewed north of the border



Black Horse Ale, Inc., New York, N.Y.

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VACATIONER'S BIRD GUIDE #4

THE SOLITARY NIGHTCAP

Nocturnal bird; related to ice-cracker family of birds; partial to convivial company and cool drinks; natural habitat (of course): the informal Folly Bar at Hopkins.

2½ hours from New York City. Restaurant. Bar. American Plan. Weekly rates. Reservations suggested. Write for Booklet.

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CHINESE RATHSKELLER
Originators of Chinese Specialties

Try CHICKEN IN CELLOPHANE—
Open to Midnight including Sunday
—Friday and Saturday to 3 a. m.
Midtown—125 W. 51 St.
Chinatown—45 Mott St.

(*Advertisement*)

"Have you considered using Levelcoat printing papers?"*

Fully-coated Levelcoat* papers will add sparkle and eye-appeal to your reports, advertising pieces, brochures and house organ — often at remarkable savings in cost. They're premium papers — at "economy" prices. Ask your buyer or printer to compare the paper he is now using with new Levelcoat! Now four grades; Hifect*, Trufect*, Lithofect*, Multifect*.

KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION, NEENAH, WISCONSIN

*TRADEMARK

"Tremendously Amusing!" Coleman, Mirror
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book of the Same Name
by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Air-Cond. PLYMOUTH, W. 45 St. Mats. July 4 & Sat.

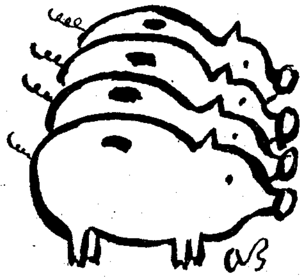
PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC, 44 St. W. of B'way • Air-Cond.
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
SHIRLEY BOOTH
SIDNEY BLACKMER
in
Come Back, Little Sheba
by WILLIAM INGE
with JOAN LORRING
Directed by DANIEL MANN
Setting and Lighting by HOWARD BAY
Costumes by LUCILLE LITTLE
BOOTH THEATRE, W. 45 Street. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD
for YEAR'S BEST MUSICAL!
THE CONSUL
by GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI
PULITZER PRIZE WINNER
with MARIE POWERS • PATRICIA NEWAY
Air-Cond. BARRYMORE, W. 47 St.
Mats. July 4 & Sat.

Broadway's Most Exciting Play
—AND ONE OF THE FUNNIEST
RALPH BELLAMY in "DETECTIVE STORY"
The SIDNEY KINGSLEY Hit Play
Evenings $4.80 to 1.20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday $3.60 to 1.20. Tax Included.
BROADHURST Theatre 44th St. W. of B'way

dent of the Pepsi-Cola Company—and pretty slick at tracking down customers."



Walter's slickness was not responsible for Pepsi-Cola's adoption of one of its most impressive advertising media—skywriting. That had been tried by the company, in a small way, for several months before he appeared on the scene. Mack, however, warmly embraced the celestial propaganda, and espoused it until this year, when it was dropped from Pepsi-Cola's budget in favor of more conventional media. To date, the name of his product has floated on high, scrawled sometimes by a single acrobatic airplane and sometimes by half a dozen craft flying in orthographic formation, over five thousand stiff-necked communities, including some in Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and Venezuela. Mack had little opportunity to fool around with the advertising copy employed in these messages, since it consisted merely of "Pepsi-Cola" or the informal "Pepsi," but he insisted on personally approving practically every other bit of copy used to acclaim the merits of his drink. Shortly after he joined the company, he began running a series of comic-strip ads depicting the experiences of a couple of policemen named Pepsi and Pete, who, whenever they were on the verge of being outwitted by the forces of evil, were miraculously fortified by drinking Pepsi-Cola. This was, of course, a variant of Popeye's life-saving dependence on spinach; in fact, Mack had tried to buy the rights to Popeye, with the intention of altering his diet, heedless of how calamitous such a change might have proved to be in the American home. Mack informed his advertising men that he wanted a belly laugh in every edition of his strip, and this stipulation, combined with his anxiety to keep tabs on all work in progress, made things difficult for his associates. "Walter would examine a rough layout of a Pepsi-and-Pete sequence and say it was the funniest thing he'd ever seen," one of his advertising men recalled not long ago. "Then, when we showed him the finished drawing—just the same, but a little more polished—he'd say it was pretty good. Then he'd look at proofs and be definitely unenthusiastic. By the time he finally saw the strip printed in the papers, he'd tell us it stank. 'That's a tired old gag,' he'd complain. Sure it was old, but only because he was looking at it for the fourth time. Anyway, we were supposed to be selling Pepsi-Cola, not making Walter Mack die laughing."

Unquestionably, Mack's greatest contribution to Pepsi-Cola advertising was the Pepsi-Cola jingle, one of the first of all singing commercials and without a doubt the most successful. A while ago, an advertising agency conducting one of those polls that advertising agencies conduct was startled to find that eighty per cent of the people it pinned down could sing, hum, or whistle the jingle, and in many cases deliver it in its entirety. It was introduced in September, 1939, shortly after Mack had decided that the company should broadcast some brief testimonials to its product over four small radio stations in New York. For this purpose, Newell-Emmett, the agency then handling its advertising, turned up with a one-minute commercial containing a spirited quatrain set to a tune remarkably similar to that of "John Peel," a melody that the ad men figured was a surefire choice, inasmuch as it had been known to large numbers of people for several hundred years. The four lyrical lines were, of course:

Pepsi-Cola hits the spot.
Twelve full ounces, that's a lot.
Twice as much for a nickel, too.
Pepsi-Cola is the drink for you.

When a record of the commercial was played for Mack, he instantly proposed the excision of forty-five seconds' worth of spiel in which the jingle was embedded. His advertising counsellors argued against this, maintaining that the public would pay no attention to a frail song unsupported by declamatory wheedling. Mack had his way. It was a singular triumph, one that is still cited when advertising men get together to extol the brilliance of their clients. In 1940, the jingle moved from little stations to big stations, and on to the networks. In 1941, it was broadcast 296,426 times over the facilities of four hundred and sixty-nine stations, including the facilities of the Mutual network during the three World Series games at Ebbets Field. Pepsi-Cola didn't sponsor the Series, but for a modest retainer, a strolling band affiliated with the Brooklyn Dodgers had agreed to the suggestion of an enterprising Pepsi-Cola agent that it burst into the jingle whenever it paraded close to a microphone. In 1942, the Pepsi-Cola Company, advised by its field operatives that there seemed to be people in the

Write Now..
It's time to make Summer reservations for America's Outstanding Comedy Hit!
"Mister Roberts"
NEW YORK • ALVIN THEATRE
starring HENRY FONDA
with PAUL STEWART
WILLIAM HARRIGAN • DICK VAN PATTEN
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
BOSTON • COLONIAL THEATRE
starring JOHN FORSYTHE
Robert Burton Curtis Cooksey Don Fellows
Evgs. $4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl.
Please give alternate dates and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with order

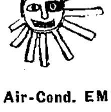
"A vastly enjoyable song-and-dance antic put on with humorous perfection."
—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Smash Musical Comedy Hit!
ZIEGFELD THEA., 54 St. & 6 Ave.
Air-Cond. Mats. July 4th & Sat.

"One of the most absorbing plays of the season."
—ATKINSON, Times

HELEN HAYES
in
the Wisteria Trees
with KENT SMITH • WALTER ABEL • PEGGY CONKLIN
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 308 W. 45 St.
Air-Conditioned. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD
for YEAR'S BEST AMERICAN PLAY!
Robert Whitehead, Oliver Rea & Stanley Martineau
present
the ETHEL WATERS
in
Member of the Wedding



by CARSON McCULLERS
with JULIE HARRIS
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
Air-Cond. EMPIRE, B'y & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

United States who were disposed to pay a nickel to hear a plug for a nickel drink, had the jingle orchestrated and ordered fifteen hundred records made up for the juke-box trade. The demand for these was so heavy that the company ultimately distributed a hundred thousand of them. In 1943, another opportunistic Pepsi-Cola agent, taking advantage of the circumstance that Ethel Merman was cast, in “Something for the Boys,” as a lady who could receive radio broadcasts through the fillings in her teeth, prevailed upon the producers of the show to ring down their first-act curtain with a scene in which their star, tuning in her gifted mouth, cried “Pepsi-Cola!” while the familiar strains blared from the orchestra pit.

Mack is not abashed by the fact that one of the by-products of his jingle's fame has been a surge, or scourge, of tuneful advertising jingles. He doesn't particularly like non-musical commercials. “I think even a poor jingle is better—or, at any rate, less obnoxious—than a poor talking commercial,” he says. His own jingle has been the subject of innumerable parodies. One of them—billed as the “Pepsi-Cola Jingle (Concert Caricature)”—was played by Irving Fields during a concert at Carnegie Hall last autumn. At one place or another, the jingle has been rendered in quite a few tempi—as a march, a waltz, a Western ballad, a rumba, a *ranchero* (a Mexican cowboy rhythm), a *joropo* (a Venezuelan waltz), a *pasillo* (a medium-fast Colombian waltz), and a *bambuco* (an ordinary Colombian waltz). It was even heard to emanate from the choosy studios of WQXR, which specified that it be played chastely on a celesta and that the words be omitted. It was rendered by an American correspondent in Russia who was asked by some natives there to sing one of his indigenous folk songs, and in Cambridge, England, it was highly useful to two visiting Bates College undergraduates who were upholding the affirmative in a debate with a local pair on the question “Is advertising a disgrace to modern civilization?” The Americans weren't making much headway until they were inspired to sing the jingle. Then they were unanimously adjudged the winners.

The jingle has had to be revised slightly of late, owing to the fact that postwar economic conditions made it necessary to raise the retail price of Pepsi-Cola to six cents a bottle. The third line of the quatrain now goes, “Twice as much and better, too.” Mack also had to remove from the roof of his company's principal plant, in

SAINT SUBBER & LEMUEL AYERS present
ANNE JEFFREYS KEITH ANDES
in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
Production staged by JOHN C. WILSON
Evgs. $6., 4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Mats. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. (Including Tax)
MAIL ORDERS NOW
Century Theatre, 7th Ave. & 59th St. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.
BEAUTIFULLY AIR-CONDITIONED

"PRICELESS" —ATKINSON "WONDROUS" —BARNES "ENCHANTING" —CHAPMAN
JEAN ARTHUR BORIS KARLOFF
in J. M. BARRIE'S
PETER PAN
Music and Lyrics by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Production Staged by JOHN BURRELL
Associate Director WENDY TOYE
IMPERIAL, 249 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19. Air-Cond.
Evgs. Wed. thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Sat., Sun., Tues., & Wed.

RAY BOLGER
IN THE MUSICAL LAUGH HIT
"Where's Charley?"
ST. JAMES THEA. 44 St. W. of B'way Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
"THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR..."
JAMES WHITMORE • NANCY DAVIS
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
•
THE MUSIC HALL'S GALA TWO-PART HOLIDAY STAGE SHOW

STEAL!!!

I am leaving (reluctantly) the nicest house in New Hampshire, which I built just the way I wanted it: natural field-stone, hand-hewn beams, wrought iron fixtures; fully electrified, steam-heat, Deepfreeze; three-foot granite walls (atom-bomb proof, hydrogen-bomb resistant); 100 acres, pine and sap-orchard; handsome view, winter skiing, summer lake with private beach and stone boat-house. Somebody can steal the whole works for $37,500 complete. Wire, call or write me at Freedom, New Hampshire.
—COREY FORD

Glamour-go-round
with ILKA CHASE
Starring for HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

FAIR AND COOLER. Keeping cool as the proverbial cucumber takes a bit of doing these days. But **Carol Stevens,** radio and TV songbird has a good solution. Even though she works hard under the klieg lights she keeps cool and collected by taking a tepid bath instead of a cold one. Says you stay cooler because body temperature does not undergo any drastic change. By adding a splash of cologne to the water, you'll feel as though you'd inhabited an igloo. Well almost!

Ilka Chase

STROKE OF GENIUS...for summer complexions. That's Luxuria Cleansing Cream by **Harriet Hubbard Ayer.** Rich, smoothing, it's a downright blessing for sun-roughened skin. Luxuria spirits away stale make-up and grime in double-quick time—leaves your face soft and clear as if you'd never lolled in the sun. All this for a sensible $1.00, plus tax.

IS OUR FACE RED? Why look like a beet when you can look like a golden goddess? July sun is treacherous, so if you're going to try for a tan, take it in easy stages. Ease into the sun for 15 minutes the first day, 20 minutes the second and so on. Cover exposed areas with sun lotion, and turn around frequently to tan evenly.

STOP THE THREE TATTLE-TALES. Don't let your eyes, neck and hands tell tales about your age. Help keep your skin looking dewy-fresh and young with Formulayer, new wonder cream by **Harriet Hubbard Ayer.** Contains no hormones. Formulated with Ayerogen, miracle ingredient which helps retain the *natural youthifying moisture* in your skin. This moisture aids in keeping skin fresh and smoothing annoying fatigue and surface lines. Why not turn the clock back with Formulayer? It's wonderful! $3.50, plus tax.

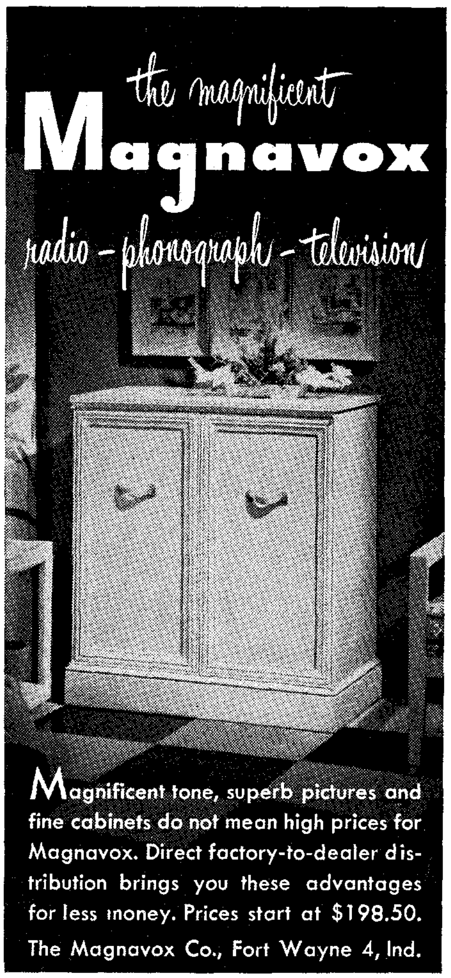
ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE: *Pick your favorite easy chair—get settled with your lemonade, and beam in on "Glamour-go-round". Once a week on TV, complete with glittering guest stars, fashion cues and assorted amusing reviews. Check your paper for time and channel.*

See you on TV,
Ilka

(*Advertisement*)

Long Island City, the tag end of a fifty-foot-high neon sign that said, "Pepsi-Cola 5¢." (The plant is just across the East River from the headquarters of the United Nations, contains an immense room with a capacity of ten thousand tons of raw sugar, and can turn out nearly two and a half million bottles of Pepsi-Cola in a sixteen-hour day.) The "Pepsi-Cola" still remained on the sign, as timely as ever, but Mack was eager to put the roof to even greater promotional use, so in 1948, after reading about some electronic chimes whose tones would carry from five to ten miles, he had a set installed, at a cost of five thousand dollars, on top of the factory. For three days, on the hour and the half-hour from eight in the morning until eight at night, his chimes pealed the first seven notes of the jingle. It was Mack's thought that similar chimes could be affixed to the roofs of all the four hundred and eighty Pepsi-Cola bottling plants in this country. After he'd got started here, though, the Police Department informed him that complaints had been coming in from five to ten miles away and that he would have to cut it out. Mack was distressed by this ungrateful reaction. "All I wanted to do was help people out by letting them know the time in a very pleasant and amusing way," he says.

MACK is constantly trying to help people out. Although he has shown himself capable on some occasions of being a conventionally ruthless industrialist, on many other occasions he has put into practice a fairly unconventional theory that big businesses like the Pepsi-Cola Company, and big businessmen like him, should take a philanthropic attitude toward community affairs, even if no direct commercial advantage seems likely to result from it. In keeping with this precept, he selflessly sponsored square dances for two summers before the New York Parks Department, which supervised the refreshment booths where his shindigs were held, got around to permitting Pepsi-Cola stands to be set up there. He also decreed that some of the commercials recited on the "Counterspy" radio program, which Pepsi-Cola sponsors, be uplifting messages untainted by sales appeal. He has frequently made public addresses advocating good citizenship, and a few years ago, hoping that his regional bottlers would follow his example, he had an oratorical kit sent to all of them; it contained ten speeches on such themes as the prevention of juvenile delinquency and the future of women in industry, which he suggested

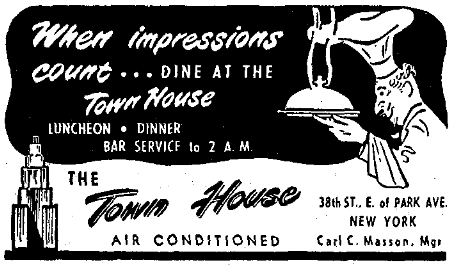


the magnificent Magnavox
radio - phonograph - television

Magnificent tone, superb pictures and fine cabinets do not mean high prices for Magnavox. Direct factory-to-dealer distribution brings you these advantages for less money. Prices start at $198.50.
The Magnavox Co., Fort Wayne 4, Ind.

"It's Better because it's Roasted!"
SELL'S
WHOLE ROASTED CHICKEN
Makes a Feast in Minutes

Now, in the wink of an eye, serve a chicken that's firm, plump, golden-brown and simply delicious, thanks to the exclusive Sell's "Triple-Pac"* canning method. Serve heated ...serve cold...carves beautifully either way.
*Pat. App. For

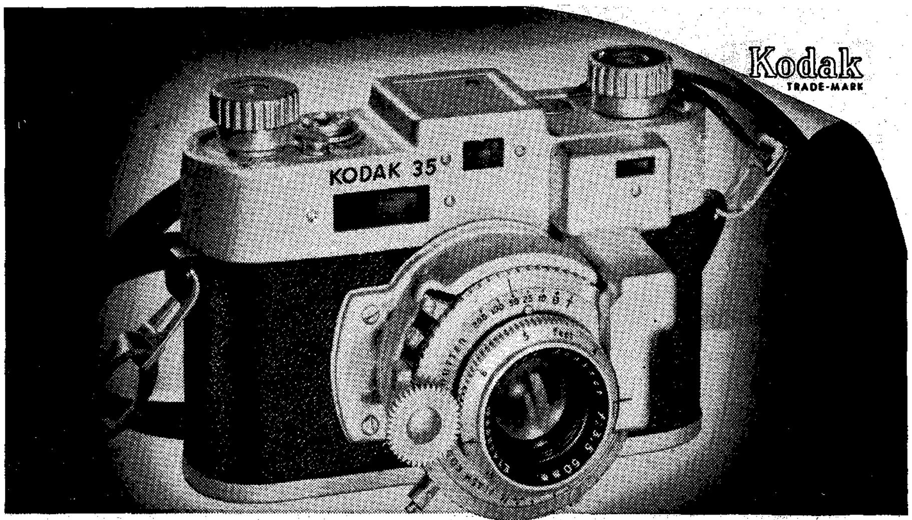


When impressions count ... DINE AT THE Town House
LUNCHEON • DINNER
BAR SERVICE to 2 A. M.
THE Town House
AIR CONDITIONED
38th ST., E. of PARK AVE.
NEW YORK
Carl C. Masson, Mgr

might come in handy if they were ever invited to say a few civic-minded words.

The first humanitarian gesture effected jointly by Mack and Pepsi-Cola was made in 1940, when thirteen young men and women were employed as apprentices in various departments of the company, at an annual salary of thirteen hundred dollars each. These beneficences, known as the Walter Mack Job Awards for American Youth, were revealed at a gay luncheon that also afforded an insight into the drinking habits of folks in the soft-drink industry: A representative of the *National Carbonator and Bottler* disclosed afterward that he had had three dry Martinis and two Pepsi-Colas. Ten more novices' jobs were awarded the following year, and then Mack, who is apt to weary of his philanthropies once they become routine, dropped the scheme. Despite the fact that none of his apprentices are still working for Pepsi-Cola—many of them were uprooted by the war—the idea had a salutary effect not foreseen by its inventor, for one 1940 boy winner is now happily married to a 1941 girl winner.

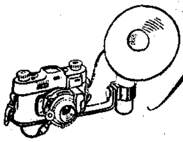
During the war, Mack's humanitarianism bubbled irrepressibly. For example, he spent around a hundred thousand dollars of Pepsi-Cola money on a three-month experiment, conducted in a corner of the Long Island City plant, in manufacturing an inexpensive compound of soybeans and brewer's yeast devised by Dr. Chaim Weizmann, which, it was thought, might help to alleviate postwar food shortages abroad, and especially in Asia. Mack's chemists produced a nutritious soup powder, but it unfortunately tasted like beef, which it was believed would make it unpopular in the Orient, where there are religious scruples against anything even vaguely resembling beef. Mack thereupon abandoned the venture. He spent at least a million dollars more on less speculative projects. In the summer of 1942, when gas rationing curtailed travelling and there was an abnormal demand for sedentary entertainment, he sponsored sixty-one free outdoor orchestra concerts in New York. That same year, he sponsored a national softball tournament and, in a host of military and naval installations, offered service men an opportunity to have recordings made of their voices and shipped to whomever they chose, without charge. By the end of the war, Pepsi-Cola had treated three million members of the armed forces to such recordings, including one talented fellow who made his while he was being operated on for appendicitis under a local anesthetic. Being a fore-



Kodak TRADE-MARK

Just "made" for Kodachrome slides

Range-finder focusing, automatic controls, and a gem of a lens make Kodak 35 Camera a perfect choice for the color enthusiast. So easy to make beautiful Kodachrome slides for projection on your home screen and for big full-color prints. Camera, $86.75. Flasholder, $11.08. At your Kodak dealer's.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



Kodak 35 Camera with Range Finder

Prices include Federal Tax

Kensington

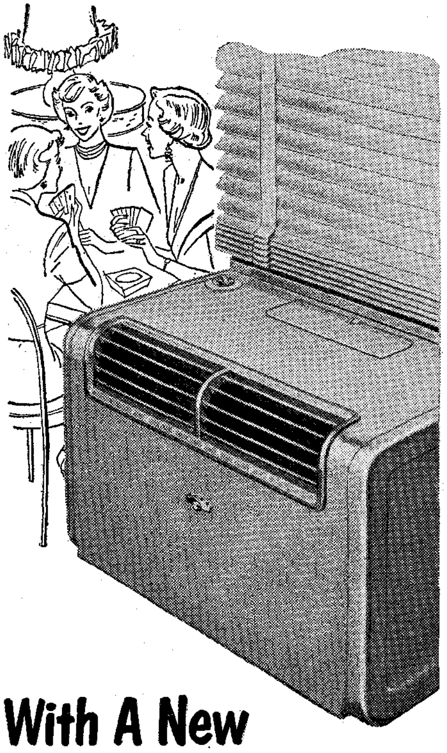
makes Summer so much more fun!

How often your *Kensington Beverage Set* will be the center of a gay get-together! And how often you'll be thankful that it *is* Kensington . . . the beautiful, distinctive metal that never tarnishes, never stains, never needs polishing . . . and always looks brand new.

THE KENSINGTON BEVERAGE SET
with 4 tumblers . . . **$15.00**
with 6 tumblers . . . **$20.00**
Set includes 14 oz. tumblers and a matching 12¼″ round serving tray. Extra Kensington Tumblers—now $2.50 each. Tray alone—now $5.00.
At jewelry, gift and department stores

Kensington
KENSINGTON, INCORPORATED OF NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA
S-5267

Shut The Window
On Heat, Dirt, Noise--



With A New
FRIGIDAIRE
Air Conditioner
At New Low Prices!

Right at your window sill, even the hottest, dustiest weather changes to cool, clean comfort—when you have a new Frigidaire Window Air Conditioner.

New low prices make this compact window model surprisingly easy to own and you can have it quickly installed. It cools, filters, dehumidifies, circulates air—adding fresh air in amount you select. The amazingly thrifty Meter-Miser that powers it is warranted for 5 years, and is the same refrigerating unit used in Frigidaire Refrigerators.

See this new air conditioner now—at your Frigidaire Dealer's—and discover how handsomely its smart Raymond Loewy styling will fit any room of your home or office. Look for dealer's name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book.

You Can't Match A
FRIGIDAIRE
Window Air Conditioner

Frigidaire also makes large-capacity self-contained and central system air conditioners.

handed, thorough outfit, Pepsi-Cola realized that even among ambulatory service men, some might be momentarily struck dumb upon being confronted with a microphone, and accordingly it got up sixteen messages for bashful or unimaginative warriors to read. These were addressed to mother, dad, sweetheart, girl friend, wife, boss, and so on. One of several recommended greetings to a wife was a reassuring expression of G.I. sentiment that went, in part, "Let me tell you, Uncle Sam is doing a good job keeping me in the pink of condition for you, honey, so don't be worrying about me."

Toward the end of the war, Mack, having no wish to slight the civilian populace, established four neighborhood clubhouses for teen-agers, in Long Island City, Harlem, Inwood, and Astoria, each nook hospitably furnished with juke boxes, ping-pong tables, free Pepsi-Cola, and other inducements to wholesome recreation. Considerably more ambitious than these were three large service centers he established for members of the armed forces off duty, in Washington, San Francisco, and New York. They were run by ladies of the Red Cross and the American Women's Voluntary Services, and were equipped with elegant lounges, washrooms, and refreshment counters at which Pepsi-Cola was handed out gratis and other nourishment sold at nominal prices. The local center, at the north end of Times Square, beneath the large Pepsi-Cola sign that was and is a conspicuous ornament of that area, had telephone booths that, all by themselves, constituted evidence of Mack's unusually humanitarian viewpoint. They were fitted out with fans, coat hooks, mirrors, clocks, ashtrays, and notepaper. After all this, it was only logical that Mayor LaGuardia, in the spring of 1945, should select Mack to be chairman of a committee to plan a V-E Day celebration in Central Park. The Mayor was undoubtedly also aware of such promotional accomplishments of Mack's as his having taken over Madison Square Garden for an evening's benefit show and having got close to twenty-five thousand people, including the President of Cuba, to turn out for, and contribute a hundred thousand dollars to, the Police Athletic League. On V-E Day, Mack corralled an audience of almost half a million and staged a marathon program of thanksgiving that lasted five hours, with a different speech, prayer, or bit of entertainment every three or four minutes.

The fact that most of Mack's, and Pepsi-Cola's, public services were ren-

TROTTING
RACES
NIGHTLY
EXCEPT SUNDAY

Roosevelt
Raceway
FIRST RACE
8:40 P.M.
WESTBURY
LONG
ISLAND

BILL MILLER'S
RIVIERA

JACKIE
MILES
"Miles of Smiles"
THE SZONYS
A DONN ARDEN Production
Featuring PAT TERRY
AMERICA'S LOVELIEST GIRLS
PUPI CAMPO'S Rhumbas • WALTER NYE'S Orch
SHOWS: 8:30, 12:30 • LATE SHOW SAT.
Res. Mr. Bonardi • Fort Lee 8-2000
Min. $3.50 except Sat. and Sun.
No Parking Problem
JUST ACROSS THE GEO. WASHINGTON BRIDGE

SERVING
BROWNED KASHE
with Stewed Mushroom Sauce
DAIRY FOOD AT ITS BEST FOR 30 YEARS
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
BROADWAY & 81st ST., N.Y.C.
ENDICOTT 2-2030
OPEN EVERY DAY

A True
NEW ENGLAND INN
at Intervale, N. H.
For those who appreciate
the finer things in life.
Swimming, Activities. Cocktail lounge.
$10 a day with meals.
Open all year. Thomas Y. Martin II, Mgr.

dered during the heady excess-profits-tax years has been taken by some critics to indicate that he is a fair-weather philanthropist. This shabby view is decried by his adherents. "After all," one of them pointed out not long ago, "Walter could have spent the same amount of money, and got the same tax benefits, on things that were much more profitable to Pepsi-Cola and much less profitable to the community." Currently, Pepsi-Cola's extracurricular interests are confined to the continuing sponsorship of square dances, to a modest voice-record program in a few veterans' hospitals, and to those of its scholarship winners who are still on the campus.

OF all the extracurricular projects Mack has been tied up with, the most spectacular was the painting competition. He had no great reputation as a patron of the arts before 1944 (once, pointing to a dark-red object in a painting that had been submitted for an advertising campaign, he had asked that another color be substituted, explaining that he never had liked chartreuse), but his competitions became widely known. They also became extremely controversial. In 1942, Pepsi-Cola began getting out illustrated calendars. The first two years, they bore reproductions of a dozen noted museum pieces, such as a Gilbert Stuart "George Washington." The 1944 calendar displayed paintings the company had commissioned. Shortly after this appeared, it was suggested to Mack by Emily Genauer, an old friend of his and then the art critic of the *World-Telegram*, that he sponsor a national painting contest and have a jury pick twelve works to grace his 1945 calendar. Mack enthusiastically approved the notion, and, by way of indicating his desire to keep the competition reasonably noncommercial, turned over the handling of it to a wartime organization of painters called Artists for Victory. From five thousand canvases that were submitted in 1944, a hundred and fifty were chosen by an Artists for Victory jury for an exhibition, and the Metropolitan was persuaded to display it in one of its theretofore unexploitable galleries. The opening of the show was preceded by a luncheon at the Hotel Pierre, and there Mack, disregarding the advice of several art experts, had a bottle of Pepsi-Cola exhibited at each place setting. "If it's good enough for my home, it's good enough for the Pierre," he said. The show stayed at the Metropolitan for two months and got mixed reviews. The *Times* critic commented that a mountain in labor had

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

STUFF YOU WON'T REMEMBER Very Long: Fear not when you step in an elevator. Your chances of injury are 100 million to 1. Elevators today are the safest public conveyances . . . Ordinarily we think of the butterfly as only a thing of beauty. There is a specie of butterfly, however, that's so scrappy it frequently attacks bulldogs . . . Sign on a milk truck: "Our cows aren't a bit contented—they're anxious to do better" . . . You're getting older, brother, if you're always thinking that in a week or two you'll feel just as good as you ever did . . . World War II mine detectors are now being used in prisons to detect metal articles visitors may try to smuggle to inmates . . . The Marmon racing car that won the first five hundred-mile race at Indianapolis consumed 30 gallons of oil . . . Chuck Saunders of Cafe Exceptionale in Minneapolis (our Toots Shor) flipped this one the other night: "Our steaks are so tender we wonder how the steer ever held together."

★

INCLINED TO BE NOSY about your neighbors' ages? Try this method of getting a pretty fair idea of how long they've been around: One hitch to the method is that it works only at swimming beaches or at formal parties. Vaccination marks are the tip-off. Along about 1900, the mark was the size of a half dollar. In 1915 the medicos had it reduced to the size of a quarter. In the 20's it had dwindled to the size of a dime. Now it's a tiny scratch.

★

NOW THAT WE'RE ALL OUT with rod and reel these days, I'd like to tell you about a particularly fine venture that made its bow last week in Minneapolis. It was a Paul Bunyan-sized pike dinner served to 1,000 hospitalized veterans. The event was staged by Ed Shave, outdoor editor of the Minneapolis Tribune. Members of civic and veterans organizations in Grand Rapids, Minn., area caught 2,400 of the delicious walleyes to make the feast possible. When it comes to leadership in such neighborly activities, the people of the Upper Midwest know they can depend on the best-read, best-liked newspapers of this vast, prosperous region—the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 600,000).

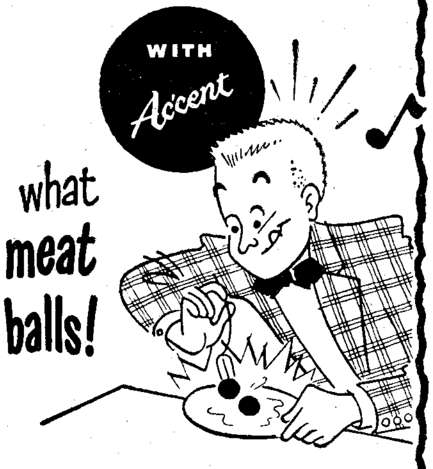
★

HEY, KNITTERS, KEEP your nylon yarn in the deep freeze compartment in your refrigerator. Makes it easier to handle when you're ready to knit. Just don't get it mixed up with your left-over spaghetti . . . We're all familiar with the red and green lights on our railroads, but do you know what a blue light near a stopped train means? It indicates the train is not to be moved by anybody for love nor money. Only man permitted to remove the blue light is the guy who put it there. It means there's a man working under the train.

★

SUMMER COTTAGE HINTS: To keep mosquitoes away from you when you're sleeping, put five or six drops of spirits of camphor on a lump of sugar and place the lump on your bedside table. You can get rid of noisy birds outside your bedroom window by tying a cloth sack full of moth balls at the gathering place of the songsters. They'll really scoot . . . Wonder why the textile weavers don't use crinkle crepe for such things as pillow slips, sheeting, table cloths or curtains? Think of the labor saving in ironing . . . Greatest compliment a traveler can pay a bus driver is to fall asleep while riding. A Greyhound driver tells me that a sleeping passenger is mute evidence of the driver's skill . . . A piece of stale rye bread does a pretty fair job of cleaning almost any felt hat except white . . . The guy who originated the word "burp" did a masterful job of translating sound into language.

WITHOUT
Ac'cent
Ock meat balls
?



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makes food flavors sing!
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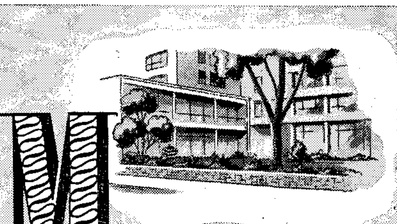
been delivered of a mouse and a *Daily Worker* columnist that the exhibit was so good Coca-Cola ought to put one on, too. Then the paintings took to the road, visiting a series of museums in cities where the Pepsi-Cola bottlers felt that they could use some special promotional help. The provincial museums were moved to shelter the show, despite its commercial origin, by the Met's example and by Mack's statement that Pepsi-Cola hoped to build up a permanent collection consisting of the cream of each year's crop and ultimately to present it to some deserving institution or institutions. By the spring of 1949, when the last crop finished its tour, the collection amounted to some sixty works. Not long afterward, a number of museum directors were surprised to receive letters from the Pepsi-Cola Company announcing that its collection was available if they wanted to buy it. The offer was not taken up, and all the paintings are now in storage.

The 1945 Pepsi-Cola show was held locally in the Mezzanine Galleries of the International Building at Rockefeller Center. Some months earlier, Artists for Victory had been rent by an internal squabble between conservatives and radicals, whose disagreements encompassed both politics and art. Mack had been caught in the middle. In the hope of placating everybody, he had announced that there would be two juries to choose the paintings to be displayed—a "traditional" and a "modern" one, each of which was to pick a hundred works. Competing artists were instructed to stipulate which body they wanted their paintings judged by. Fifty of the total would be eliminated by both factions in joint consultation. The plan proved to be unwieldy, and one art critic inquired acidly whether Mack was in the habit of engaging two tailors of conflicting tastes to make him a single suit. The next year, Mack parted company with Artists for Victory and, in what was probably the first such move in the history of industry, hired a full-time painting expert for the Pepsi-Cola Company—Roland McKinney, who had been a museum director in Baltimore and Los Angeles and an adviser to Walt Disney, and who went straight to the Metropolitan after a three-year stint at Pepsi-Cola. Under McKinney's supervision, three more competitions were held. The paintings were exhibited here at the National Academy of Design.

Even with his own art adviser, Mack had a turbulent time in the art world. Some of his stockholders felt that the company wasn't getting enough return



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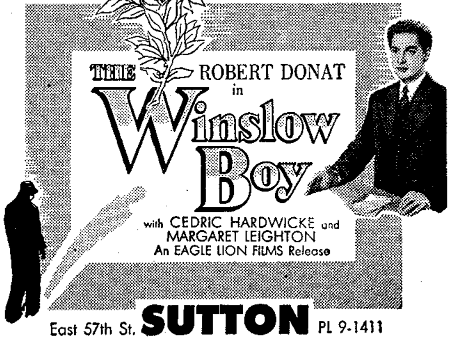

ROBERT DONAT in
THE Winslow Boy
with CEDRIC HARDWICKE and MARGARET LEIGHTON
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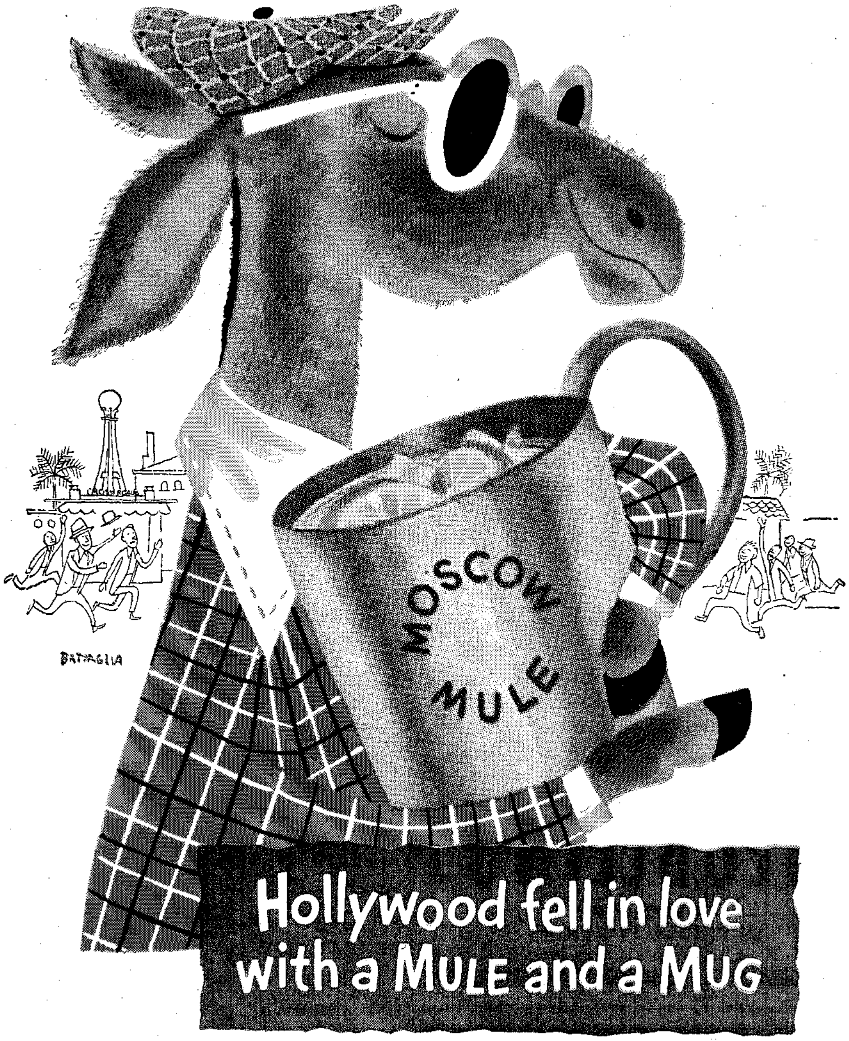
on its investment. Mack had a hunch that a few of the better painters looked upon the whole business as a remunerative lark and, while delighted to accept his prizes, wouldn't submit their best work to him. And there were other irritations. One year, a puckish jury gave an award to a painting in which a Coca-Cola advertising sign was clearly visible. Another year, a distinguished artist accused another distinguished artist, who had won Pepsi-Cola's first prize, of having swiped his theme from Picasso. Then a rumor drifted up from Greenwich Village that a bunch of sculptors there, regarding Mack's patronage of the arts as discriminatory in that it did not cover theirs, were threatening to picket his exhibition. All in all, according to a citizen of the art world who saw a good deal of Mack then, the five years of the competition were, for its chief sponsor, not only extraordinarily cultural but also extraordinarily trying. "Walter meant well, but he took a terrible beating," the man recently said.

The Pepsi-Cola Company was not too happy, moreover, about its bottlers' reactions to the calendars the competitions spawned. The bottlers paid twenty-five cents apiece for them and gave them away to grocery stores, delicatessens, libraries, schools, filling stations, and so on. Not all the bottlers could go along with, or comprehend, some of the paintings that were reproduced; several hinted that they would prefer a calendar like, say, the one issued by the Coca-Cola Company, which was illustrated with understandable portraits of pretty young ladies. The bottlers felt that certain of the Pepsi-Cola paintings—particularly the first-prize winner of the 1946 competition, a number entitled "What Atomic War Will Do to You," which had been characterized by a *Times* critic as "an eclectic horror"—were not especially conducive to the sale of a soft drink. Nevertheless, the bottlers bought six hundred thousand copies of the calendar of which that grim work was a part, two hundred thousand more than they had bought of the Gilbert Stuart-era calendars. When plans for the 1950 calendar were under discussion, Mack's associates at Pepsi-Cola urged him to issue one that would appeal to the bottlers instead of to the Art Students League. Mack deplored this notion, but after a while wearily told his associates to go ahead and put out any old kind they wanted to. They got up one adorned only with pretty girls, some composed of practically nothing but bare legs. This calendar cost the bottlers only thirteen and a half cents, but, to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BATTAGLIA
Hollywood fell in love with a MULE and a MUG

■ A mule and a mug have captured Hollywood. It's the Moscow Mule, a refreshing, sparkling vodka drink served in a handsome copper mug that keeps it frosty cold! The Moscow Mule's going places . . . *coming your way right now* . . . at the smartest clubs, restaurants and bars.

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE THE MOSCOW MULE:

Jigger of Smirnoff Vodka, Juice of ½ lime
Add cubed ice, Fill mug with Cock'n Bull
Ginger Beer, Garnish with squeezed lime half
Stir gently

Be sure to use SMIRNOFF—the official vodka of the old Imperial Russian Court—now made in America by the exclusive Smirnoff process. Crystal clear, delicate in flavor, Smirnoff is wonderful for Martinis and Collins'. It *loses* itself in colas, fruit juices and soft drinks. Makes any drink so smooth, so light, so subtle, *it leaves you breathless!*

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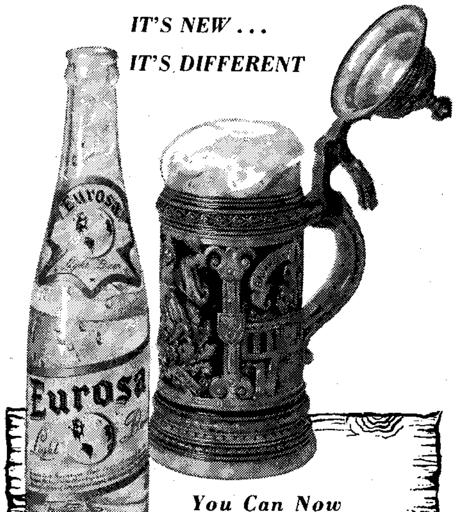
Mack's delight, it did not sell any better than his atomic one. "Now we're down in a class with everybody else," he remarked not long ago, gazing biliously at his company's current calendar. "There certainly is a difference between the high standard of my calendars and the low standard of this one."

Mack's penchant for striding briskly along paths on which many businessmen would fear to tread has long prompted some of his associates to grumble that he seemed to be paying too much attention to the affairs of the general public and too little to those of the Pepsi-Cola Company, and many of his stockholders were relieved when, last winter, he suddenly bounced into the chairmanship of the board and was replaced as president by Alfred N. Steele, once a member of the Coca-Cola hierarchy and a businessman who tends more or less exclusively to business. Some of Mack's stockholders presently suspect that, inasmuch as the usual duties of a board chairman are not terribly taxing, Mack may tire quickly of that spot and move on to some other business that offers more outlets for his energy, or perhaps into politics, a field that he has dabbled in for many years. The stockholders, of whom there are now around thirty-five thousand, probably have a greater personal interest in Mack's welfare than is customary in corporate relationships, for he has shown himself, unprecedentedly, to be not only willing but eager to meet them face to face. "A lot of big corporations are scared to death of their stockholders," he told a friend a couple of years ago, "and their executives say to me, 'Walter, why the hell do you go out of your way to expose yourself to your stockholders, anyway?' Well, there isn't anything I've done for Pepsi-Cola that I'm ashamed to talk about. The stockholders may not always agree with what I do, but I'm not afraid to tell them why I've done it." In 1947, when they numbered around twenty-five thousand, he surprised them, and the business world at large, by inviting all of them to meet him and the other officers of the company at a series of fraternal receptions, two in New York (at the Waldorf-Astoria), and one each in Jacksonville, Chicago, and San Francisco. He held similar family get-togethers the following year, and then discontinued them, perhaps figuring that everybody was by that time well enough acquainted. The first year's parties were attended by a total of eight thousand guests, who consumed oceans of Pepsi-Cola and of Evervess, a soda water that the company



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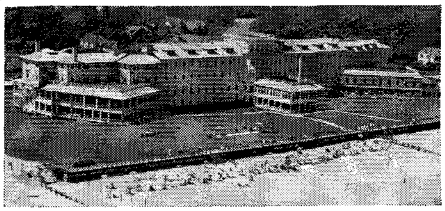

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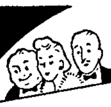

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has been manufacturing since 1945. Mack attended every party, and a photograph was published in *Life* showing him standing in front of a table littered with two hundred and fifteen empty twelve-ounce Pepsi-Cola and Evervess bottles, which the magazine estimated as his personal intake during the five shebangs. "A gross exaggeration!" Mack cried when questioned about this picture. "The photographer just backed me up against a table that had a lot of empties on it. I may have sipped from a couple of hundred bottles, merely to be sociable, but I doubt that I swallowed, all told, more than a quarter of the contents of each." On the basis of Mack's own figures, he would seem to have polished off the equivalent of ten twelve-ounce bottles per meeting, thus hitting the spot for a grand total of six hundred full ounces. Even that's a lot.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Mack.*)

•

THE SPORT OF KINGS' ENGLISH

Betting by money order works roughly like this: The bettor sends his bookmaker a money order . . . plus the price of a fifteen-word message. Along with this goes a second message with instructions on how the money is to be bet. A hypothetical message might say: "Five five and five Whosis fifth Belmont. If coming Whatsis to win sixth Belmont."—*The Times.*

Five five and five
    Whosis fifth Belmont.
If coming Whatsis
    To win sixth Belmont.

Emerges now the fine,
    Contemporary voice—
The glory that was Stein,
    The grandeur that was Joyce.

Thus quietly is shed
    Lint from the language loom,
Where glows the shining thread
    Of Toklas and of Bloom.

—DAVID S. STERN

•

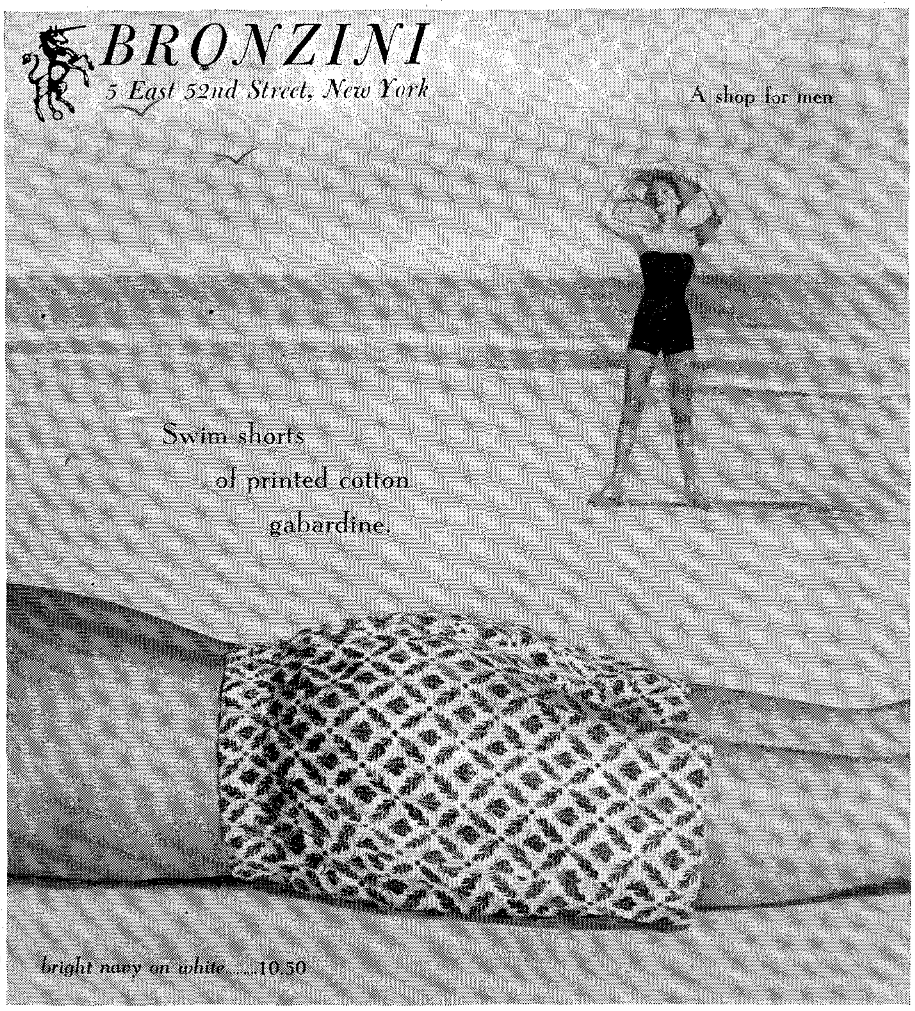
Editor of The Bee—Sir: Ditto to everything said by Maya Kelman in the May 8th issue concerning James Roosevelt. She expressed my feelings more exactly than anything else I have read anywhere. It could not have been worded more perfectly.

I think your column, Letters From The People, is the best part of any newspaper I have read. This is my first time in trying to express my thoughts on any subject.

V. M. G.

—*Sacramento (Calif.) Bee.*

And a nice little start it is, too.



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OF ALL THINGS

THE refusal of the British Labour Government to join in the consultations on the Schuman Plan is disappointing but hardly surprising. The British have always held a rather low opinion of the queer characters who live on the wrong side of the Channel.

•

Republican and Democratic strategists have different ideas as to what will constitute the main issues of the Congressional campaign. To make things more complicated, there is a possibility that the voters will not agree with either outfit.

•

High Commissioner John J. McCloy is apparently not a candidate for a popularity prize in Germany. He keeps bringing up distasteful subjects like who lost the war.

•

A *Times* survey shows that June's half a million college graduates have a good chance of getting jobs, provided they are not too choosy. Industry has, as always, plenty of room at the top, but it is occupied.

•

Merwin K. Hart, who is being examined by the House Lobby Investigating Committee, urges a Constitutional amendment to abolish the present Supreme Court. Then we could organize a new one, molding it nearer to Hart's desire.

•

The current craze for investigations is no longer confined to the halls of Congress. A group of United States and Canadian oceanographers are going to sea to study the misbehavior of the Gulf Stream.

•

Premier Stalin has put the quietus on plans for evolving a Communist language. He has evidently found Russian harsh enough for diplomatic purposes.

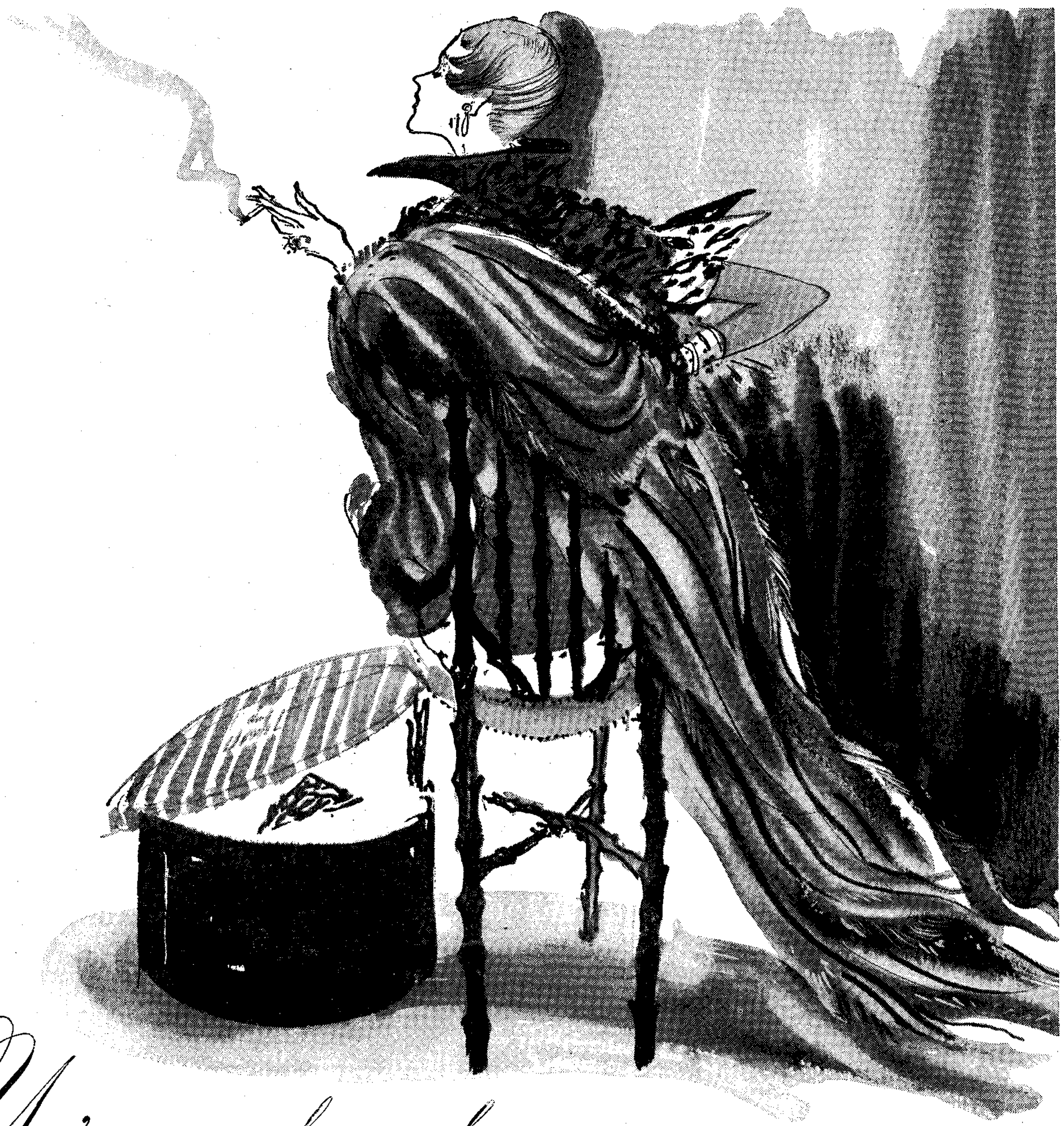
•

The Air Force has bought itself a calculating machine that is the fastest computer in existence. It takes a supercalculator to figure out what the defense boys want from the Treasury.

•

Congress is passing a lot of laws these days, spurred on by hopes of adjournment. The members' thoughts dwell longingly upon home cooking, grass roots, and run-down political fences.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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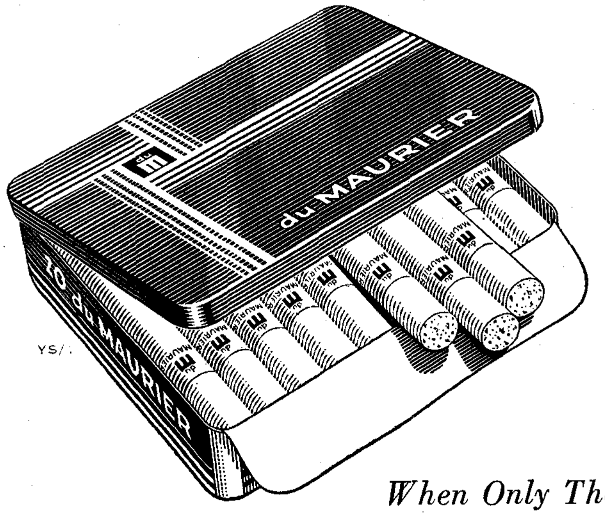

From Zanzibar to Aberdeen...from Place Vendôme to Monterey...Milady flits with the season—'a moth of fashion and a mould of form'—the world's her happy oyster. Without even seeing the scarlet aluminum box you're sure she smokes du Mauriers! She makes a conversation piece of du Maurier's tricky filter...the five-ply filter tip that always insures fragrant, clear smoke, but eliminates unpleasant ingredients in the smoke. After all...nothing quite compares with this cigarette...blended especially for the most exciting taste...from American and Oriental tobaccos. Yes, you're sure she smokes du Mauriers!

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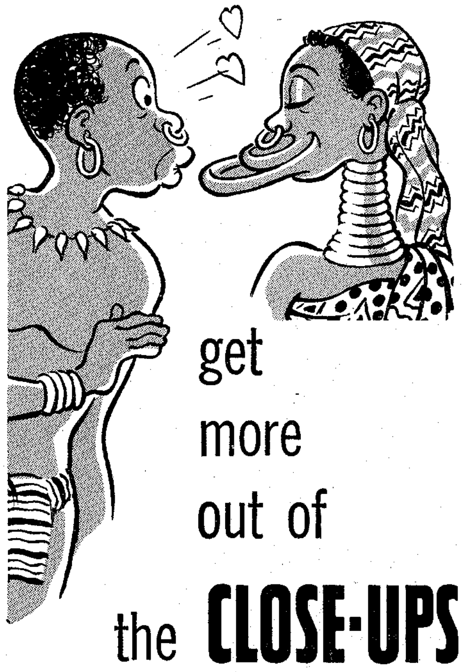

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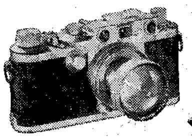

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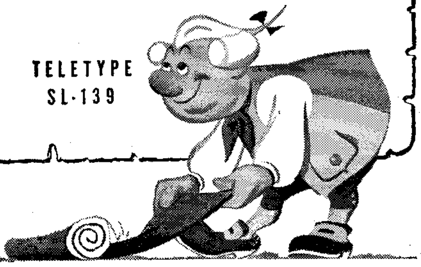

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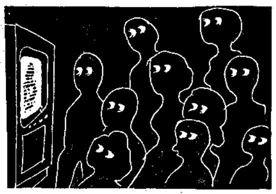
TELEVISION

Who?

ONE of the more persistent art forms of television is the panel program—generally a half-hour session participated in by three or four persons who have achieved "fame." They sit at a table presided over by a master of ceremonies, and answer, or attempt to answer, whatever questions are tossed at them. The abnormal incidence of panel programs is the result, I should say, of several factors in our contemporary life. Not the least of these is the high literacy rate, an almost certain guarantee that the people who appear before us can read and write, and have therefore garnered a harvest, however meagre, of information. A second factor is the increasing importance in our society of press agents and public-relations men, quite powerful creatures who can take almost anybody and turn him into a thinker to be reckoned with. And, third, there is a growing lack of inhibition and modesty, which permits the press agents' creations to sit blandly on the panels and spill their brains out across the living-room floors of a million or more strangers. Let us examine, by way of example, a program called "Who Said That?," which is visible on Monday evenings at ten-thirty over N.B.C. The idea behind this contribution to our culture is a simple one. The master of ceremonies, Mr. Robert Trout, who is known as the Quotemaster, reads to his assembled guests—the other night the brain trust consisted of Miss Jinx Falkenburg, Mr. Henry Morgan, and Mr. Quentin Reynolds—a number of quotations culled from the preceding week's news. The job of the guests is to identify the person who uttered the words quoted; hence the title of the program. The quotations, so far as I've been able to make out from watching this program a number of times, are all readily identifiable by anyone who has read, with any degree of concentration, recent copies of the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and *Time*. Some weeks, a fellow might have to dip into the *Saturday Review of Literature* or *Newsweek* in order to make a perfect score, but for the most part the three other publications will carry him through with flying colors. In the event that the scholarly guests cannot answer a question, a gentleman named John Cameron Swayze is brought into play. Mr. Swayze is known as the Anchor Man, and it is to be assumed that he has read the *Times*, the *Tribune*, *Time*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, *Newsweek*, and perhaps even *Quick*. In the event, heaven forfend, that the well-prepared Mr. Swayze muffs the ball, all hands contribute ten dollars to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, a worthy cause, and one that deserves better than to have its coffers fill as the result of lack of information.



What makes "Who Said That?" tolerable is the opportunity it provides for ordinary folk to observe the great in the act of concentrating. One can almost hear their brains ticking, the more so since all television is broadcast by frequency modulation, which eliminates static. The panellists are like children facing a teacher with a reputation for no nonsense. When they have the answer, their hands shoot up in a frenzy of adolescent eagerness. They fairly burst the panel to be first with the proper reply, so stiff is the competition, so intense the race. When they don't have the answer, they squirm in their chairs, gaze at the ceiling, and scratch their chins or their heads, mumbling, "I knew it this morning," or "I *know* I know that," or "How stupid of me!" For all their eagerness, though, I have received the impression that the panellists are less interested in answering the questions than in finding an opening into which, without being too obvious, they can inject a plug for themselves. The other night, for instance, Miss Falkenburg, who is as fast as a squirrel, suddenly announced that she had dined that very evening with Bernard Baruch. This put her several notches above the others, who, for all anybody knew, hadn't even eaten dinner. When Mr. Morgan learned that Miss Falkenburg had been at the Baruch home, he was momentarily stunned, but he recovered quickly and—cleverly, I thought—said that he couldn't understand why *he* had never been invited to dine with Mr. Baruch. Since the Messrs. Reynolds and Swayze were too nonplussed to make any comment, Mr. Morgan came in a clear second, and rather set the intellectual tone for the remainder of the program.

MR. JOSEPH BULOFF recently turned up on the "Philco Television Playhouse" in an adaptation of George

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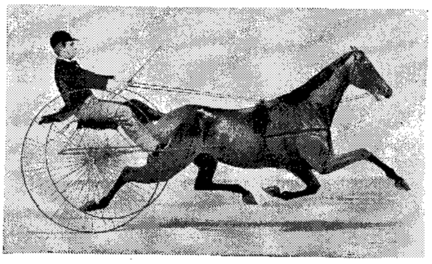

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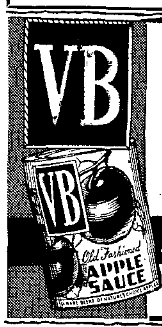

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and Helen Papashvily's "Anything Can Happen," and proved that a fine actor is always a delight, on television no less than on the stage. Mr. Buloff acts not only with his mind but with his entire body. He has the magical trick of creating a character by a series of small, swift, sly motions—a slight twist to his mouth, a faint tapping of his head with his fingers, a departure from a scene at a peculiarly graceful, almost balletlike angle, with one hand jutting out behind. "Anything Can Happen" is a warmhearted story about a group of Georgian immigrants who try to preserve their distinctive way of life and at the same time adjust themselves to their adopted America, whose political freedom is extremely welcome. It is to the credit of William Kendall Clarke, who wrote the television adaptation, that all his characters retained a wholesome and colorful individuality—not a stereotype among them. His people talked the way people—Georgian or otherwise—talk, and this alone put "Anything Can Happen" in a special class. It was remarkable for many things, including the direction, a performance by Adia Kuznetzoff, and especially for reminding us that America is, after all, people, and people from various climates and cultures.

In contrast, a group of half-dimensional characters put in an appearance not long ago on a "Kraft Television Theatre" presentation of William McCleery's "Good Housekeeping," a simple-minded playlet relating how a college president is drafted to run for governor of his state and turn out the rascally politicians. There wasn't a human being in the crowd. The college president wasn't sufficiently astute to qualify even for our Board of Higher Education; his daughter was a comic-strip daughter; his wife was said to have dabbled in Freud but apparently had never got beyond the dust jacket; and a young newspaperman exemplified every cliché ever perpetrated in the name of that noble calling. I cite "Good Housekeeping" because one encounters fifty of its type for every "Anything Can Happen," and as a result television drama, although it has learned how to talk, still walks unsteadily.

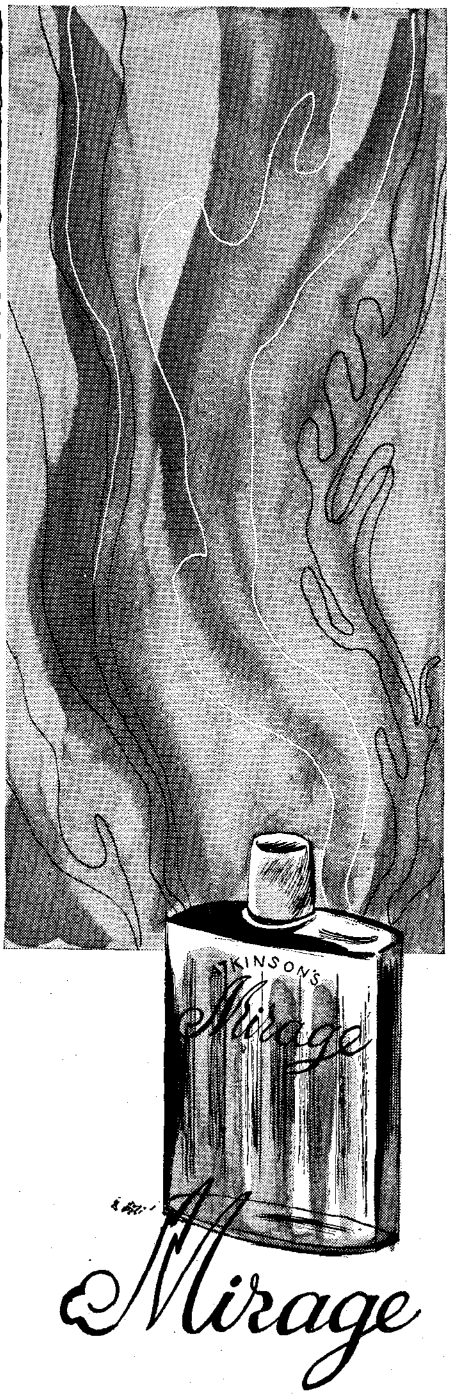
—Philip Hamburger

•

Don't forget the big EA Family picnic August 20.

There were 697 autopsies performed last year.—*Wiltell News, published by the Los Angeles V.A. Center Employees' Association.*

Imagine us forgetting it!



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THE RACE TRACK

Restless Vintage

It would probably be unfair to this season's three-year-olds to suggest that they are less consistent than those of other years. It is a fact, though, that since the middle of last month a different winner has turned up in nearly every stakes race for colts of that age. No doubt this is a good thing; it scatters the largess of the racing associations.

Nobody seemed particularly dumfounded when Greek Song won the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct last weekend. The surprise was that he paid only $14.80 in the two-dollar mutuels. You see, the last time he was out—in the Belmont Stakes, in which he finished fourth—he was 36–1. However, last Saturday he carried much less weight, and horseplayers watch those things. As a race, there was nothing memorable about the Dwyer. Although Hill Prince was the last of the five runners to leave the starting gate, he took the lead before he'd gone a furlong of the mile and a quarter. Then, after polishing off Lights Up, he seemed to be going on easily until he was halfway down the stretch. Meanwhile, Greek Song warmed to his work slowly, picked up speed on the last turn, caught Hill Prince a furlong from home, and passed him in the most irritating manner you could imagine. I don't know when I've seen a field more strung out. Just for the record, Lights Up was third, and Mr. Trouble and Dooly were down the course.

Greek Song, who is not to be confused, as he frequently is, with Greek Ship, from the Brookmeade Stable, is a well-made chestnut colt by Heliopolis. He was bred by the Greentree Stable and bought at a private sale by Donald Ross, the head of Delaware Park, who races the Brandywine Stable. Greek Song's performances were only so-so last year, but this season he has been running in top company and not doing too badly. His share of the purse last Saturday was $27,400. As for Hill Prince, who is still this department's favorite three-year-old, he came out of the Dwyer a very tired animal, and C. T. Chenery, who owns him, said he is going to have a holiday. Incidentally, I'll hazard a guess that when Hill

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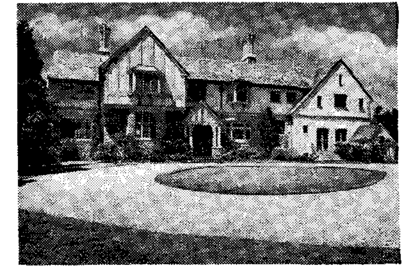

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Prince returns to the track, Arcaro won't be riding him.

RECENTLY, this department suggested that Noor has a hex on Citation. Well, in case you're tempted to smile condescendingly at that, Noor beat Citation again—for the fourth time, by the way—in the Golden Gate Handicap at Golden Gate Fields, in California, last Saturday. As you doubtless remember, in their previous meetings Citation gave Noor weight—twenty-two pounds the first time, then thirteen, and five in the race a fortnight ago. Last Saturday, Noor gave Citation a pound. It was the first time that Citation hasn't run at top weight in a handicap. Curious things, those hexes that some horses put on other horses. Discovery was one of the best racers of his day, but Cavalcade beat him every time they met. Then there was the case of Prudery and Careful, two famous mares of years ago. If memory serves (as a matter of fact, I looked it up), Prudery didn't win all her races, but she always managed to finish in front of Careful. I expect I could give you a dozen more instances if I had to. Now Citation is on his way to Arlington Park, and I venture to say that his stable is hoping Noor keeps away from Chicago.

Oh, yes. I almost forgot. Noor set a world's record in the Golden Gate Handicap, running the mile and a quarter in 1:58⅗. It took Greek Song 2:03 to run the same distance at Aqueduct the other afternoon. —Audax Minor

•

Sims, who earlier this year opposed the holding of the polio ball on Moral Grounds, said several churches are co-operating in an effort to stop the dance. —*Miami Herald.*

How about Ebbets Field?

•

Guide Service—Fishing and hunting guiding jobs wanted. If I am not at home, make dates with my wife.—John P. Guide.—*Adv. in the Ellington (Mo.) Big Springs Country Citizen.*

Let's not go off on any tangent, please.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Post*]

The village of Scarsdale, N.Y., has banned the building of "look-alike" houses. Building code of the community sets forth six styles—and prohibits any two houses in a group of 10 (five on each side of the street) from having more than three of the same type.

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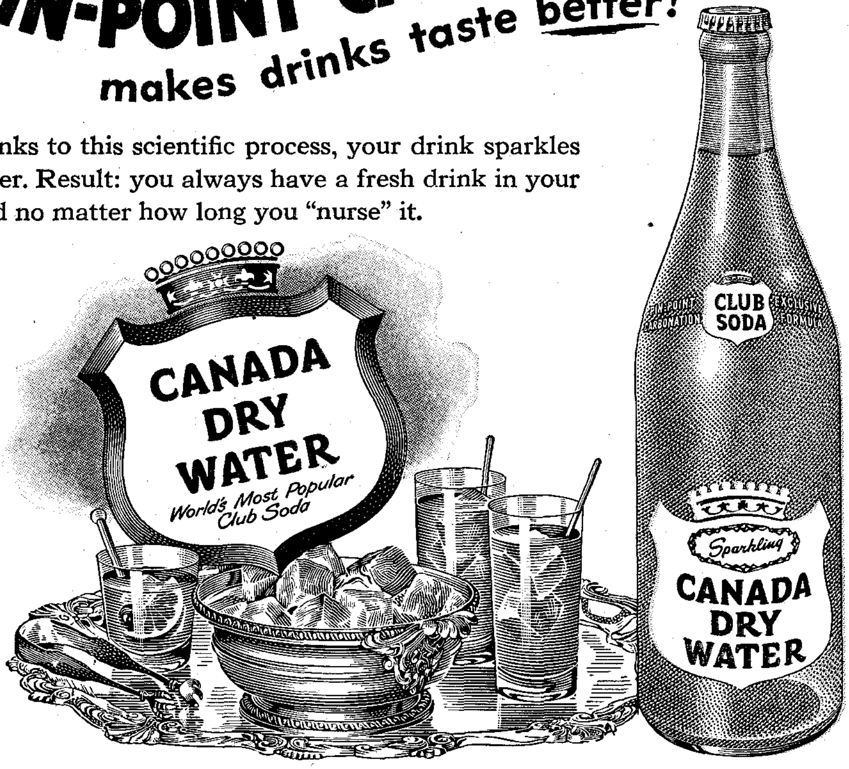

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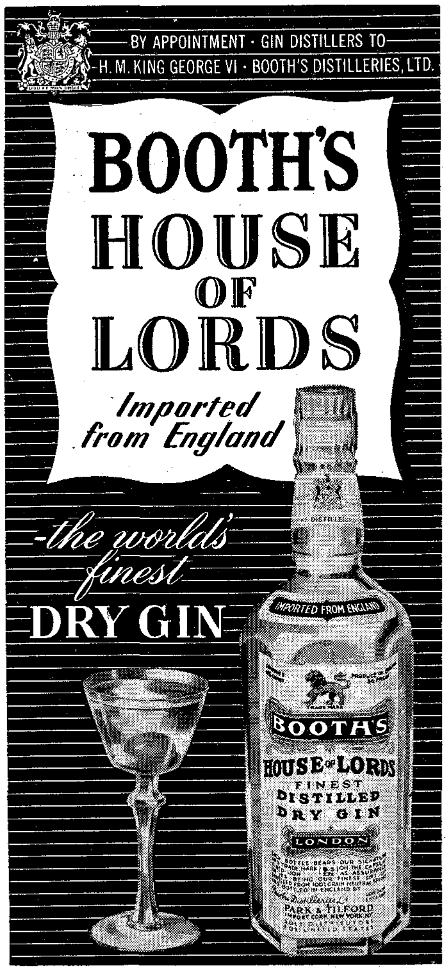

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THE TERRACE ON EAST NINETY-FOURTH STREET

THERE are streets in some cities, notably Paris, where the houses suddenly flee back from the sidewalk, leaving a broadish terrace, as in the Boulevard St. Martin. Such a terrace, not at all common in New York, occurs in a modest way directly opposite the building on Ninety-fourth Street, just east of Second Avenue, in which my wife and I have an apartment, a long, narrow flat extending the depth of the building. The terrace is in front of a restaurant run by a woman named Fanny. There are two steps between terrace and sidewalk, making an irresistible bleachers for the wall-baseball game that in summer is continually being played in the street in front of the lollipop factory, next door to Fanny's. Evenings, the terrace is a center of local social activity, which is great.

It is probably because of the terrace that drama touches our life so constantly—the terrace and the fact that our walk-up flat is on the second floor. Our two front windows, besides being in range of any projectiles from below, are only one flight above the raging vestibule. We sometimes think that if we lived even one story higher, the voices from the vestibule and the street might be muffled, but this thought is probably mere optimism. The voices begin early in the morning with the young ballplayers. They grow louder as the day progresses and the elders, one by one, take over the game. They wax as the busy evening courting time comes on. And they continue until the last drunks take their voluble departure from the sidewalk, at around three in the morning. We live in an unbroken projection of multiple voices, keyed to an extraordinary violence of tone and matter.

Of the dramas, the most compelling, in our view, in the last year or so have been our burglary, our fire, the two occasions when ladies fell out of windows in our building, the attempted safe-cracking in the lollipop factory across the street, and the time a diner threw his meal, crockery and all, through the plate-glass front of Fanny's restaurant. We do not consider broken windows in our flat dramatic events, because they have no element of the unexpected, but one exception should be mentioned: the three holes made by bullets in one of our upper panes. They were neat little holes that did not even crack the glass around them. Mr. Kirbe, the building superintendent, who eventually came to replace the pane (to make it really worth his while, we hadn't called him until a rubber ball had gone through it), had only one helpful point to make. "These new .22s," he said, "are mighty powerful. With those telescope sights, they can kill a man at a mile."

As for our burglary—a radio-phonograph, a second radio, and some family jewelry were taken—it was ordinary enough, except that it was, and remains, such an intimate neighborhood matter. I cannot be sure which of the young men who sit on the steps across the street these warm nights or cluster in our vestibule to chat with some of the young ladies in the building took part in the theft and which ones didn't. Three of them were arrested by Mr. Segura, an able detective of the East 104th Street Station, and were sent for varying lengths of time to a reformatory. All have now returned to our neighborhood. The radio-phonograph and the other radio, but not the jewelry, were recovered.

The neighborhood quality of the affair existed from the start, because our flat had apparently been cased by some local toddlers who had come in at Christmastime for cookies. They seem to have reported, in their innocent, prattling way, that the old-fashioned box-shaped radio and record-player was a beautiful television set. The news got about, and one evening when we were out, the young men, so we later were told, pried open the front-room door, picked up the things, departed by the fire escape at the rear of the hall, climbed to the roof, crossed to an adjoining building, and went down the fire escape there. They were seen departing, carrying their loot. People in our house were unusually bitter just then about burglary, because everybody's turkeys had been filched the previous Thanksgiving Eve, the turkeys having been left on the fire escapes to keep cool overnight.

At any rate, all our young men are out again and back home. They probably know me when we pass in the vestibule, saying "Excuse me" to each other, though I don't know them. This circumstance gives these encounters a faintly eerie quality. Felonies and calamities near and around the terrace are not abstract matters to us who reside in these flats, as are similar occurrences elsewhere when we read about them in the daily papers. These are local happenings, part of ourselves, and of the people we live among.

OUR fire was not disastrous—a pair of curtains burned, with considerable damage to a window molding—and it provided an interesting lesson in

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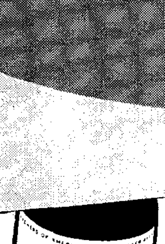

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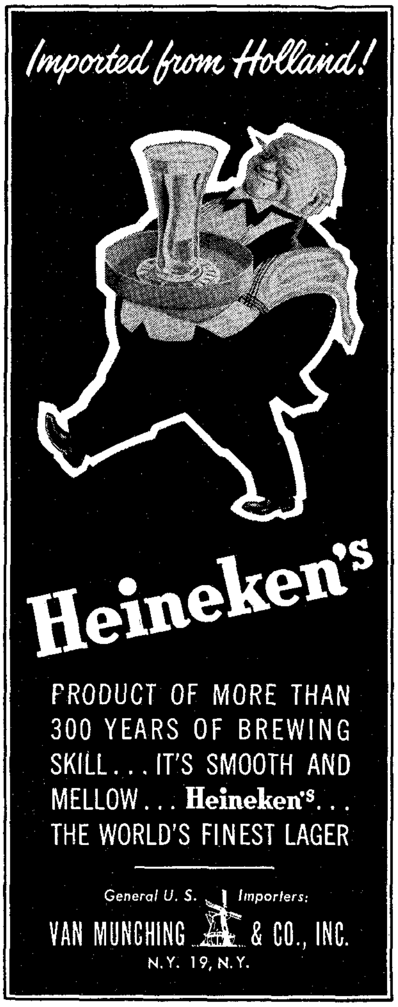
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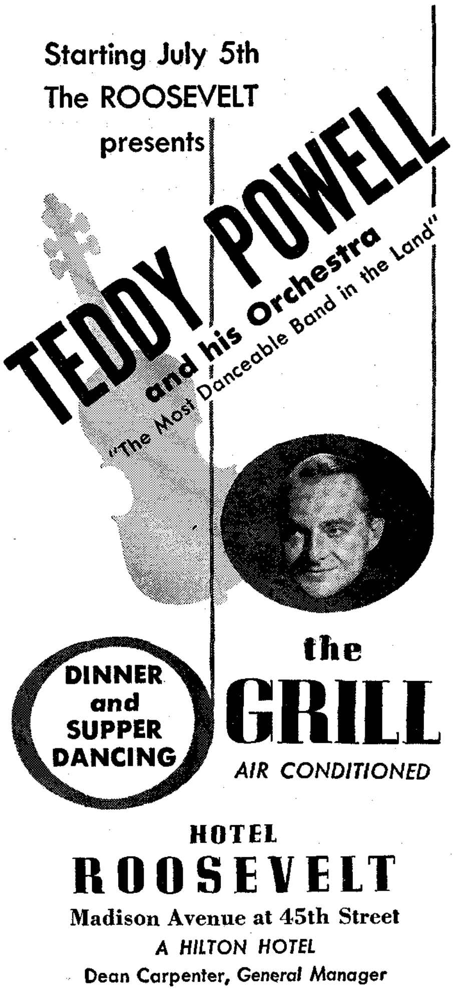
neighborliness. It also furnished an invaluable rule of behavior for this locality: Never leave a window open on the Fourth of July. On that date, an open window on East Ninety-fourth Street is a provocation to shoot rockets into it. My wife and I did not know this when we came back from a day in the country that Fourth of July evening a year ago. Nor did we pay any attention to the caucus of fifteen or twenty youths, maidens, and elders on Fanny's terrace, because that was normal. Entering our living room, we threw the front windows wide to air the place and then went to the kitchen, in the rear. The distance from the front windows all the way back to the kitchen windows is perhaps somewhat more than the regulation distance between pitcher's box and home plate—too far for a person at one end to hear, what with obstructions, anything going on at the other.

Without warning came a ferocious battering at the kitchen door. It was so brutal that we were still hesitating about opening the door when five youths streamed in the window from the fire escape and ran to the front of the house. My wife and I followed them. The living room was filled with smoke and a second group of strange young men, who had just come in there by breaking down the front door. They had already tossed out the window the flaming curtains, which, we were told, a rocket from across the street had ignited, and were beating out the fire in the molding. Neighbors began to join us in large numbers, including Mrs. McGee, from Ninety-third Street, with her three-month-old son, William. Half a dozen firemen came along presently, wearing helmets and rubber coats and looking golemlike in height and impressiveness. The only casualty was to a young hero who complained of skin burns on the forearm. Calm descended. People trickled away. Our friends across the hall nailed our front door up for us. The rest of that evening we kept the windows closed, and nobody aimed any more rockets at them, although those little engines kept making their beautiful looping trajectories into the blue elsewhere along the street until quite late. This year, we noticed, patriotic celebration of the Fourth of July began in May in our block with firecrackers and torpedoes, and around on Second Avenue rockets have already been observed. But we are forewarned.

The times the ladies fell out the windows, there were also demonstrations of group solidarity. Everyone was interested and solicitous. The first lady, cleaning her apartment, impetuously de-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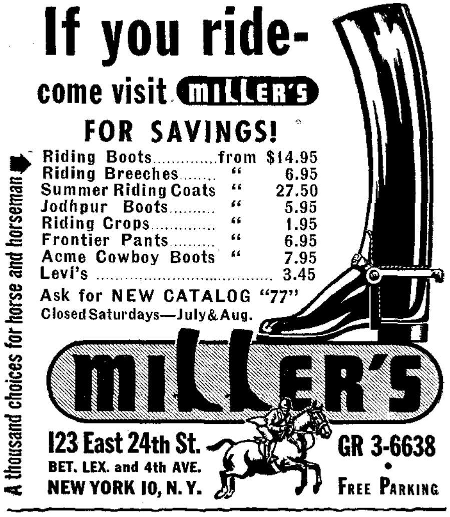
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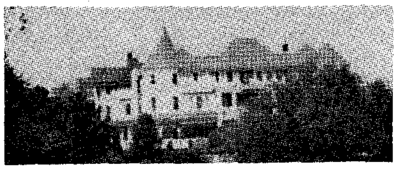
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cided to call on a friend who lived beside her, across an air shaft, by stepping from window to window, a distance of about five feet. Her judgment was not good, and she fell two stories to the bottom of the shaft. She was in a hospital for many weeks, and the bulletins at first were very pessimistic; fortunately, she survived. The case of the other lady, who lived above us across the hall, seemed even more serious when she, during an argument, went down two stories from a back window. Everyone feared the worst, since she was an expectant mother, but she also recovered, and the child was born without apparent ill effects.

Our most spectacular memory is the affair of the lollipop factory two years ago. That evening, a group of men broke into the place, seemingly with the object of opening a safe there. The first thing we knew, police cars began to arrive, sirens whooping. We counted ten cars from our window, and then, for fifteen minutes, we were treated to a film climax straight out of Hollywood—searchlights in play, dim silhouettes of hunted and pursuers on fire escapes, flashlights on roofs. At the end, the street door of the tenement next to the factory opened and three malefactors emerged, hands classically up, each dogged by a policeman holding a pistol. Each culprit was lodged in a separate police car and driven rapidly away. In that same exciting quarter hour, so we heard, seven more of the gang were caught on Ninety-third Street. A rich evening.

OF the smashing of Fanny's plate-glass window, there isn't much to say. Her establishment is a plain, almost austere-looking eat shop. Her terrace, however, is such an attraction, and she herself such a good neighbor, confidante, and friend of young and old, that the place combines qualities of a Canfield's (on account of a crap game usually going on in the street in front), a Stork Club, and a matrimonial agency. So we were all shocked when the man threw the dishes through the front window. The whole pane came down and shattered, a good forty square feet of plate glass, and the man, slightly drunk, made off. No one in our neighborhood is really a stranger. By the time the police came, enough people had gathered so that among them there were some who could identify the drunk, if not by name, at least by description and habits. A police car went off into Second Avenue, where, in a nearby public house, he was picked up. He was brought back, and in what seemed from our window to be an amicable conversation, an agreement was reached. He gave Fan-

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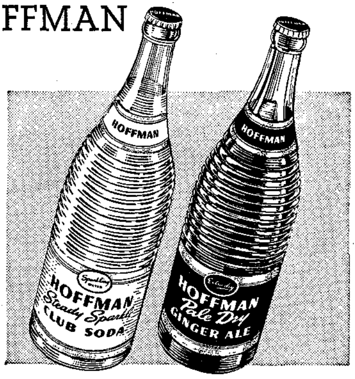

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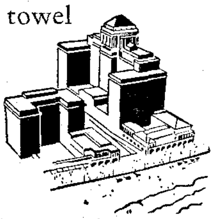

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

No cache is complete without *one* towel initialed C-H H.

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ny forty dollars in cash, we were later told, and no arrest was made.

On the whole, the little things that might be called chronic are perhaps more impressive than the occasional peaks of excitement in setting the tone of our neighborhood. The downstairs hall, for instance, and the front vestibule are for us a constant preoccupation. Repeatedly, our mail has been set fire to by the insertion of lighted matches through the slit in the mailbox. We thought at one time that we were special objects of attack in this juvenile incendiarism but found our neighbors also were suffering from it. The wrecking of the doorbell wiring was not confined to our bell, either.

When warm weather came this year, we didn't need the outer street door for comfort, but we missed it indeed last winter after it was removed by the young men who call on some of the young ladies living in the house. Since the vestibule and the hall serve as the young ladies' reception rooms, we wondered why they didn't want to keep the door on, and decided the removal was a form of rebellion against landlordism. In any case, after weeks of combat, during which the prankish young men callers harassed the patient Mr. Kirbe by breaking the glass panes of the inner vestibule door and loosening the hinges of both doors, the outer door was taken entirely off and burned in the gutter, one cold, boisterous night. As for the inner vestibule door, the young folks have allowed Mr. Kirbe a minor victory by not smashing the wooden slabs with which he replaced the shattered glass panes. All winter, blasts of cold swept unhindered up the stairs and under the not very tightly fitted bottom of our front door.

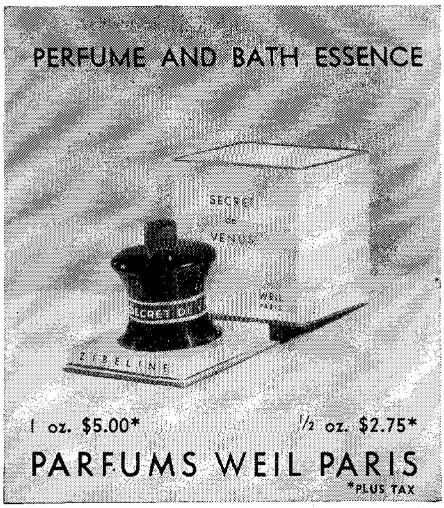
To be sure, there are many advantages to living around here. When the wind is right and there is a momentary lull in the shouting in the street, one can hear the agreeable sound of boat whistles on the East River. In nice weather, one can stroll along the East River Drive. It is a pleasure, down near Carl Schurz Park, to observe Mayor O'Dwyer sitting with his friends on his front lawn. But we are beginning to think that, come the autumn, it would be nice to move to some other part of New York. In the vicinity of Fanny's terrace, life seems a little too busy for ruminative natures like ours to enjoy it to the full.

—Morris Gilbert

•

L.I. TRAIN BACK AFTER YEAR
—*Headline in the Post.*

What's newsy about that?



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For the best letter postmarked before midnight of the last day of each month, we will send our check for $100.00. Enter today! Send your letter to "$100 Contest," G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn., makers of famous A. 1. Sauce. Remember, always ask for A.1. Sauce when dining out. It's the dash that makes the dish.

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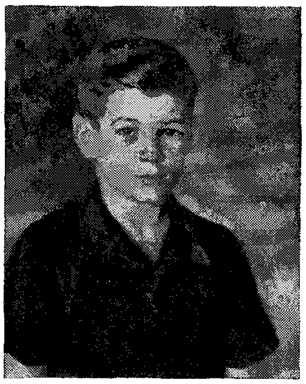

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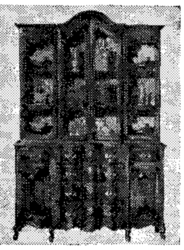

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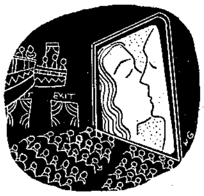

“THE LAWLESS” is a first-rate melodrama that puts across its message—“Love thy neighbor”—with little of the sermonizing that Hollywood usually goes in for when seized by a spasm of social significance. In this film, written by Geoffrey Homes and directed by Joseph Losey, the neighbors in question are Mexican farmhands who have settled in a small town in California. They live in squalor, speak a peculiar brand of English, and are despised by most of the Americans in the community, particularly those who eat almost as low on the hog as the Mexicans do. “The Lawless” establishes the friction between the immigrants and the natives speedily, and then follows the fortunes of a Mexican youth who has, in the course of a race riot among juveniles, made the mistake of slugging a cop and heading out of town. A good deal of exciting footage is devoted to the flight of the frightened boy, and presently, when a hysterical bobby-soxer announces that he has assaulted her, a posse roughly the size of a regiment sets out after him. Among those in the pack is a newspaper publisher, who manages to reach the lad first and persuade him to stop running away. This publisher is a retired globe-girdling journalist who has grown weary of violence and wants to spend the rest of his days placidly reporting bucolic doings. However, a sense of justice and a comely Mexican girl inspire him to jump into the racial conflict, and before “The Lawless” has come to an end, he has barely succeeded in preventing a lynching, has seen his plant destroyed by a mob, and has almost lost his faith in the American way. As the publisher, Macdonald Carey gives a restrained and persuasive performance, and as the Mexican girl, Gail Russell is noble, but not too noble for comfort. I guess it's Lalo Rios, though, who deserves most praise among the actors. He plays the harried Mexican boy with utter conviction.

IN “Wagonmaster,” John Ford takes us out to the old Utah Territory to accompany a band of Mormons crossing the plains toward green pastures. The scenery is handsome, the Mormons are taciturn, and the outlaws who show up

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The argument sometimes advanced to defend this ratio is that the summer season is only four months long. But that is specious reasoning. Actually summer suits are likely to be at the cleaners more often. And *any* suit lasts longer and fits better if properly hung and rested between wearings. We would say that any man who cares about being well dressed should have at least four suits for summer.

By the same token, well tailored summer suits of top quality fabrics are an economy in the long run. For instance, Hart Schaffner & Marx tropical worsteds —in New York obtainable only at Wallachs—will last you as long as your heaviest suits. In fact some men now wear them the year around.

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FOX HEAD "400" BEER
Brewed with Waukesha
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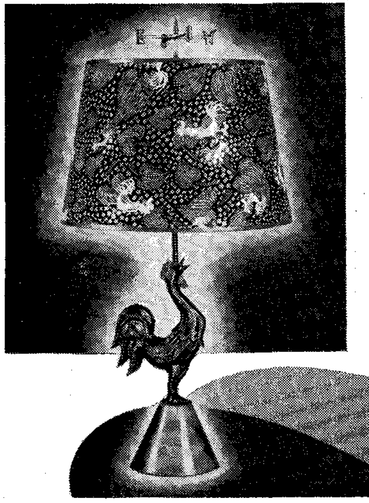
Fox Head "400" beer

Fox Head Brewing Company, Waukesha, Wisconsin



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along the way are very menacing. The film ought to provide you with a pleasant summer evening. Among those present are such veteran Ford performers as Jane Darwell, Ward Bond, Ben Johnson, and Harry Carey, Jr.

"FIFTY YEARS BEFORE YOUR EYES" is a collection of newsreel and movie shots similar to the one put together by the March of Time in "The Golden Twenties." This is quite a mélange, what with everybody from William McKinley to Franklin Roosevelt being shown in action, and while its commentary, delivered in large part by Arthur Godfrey, isn't up to the one that accompanied "The Golden Twenties," the film is interesting pictorially. The Warner Brothers, who produced it, have regrettably tossed in a West Coast version of the landing of the Pilgrims and a couple of other events to get things under way. However imaginative, the Warners' mockup of history just can't compare with the real thing, and it looks awfully silly juxtaposed with documentary shots.

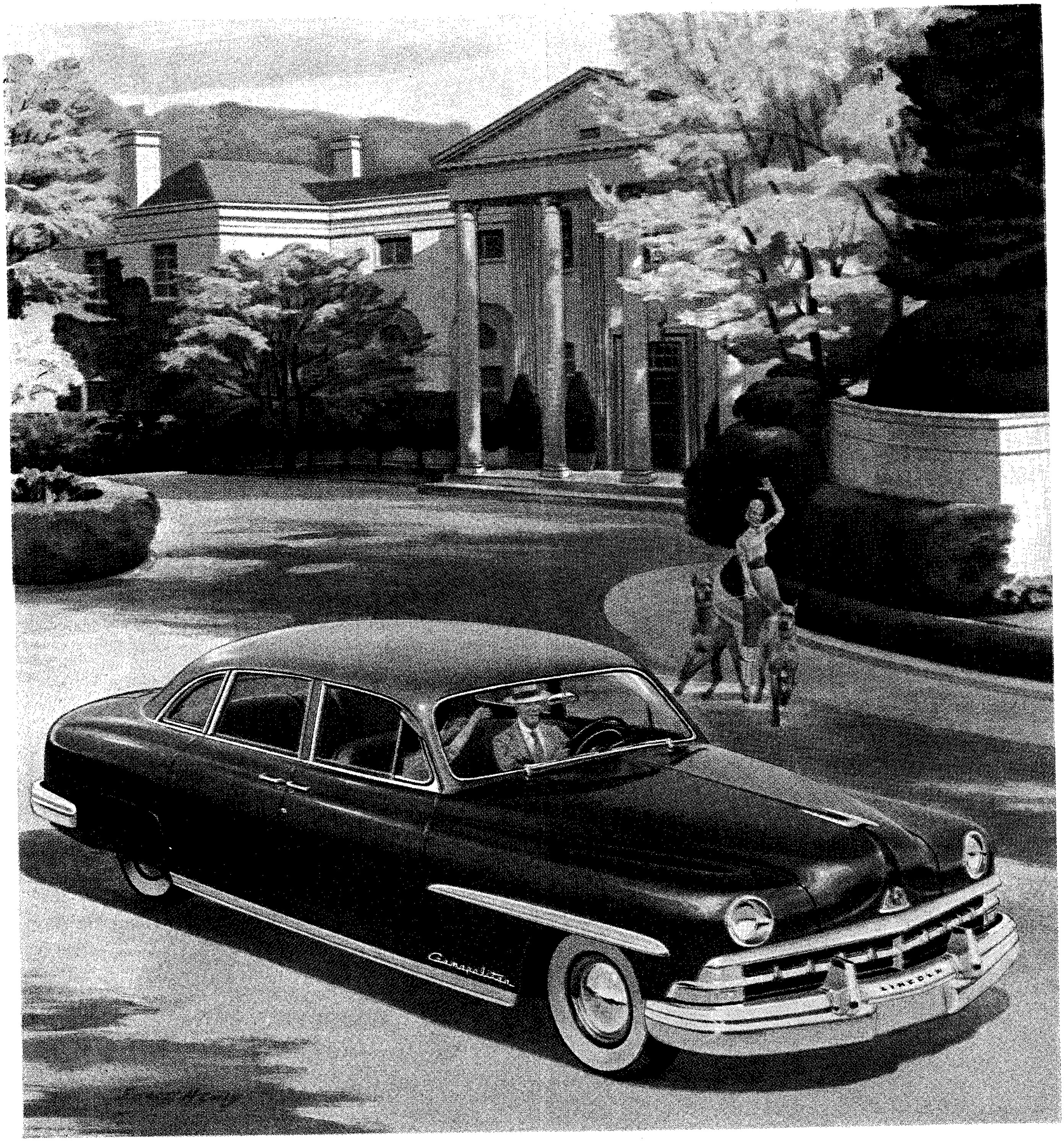
IN its early scenes, "The Secret Fury" bubbles over with happiness. A concert pianist (Claudette Colbert) and an architect (Robert Ryan) are, it seems, going to wind up their merry courtship in wedlock. But when the preacher asks if anyone objects to their mating, a stranger leaps up and swears that the bride-to-be is already married to a friend of his. This pronouncement shocks all hands, especially the lady at the altar, who thinks that maybe she has amnesia. The ceremony is, of course, postponed, and she decides to visit the man who claims to be her husband. In the course of a chat with him, she hears a shot and finds herself staring down at his remains. She also finds herself staring at the gun that did him in. This looks pretty bad for her, and when she's brought to trial, she doesn't make things any better for herself by babbling that she isn't sure about anything. If you're determined to discover how our girl gets out of all this, you'll have to go see the film. It's supposed to be a mystery, and I mustn't pursue the plot any farther. I am glad of that.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

There was no damage to the truck, but the two front fenders, headlights, girl and bumper guard of Fitzgerald's car were damaged.—*Mamaroneck* (*N.Y.*) *Times.*

That's the trouble with cars today—too much equipment.



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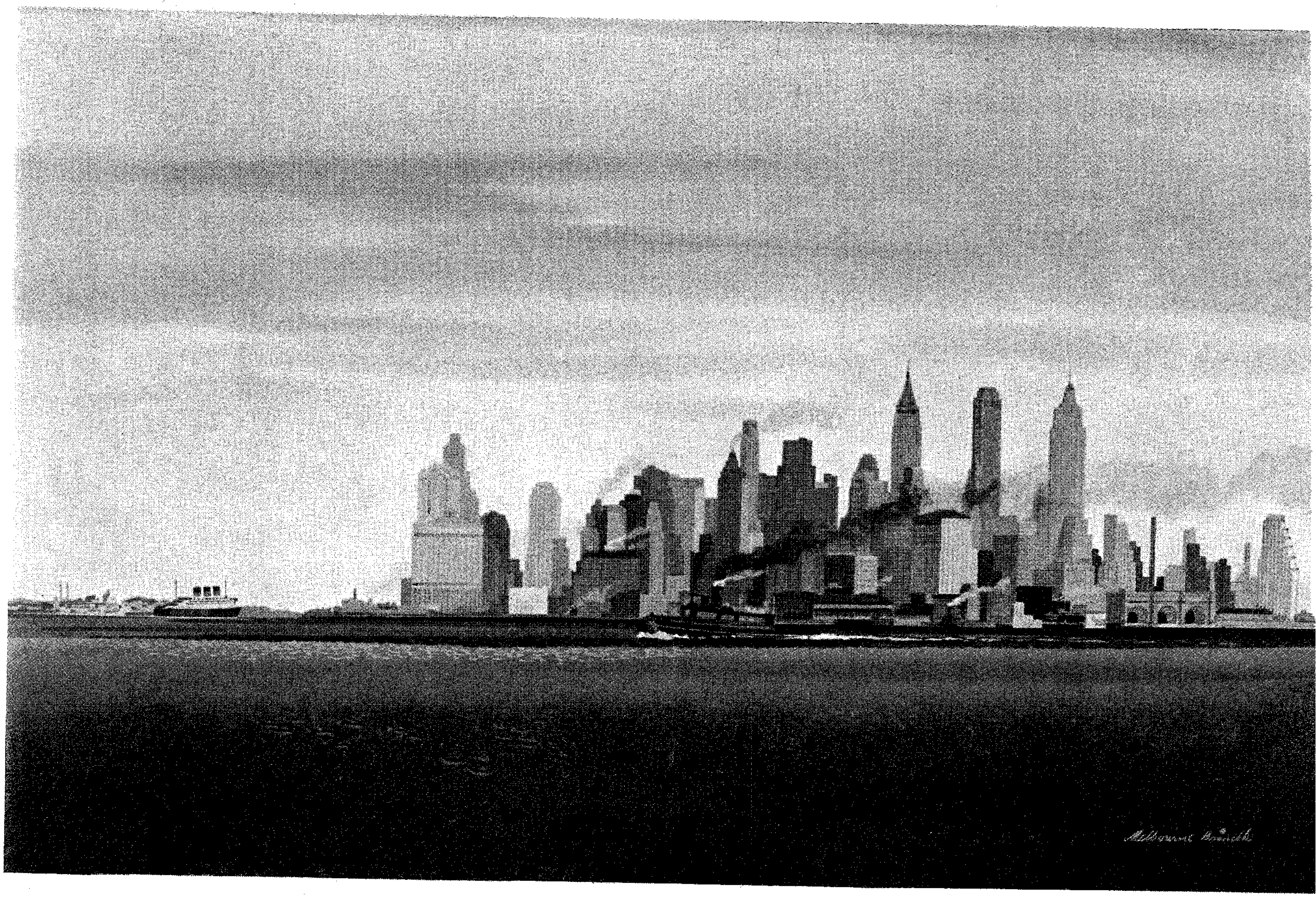

WAY DOWN HERE THE AIR'S WONDERFUL

An awful lot of people seem to want to get to Brooklyn. Getting there is lots easier, lots more comfortable, now that the new Battery-to-Brooklyn Tunnel under the East River has been completed.

Better, specifically, because this tunnel has the very last word in engineered ventilation . . . the smells-good, tastes-good, feels-good kind.

If this sounds slightly partial to our Sturtevant Division, who did the job, we hasten to record the revealing fact that Sturtevant also furnished the equipment to ventilate the Holland, Lincoln and Queens-Midtown Tunnels.

One good tunnel deserves another!

For those interested in figures, 666,000,000 cubic feet of fresh air is pumped into this tunnel every hour.

For those interested in meanings, this job is evidence of the kind of confidence engineers have learned to place in all Westinghouse products. In elevators, for instance, or in as widely different but equally critical application as the lighting of airports . . . or electric blankets!

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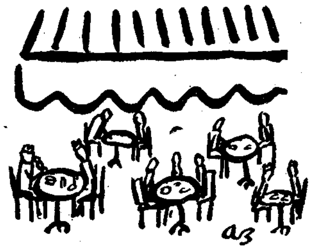
LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 21

JUNE is regularly the Paris harvest month. The June season has always produced the big annual city crop of sights, spectacles, and stimulations, with Parisian cosmopolites sampling both its wheat and its chaff and with tourists on hand to glean. So far this year, the only yield of rich, ripe talent to remind one of the old days has been Jean Cocteau's brilliant choreographed tragedy "Phèdre," which was just given its première at the Opéra. Cocteau based its scenario on Racine's poetic classic about the cruel fate inflicted by love upon Thésée; his queen, Phèdre; and her golden-haired stepson, Hippolyte. In the Cocteau re-creation, the tale was mutely related by the bodies of ballet dancers representing those mythological mortals whose images remain but whose voices have, reasonably enough, been lost over time. As a modern, anachronistic fillip, the backdrop—a Cocteau Greek temple—was occasionally lifted to reveal, like a prophecy, gigantic photographs of Greece today. Cocteau's costumes established his own fabulous prism of colors and made his own kind of sartorial sense. The male ballet corps wore ochre tights and pale-green wigs. Phèdre (mimed with the authority of a tragic actress by Tamara Toumanova) had blue hair and wore black tights beneath a worldly black gauze tea gown and a long scarlet cape. Thésée, played by Roger Ritz, was decked out in a white plaster stomacher, and looked rather like a marble statue set up after his wars. The chariot driver Hippolyte, galloped heavily by Serge Lifar, who created the choreography, was in lemon. As if the women in history did all the suffering and the heroes were merely bystanders, the choreography of the female dancers was noticeably more dramatic, more psychologically expressive, and more expertly danced than that of the males, who for the most part virilely ran around in circles. The ballet's fifty-minute score was a fine composition by Georges Auric. It was the ballet's voice. It furnished the theme's tragic sound, palpitating with brass, drums, violence, and stormy rhythms under an occasional high swell of amorous melody.



The Galerie Charpentier is holding the season's most talked-of art exhibition, an engrossing end-of-the-century assemblage called "Autour de 1900." It is like an enormous album, in which each of the hundred and eighty-eight items shows some famous painter's style as it looked near the turn of the century, as it rarely looked later, and, if he is still alive, as it does not look today. In the exhibition are a Hyde Park Derain that looks like a Matisse, garden Matisses that look like Sisleys, and honky-tonk Rouaults that look like Toulouse-Lautrecs. The exhibition was gathered from Paris and French provincial museums and from private collections on both sides of the Atlantic. The best way to describe its unusual range and vast appeal is merely to list its alphabet of outstanding names, from "A" almost to izzard: Louise Abbéma, Besnard, Jacques Emile Blanche (a picture called "André Gide and His Friend in the Moorish Café at the 1900 Exposition"), Boldini, Bonnard, both Boutet de Monvels, Braque, Cézanne, Chagall, Degas, Maurice Denis, Derain, Dufy, Dunoyer de Segonzac, Fantin-Latour, Forain, Friesz, Gauguin ("Creole Girl's Head"), Gris, Harpignies, Helleu, La Fresnaye, La Gandara (portraits of Ida Rubinstein and the last aristocratic Paris courtesan, Mme. Liane de Pougy), Matisse, Monet, Berthe Morisot, Picasso, Pissarro, Redon (a painting of the brothers Cain and Abel), Renoir, Rouault (a portrait of that Montmartre high-kicker, "Nini, Her Toes in the Air"), Rousseau, Sargent, Signac, Sisley, Soutine, Toulouse-Lautrec, Utrillo, his mother Valadon, van Dongen, Vlaminck, Vuillard, and, to end the grand list, Waroquier. And why not have brought the alphabet to a proper end with a canvas by Zack, if only to honor his art-dealer wife, who died during the war in a concentration camp while a certain few of the painters on this list were enjoying their famous New Order visit in Berlin?

The midtown Paris shops, as their contribution to the gaiety of the June season, have, as usual, decorated their windows fantastically. The shops are, however, feeling gloomy; they are selling little, and claim that high hotel prices are taking most of the visitors' money, just to sleep. The theme for window dressing this year is "Hommage à l'Amour." In the window of the fash-

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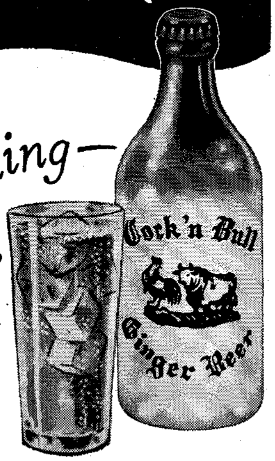

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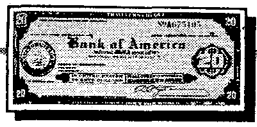

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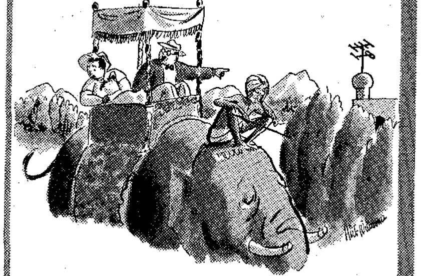

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ionable Faubourg Saint-Honoré dressmaker Lanvin, homage to love is a forthright, immense artificial cabbage, sprinkled with brilliants to represent dew, and with doll babies tucked under the leaves. (French infants are found under cabbages, not brought by the stork.) In the window of the perfumer Violet, another salutation to love is a reminder of that famous old French murder yarn "Le Mystère de la Chambre Douze," here illustrated by a gent's top hat and collar, a champagne bottle, two overturned chairs, a dress pierced by a knife, two dismembered female legs (the black stocking of one crammed with old-style franc notes), and, as final proof of passion, a hangman's noose. In the window of Yvonne de Brémond d'Ars, that noble antique dealer whose displays always cause sidewalk crowds, there is, as nearly as somebody standing in the gutter can judge, a tableau of seventeenth-century costume dolls engaged in an elopement from a papier-mâché château. One small froufrou shop at the upper, less chic end of the Faubourg displays in its side window the one true, unwitty homage to love. It is a holograph love letter, on yellowed paper, written by Richard Wagner and addressed to Mme. Judith Gautier. It probably brought in no froufrou customers.

After four cancellations of the opening, Orson Welles finally got going this week as author and actor with his two one-act plays in English at the Théâtre Edouard VII. The first, called "The Unthinking Lobster," is a Hollywood takeoff, with Goldwynesque and Hedda Hopperish characters and a story of Hollywood making Grade A movies about saints, since sex—and since when?—no longer pays. For its slapstick realism and its sophomoric cynicism and humor, it should be popular with American high-school amateur players, which is what the unthinking lobsters here acted like. The second piece, "Time Runs," is a mélange of fine quotes from Christopher Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," with Welles, in costume, reading them well, and Welles acting like a modern Faustian genius, in business clothes and with lines of today written by himself. His wife through the ages in all this is Miss Eartha Kitt, formerly of the Katherine Dunham dancers. Her exquisite mulatto grace and blues singing, and British Hilton Edwards' fine reading of Mephistopheles, gave definite, if diverse, satisfactions. Apart from these three leading roles, the acting was too bad to be fair to playwright Marlowe, or even to play-

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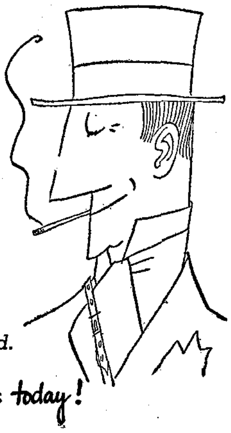

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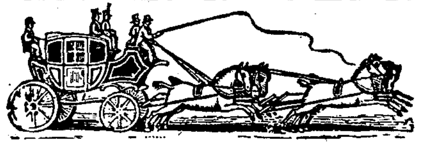

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wright Welles. "Time Runs" might not run long anywhere, but it has a majestic querulousness about it. Marlowe's Faust was a genius without apologies. In his tag line, Welles begs his hearers to show kindness toward the genius he represents.

FRANCE was shaken by the distant, duplicated tragedy in the Persian Gulf that recently befell two Saigon-Paris planes. They perished off the shore of the same remote island of Bahrein on June 13th and June 15th. As the Center *Monde* sensitively editorialized, "In this double rendezvous with death, at a fixed hour, at a selected point, there is something that chills the blood. Something in man protests. He can accept the accident. But the coincidence terrifies him." The Left newspapers had something less delicate to ruminate about. By chance, the sad news from Bahrein was synchronized with other information from the East, which the Socialist *Populaire* had just received. While everyone was wondering what was suddenly wrong with the Saigon-Paris run, *Le Populaire* told what at least was wrong with Saigon; a feature story headlined Saigon as "THE CHICAGO OF THE FAR EAST" and described it as complete with lupanarian dance halls and dens of vice and a Hotel Continental whose French boss had apparently just celebrated with a champagne dinner his second billion francs of profit. According to *Le Populaire*, Saigon's glory is, however, a French gambling casino called Le Grand Monde, which is reported to run the local gold and piastre traffic. *Le Populaire*, which is violently anti-Communist, also related that to avoid being bombed in France's Indo-Chinese war by the Communist Ho Chi Minh, Le Grand Monde pays him a million seven hundred thousand francs daily—on top of the five and a half million francs' casino-privilege money it daily pays the French government. (Similar scandalous news, given earlier to *Franc-Tireur* by its Saigon reporter, François-Jean Armorin, led to his being beaten up and his life's being threatened by the vice ring, or so his last published reports said. There can be no question of further danger for him now. He was killed in the second air crash, en route to Paris with more news.)

This florid tipoff on Franco-Indo-Chinese corruption is, if true, important for the French home folks. Saigon and its goings on are the background of the *scandale des généraux*, the generals being Georges Revers and Charles Mast, who have just been retired from the

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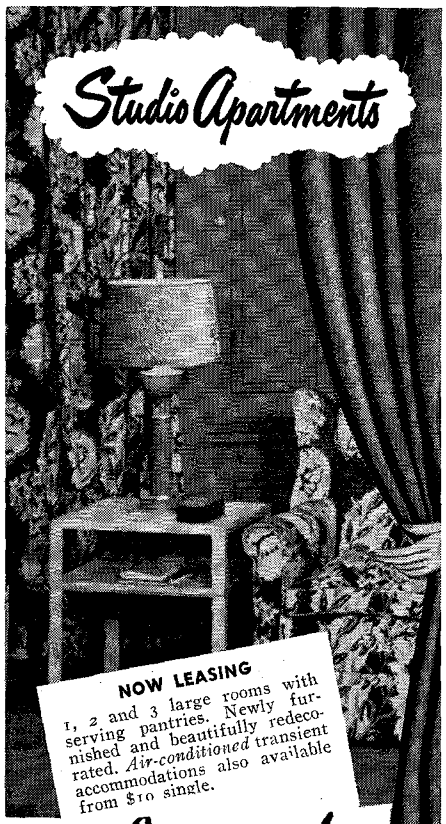

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WHAT the Communists really say to each other is always fascinating to the rest of us, who hardly ever get any lowdown except indirectly. The latest advice officially given to French Communists is to be gayer. Fernand Belino, who is a member of the Communist Party's Epinay-sur-Seine section, has just set down in *L'Humanité* some suggestions for a new attitude. "How does it happen that our cell meetings in general are such sad affairs?" he asks. "How does it happen that so many of our Comrades have a mournful look? Sometimes I ask a young Party member after his first cell meeting, 'Is this what you imagined the Party was like?' 'No, I thought it would be more interesting,' he says. Isn't it true that every Communist should be a beaming center, a man or woman whom you love to meet? We have too many Comrades who act as if they were paralyzed." So now you know what the French Communists are supposed to do this summer: Loosen up from their paralysis and cheer up—*bref, être un centre de rayonnement*, as jolly Comrade Belino says.

THE Big Six are now meeting here to discuss the Schuman-Monnet Franco-German coal-and-steel pool—really a Big Six minus one, owing to the withdrawal of the British Labour Party from participation in the project. Ten of the Western Europe Socialist Parties are for it, leaving the British as the old-fashioned dissenters. Most French citizens feel that the Schuman Plan, if made to work, could establish new Franco-German relations, a new spirit of Western union, and, lastly, a new French prestige, which is what they usually mention first. —GENÊT

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[*Adv. in the Hollywood Reporter*]

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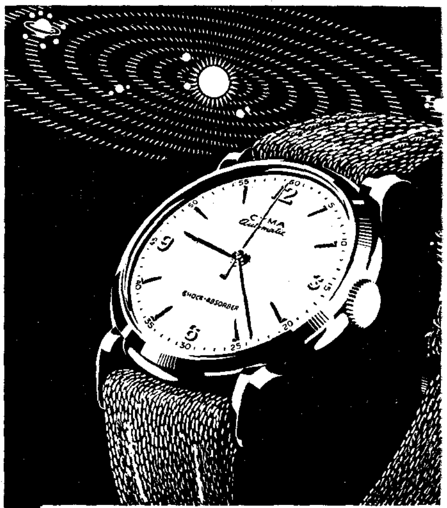

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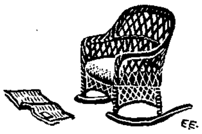
BOOKS

John Adams



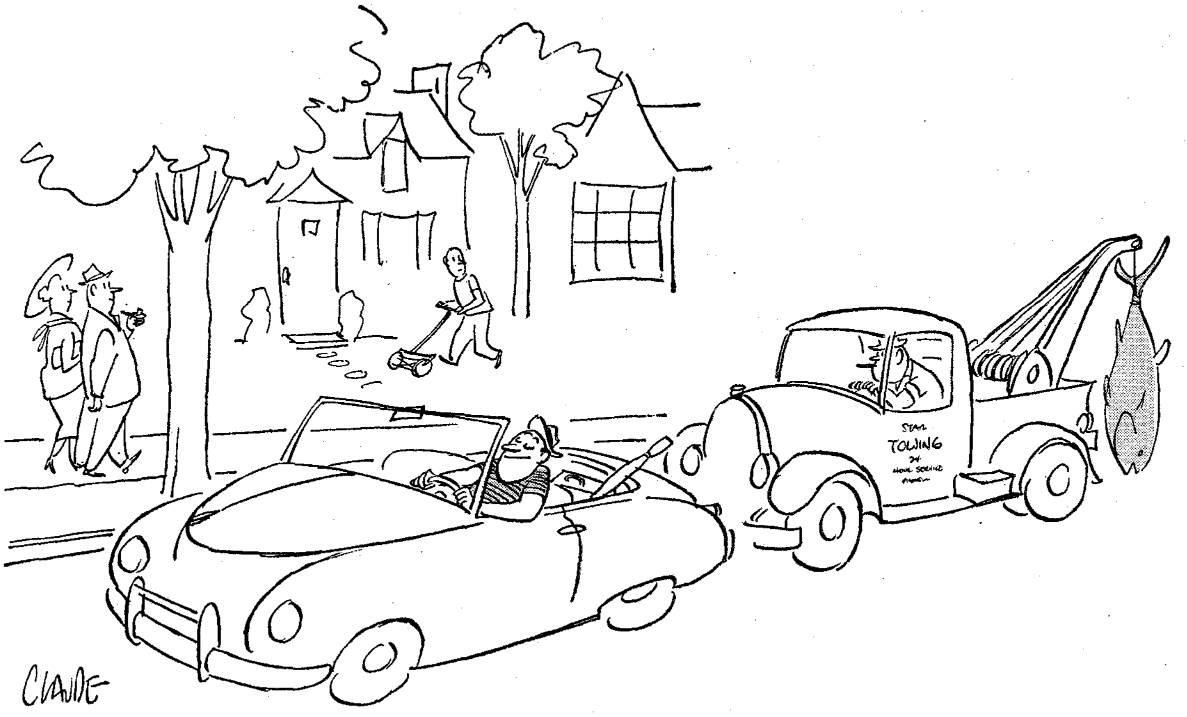
"John Adams and the American Revolution," by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Little, Brown), has to be counted among the larger disappointments of the year. Dealing with one of the most interesting, though not particularly exciting, men in American history, and having all kinds of material at her disposal, the author has brought forth a volume that more nearly resembles a fictional novel than anything else. In addition, she seems to have completely missed the point about Adams. Mrs. Bowen, in a discussion of method in her afterword, indicates her distaste for the term "fictionalized biography." "I myself," she writes, "do not admit a phrase which, besides being doubtful English, does not express what I have tried to do. Call it, rather, a portrait of John Adams. I have drawn a portrait and like Saint-Mémin I have used the *physionotrace;* I have found instruments with which to measure and then I have gone ahead and painted. In brief, I studied the available evidence and, on the basis of it, built pictures which to me are consistent with the evidence." This is all very well, though a trifle lofty, but despite Saint-Mémin, the *physionotrace*, Mrs. Bowen's various labors, and her dislike of the term "fictionalized biography," my own *physionotrace* tells me that a fictionalized biography is what she has come up with. And not a very good one, I'm afraid.

"On a morning of early autumn, 1746, over the rim of a tossing, wild Atlantic Ocean, the sun rose, a round red disk. Lost seemingly in the immense gray waste, hidden from each other by mountainous billows, ships wallowed, square-rigged, clumsy, plowing stubbornly through the valleyed waters. A hundred transports jammed with troops and forty ships of war belonging to His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XV of France." This is how Mrs. Bowen's book begins. And this is how, six hundred pages later, it ends: "'Cousin John,' Sam Adams said cheerfully. 'You are in a very brown study. I said your name three times. Is it well with you tonight?' John smiled, filled suddenly with happiness, gratitude, a flood of deep feeling he could not have defined. With a wide, sweeping gesture of hospitality he pulled out a chair. 'It is very well with me tonight, Cousin,' he said." Between this beginning and ending, there are many long stretches of the same. Throw in a few bosoms, a few haystacks, and a few deeds of derring-do, and you'd have a historical novel. In fact, most of the conversations Mrs. Bowen has devised, especially when John Adams gets around to falling in love, would not have to be touched.

I do not mean that the author has falsified; she has done her research well and has tried to stick to it. But her powers of invention seem to flag when there is no research to depend upon. To cite one illustration, the extracts she quotes from Adams' diary and the words she puts in his mouth couldn't have come from the same man. It is not just that she apparently has no ear for the vocabulary and usage of the eighteenth century; even as twentieth-century talk, some of the invented dialogue would sound awkward and contrived.

Mrs. Bowen is better when she is reconstructing the Braintree and the Boston John Adams lived in; her décor is fine. She also manages to build up a certain excitement in telling of the events that led to the American Revolution and of his part in it. She carries her short, sober, industrious, incorrigibly honest hero from his birth, in 1735, up to the signing of the Declaration, in 1776. She leads him along his early career step by step—his boyhood on a Massachusetts farm, his early education, his years at Harvard, his time as a lawyer—and she spares no detail. But never does she come to grips with the real meaning of John Adams' formative years—the accumulation and impact of experience that was to produce one of the leading proponents of the political philosophy called Federalism and a leader of the Federalist Party who ranked with Alexander Hamilton. Every last root of it is there in Mrs. Bowen's book, but there is no consideration of the flower. It is as if a book about Thomas Jefferson's early life in Virginia said nothing of how it furthered his democratic inclinations.

Nor do I feel, in saying this, that I am asking Mrs. Bowen to do any more than one has a right to expect. Federalism was something that John Adams grew into; it was a thing not so much thought out and reasoned (though reason and thought did their share) as a thing deeply believed in and *felt*, an almost direct consequence of his upbringing, family life, and environment. And



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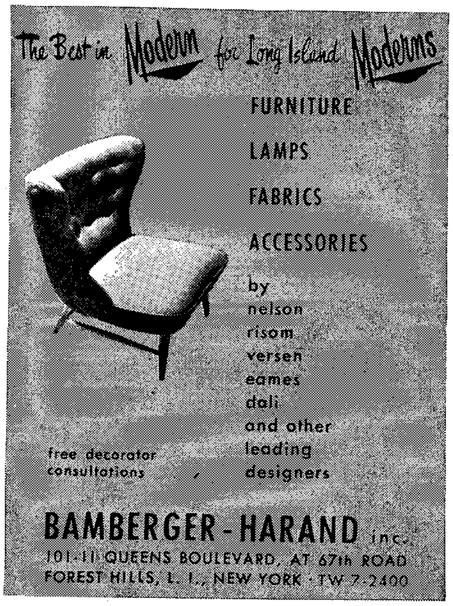
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Federalism, with its emphasis upon a strong central government, is not a dialectic that belongs to the long ago; it represents one of the main and continuing currents of American life, today no less than yesterday. John Adams, consequently, is more than a "historical" figure. His beliefs and ideas, like those of his fellow-Federalist Hamilton and the anti-Federalist Jefferson, are still very much with us. Mrs. Bowen had a chance to show that many of them were, in large part, a result of his formative years, and that such apparently irrelevant factors as his Calvinist upbringing and his awe of the well born and well placed were to influence the course of history. That she did not is both her loss and ours. —HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

A CUP OF SKY, by Donald Culross Peattie and Noel Peattie (Houghton Mifflin). In this volume, Mr. Peattie's seventeen-year-old son has joined forces with him in the task of implanting in the layman a suitable reverence for sunlight, stars, wind, planets, pollen, and other natural phenomena. All the pieces are ecstatic, carefully cadenced, and crammed with tidbits of out-of-the-ordinary scientific lore. In the case of Peattie *père*, however, some of the ecstasy seems a little forced—the inevitable outcome, perhaps, of such prolonged and enthusiastic association with Sister Water, Brother Wind, and the rest. Illustrated.

TEN DAYS TO DIE, by Michael A. Musmanno (Doubleday). A reconstruction, necessarily somewhat fictionalized, of the last days of Hitler's life. These were spent with a handful of his associates and employees, in his well-appointed bunker under the Chancellery on the Wilhelmstrasse, while the Russians closed in overhead. Judge Musmanno's account is based on interviews he had with a number of survivors at the time of the Nuremberg trials, at which he was a member of the court. It includes character sketches of many of the top Nazis and of such minor ones as the Führer's butler, who doubled as accordion player and entertainer. Judge Musmanno is convinced that Hitler and Eva Braun committed suicide two days after their wedding, which took place in the bunker. The trouble is that his rendition of these and other events occurring during the period is too flamboy-

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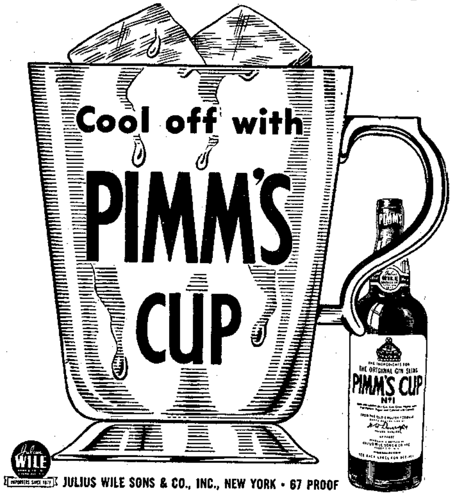

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ant for his already fantastic subject matter.

MARTIN TUPPER, by Derek Hudson (Constable). A shrewd yet rather sympathetic study of the nineteenth-century English poet, now almost forgotten, whose "Proverbial Philosophy" was for over forty years a standard household item, on a par with the antimacassar, both in his own country and in America. Since Tupper had designs on the laureateship, his output also included poems in honor of almost every imaginable public occasion. In appraising this mass of work, Mr. Hudson manages—with some difficulty, to be sure—to dig up bits of evidence indicating that his subject wasn't entirely the pedestrian, moralistic rhymester his detractors accused him of being but showed flashes of something that might be construed as real talent. Personally, Tupper stood up remarkably well under the critical drubbing he had to endure for a large part of his life, quite possibly because of his inflated sense of self-importance. An excellent presentation of a mildly comic but appealing figure.

BROOKLYN IS AMERICA, by Ralph Foster Weld (Columbia). An informative, journalistic history of Brooklyn. "Every great city has its distinctive atmosphere," Mr. Weld writes; then, later, he remarks that "Brooklyn is too big and too endlessly varied in the expressions of its social life to be summed up neatly in an aphorism." He might have added "or in a book," for the conflict between the putative individuality of Brooklyn as a community and its vastness and complexity as a city are all too evident in this study. The author is on safer ground when he deals with the place as a microcosm of America, where millions of human beings of nearly every condition of life and nearly every race of man have settled down and, with a certain amount of noise, have found a way of getting along. Photographs.

HERMAN MELVILLE, by Richard Chase (Macmillan). In the current avalanche of Melville studies, Mr. Chase's book is easily the most pretentious, the most muddled and disorganized, and the most stimulating. In a project he defines modestly as "doing some service to this great and obscure man," the author summarizes all of Melville's principal works in detail and analyzes them in terms of mythology, psychoanalysis, the American humorous tradition, the

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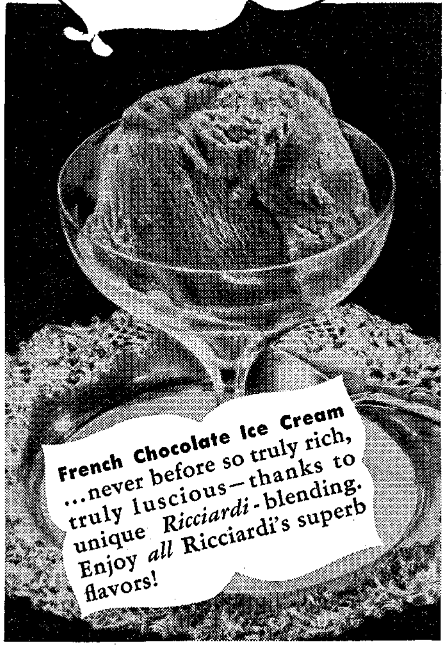

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ideas of Arnold Toynbee, and the "new liberalism" of Arthur Schlesinger's "vital center." Mr. Chase is disturbingly free with his capital letters ("Ishmael is Human Nature seeking Consciousness"), and he tends sometimes to shift from one set of symbols to another without fully depressing the clutch, but there is no doubt that many of his incidental insights are well worth having and that, in general, he has achieved the deepest full-length study of this American novelist yet put in print.

NOSES, by Harold M. Holden (World). The most conspicuous "promontory of the facial coast," surveyed from every conceivable angle by a physician whose specialty of plastic surgery has fitted him splendidly for the task. Although Dr. Holden's chief emphasis is on the harmful psychological effects resulting from the possession of an unaesthetically shaped nose and the miracles wrought by judicious alteration, he also recognizes the importance of the sneeze, the nosebleed, the sniffle, the chronic itch, and speculates on the possible relationship between the malformed septum and the New England twang. Cyrano de Bergerac, Amy (in "Little Women"), and a number of other literary figures noted for their nasal problems come in for their quota of analysis, too, as do the victims of caricaturists throughout the centuries. A definitive job, rather divertingly written, and illustrated with photographs, sketches, and charts noting the changing fashions in noses.

VERSE

19 MILLION ELEPHANTS, by Helen Bevington (Houghton Mifflin). A collection of verse, most of it lighthearted but at the same time completely free of the waggishness that its rather unfortunate title suggests. Mrs. Bevington is capable of commenting with admirable ease on such diverse subjects as a rainbow and the Third Avenue "L," but she's at her best when she deals with the quirks of personality of bygone literary figures, or tosses their ideas around. Several of the poems first appeared in this magazine.

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[*From the Winston-Salem* (*N.C.*) *Journal*]

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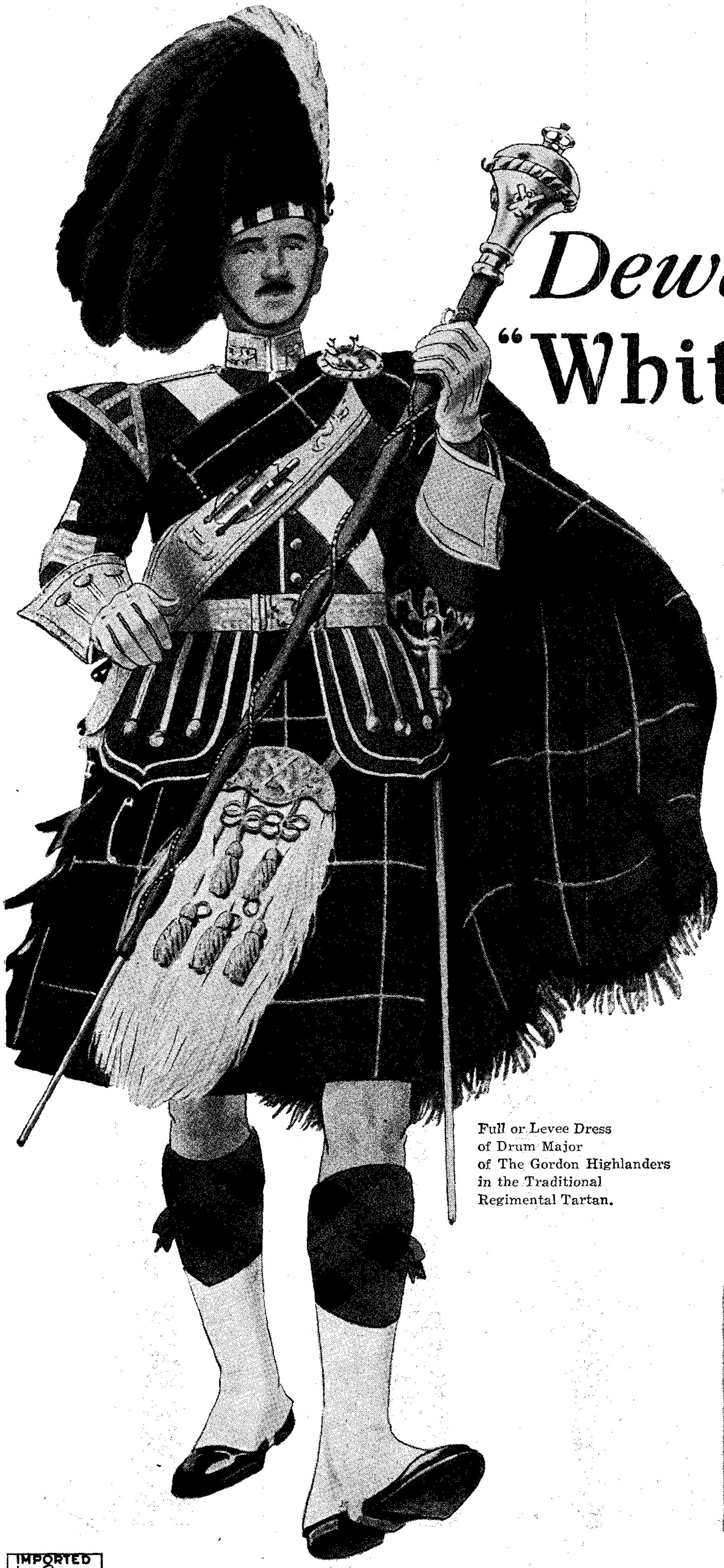

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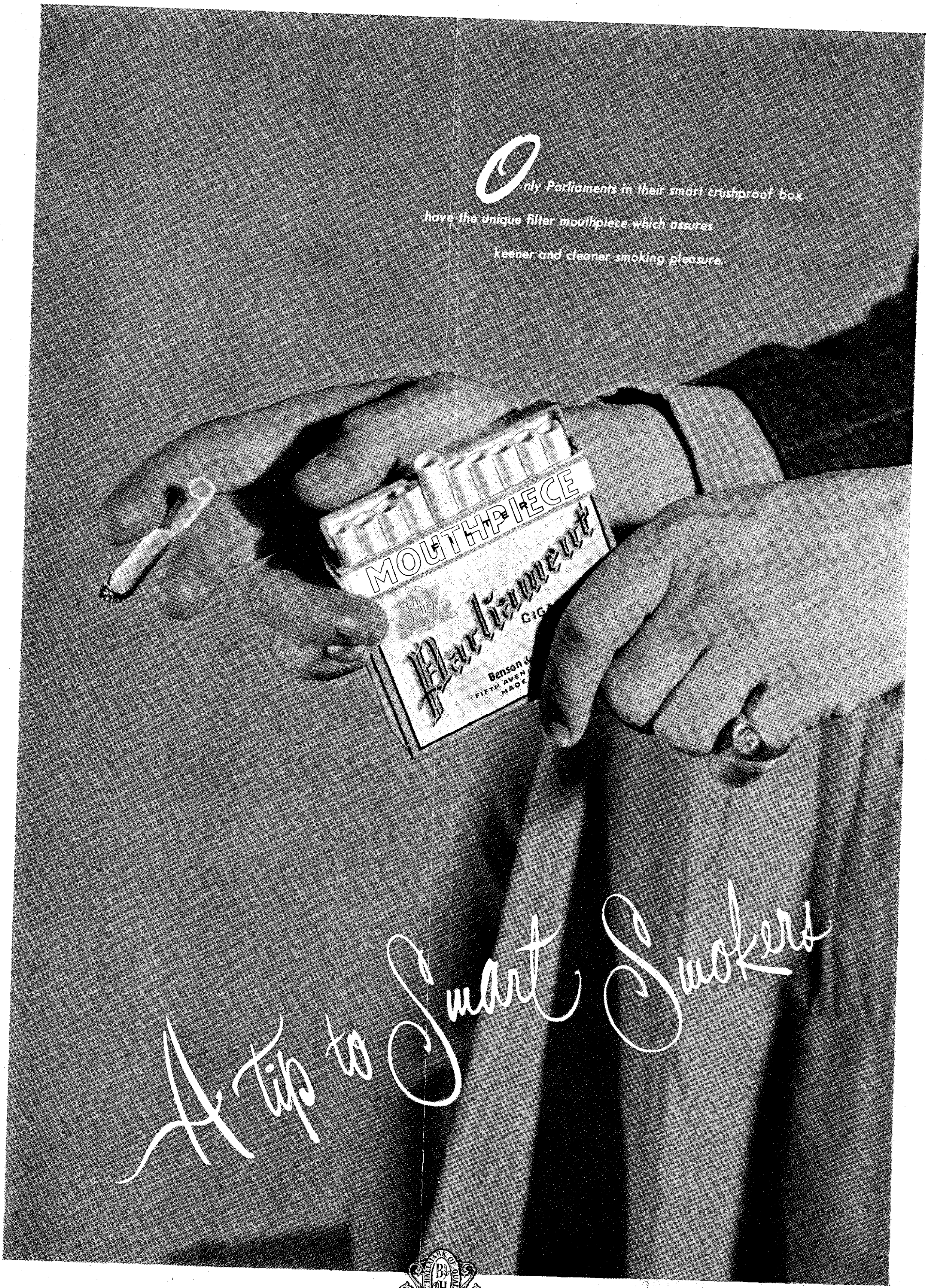
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